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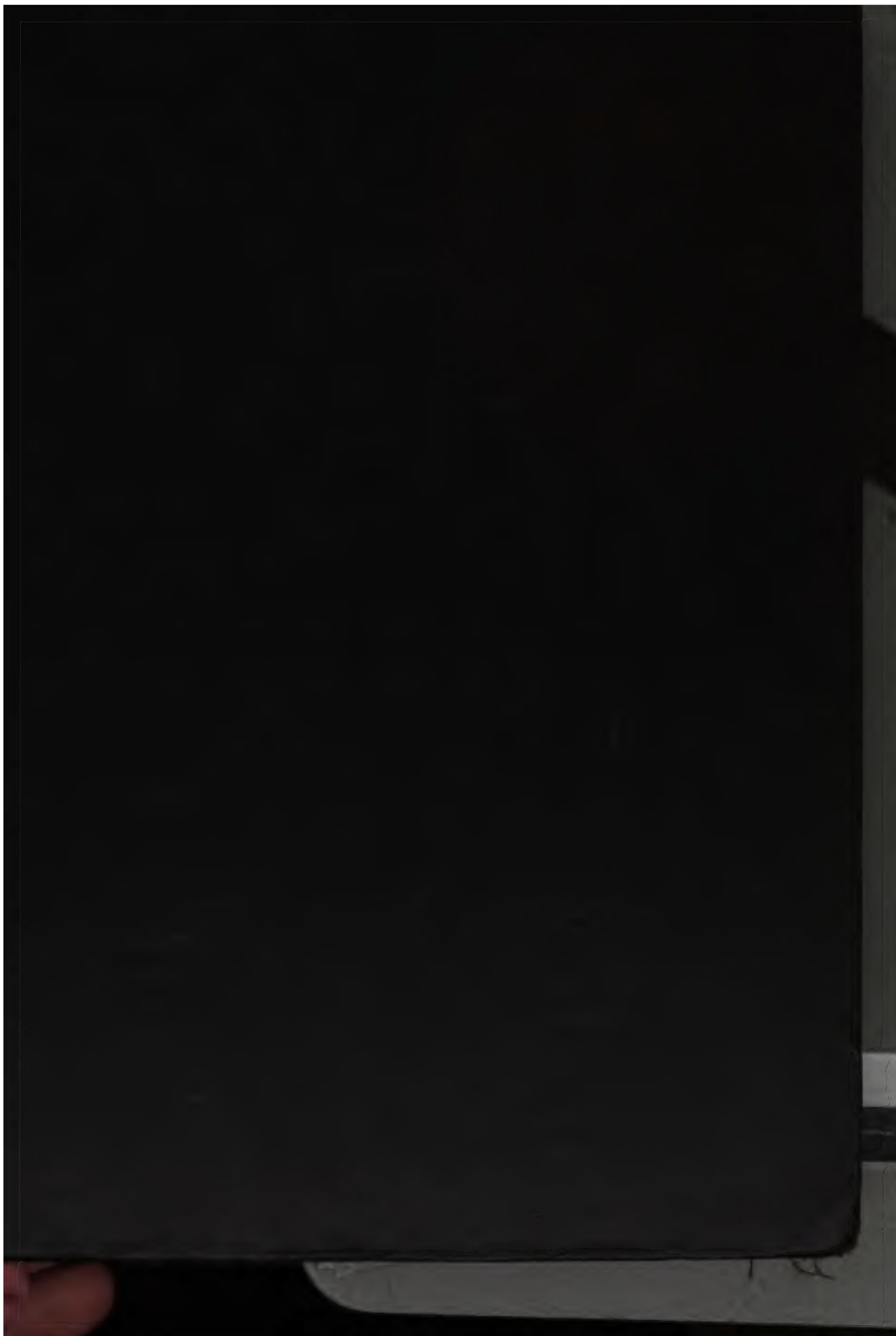
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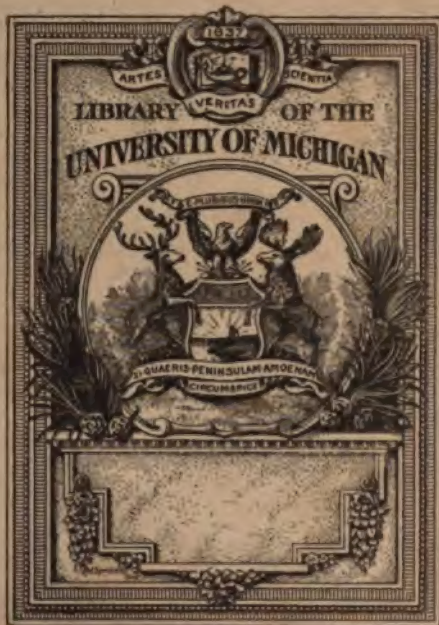
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SUNSET MAGAZINE

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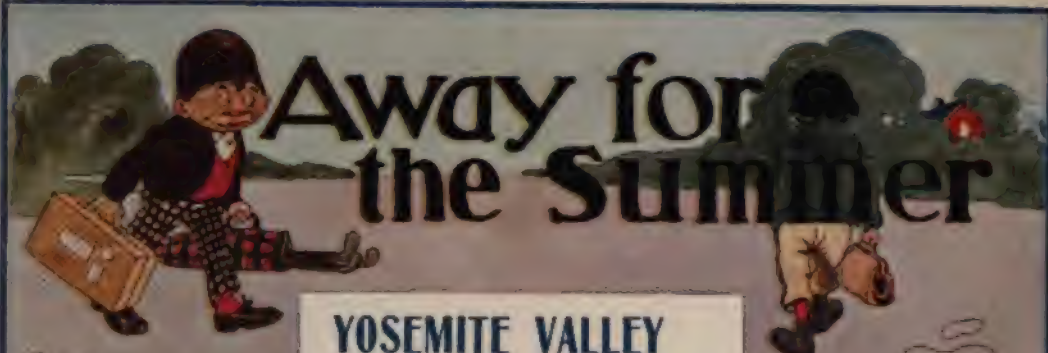
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LOOKING SEAWARD AT OLD MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

From watercolor study by Francis McComas



EDITED BY CHARLES SEDGWICK AIKEN

Vol. XIII

MAY, 1904

No. 1

The Bishop's Fish Story



By JOHN W. HAMILTON, D.D.,

Resident Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for California

Illustrated from photographs by Tibbitts



ISHING on the Pacific coast redeems the whole fraternity of story tellers. When I crossed the continent on my first visit to the Pacific coast the journey was made over one of the northern lines of railroad. I recall distinctly the impression made upon my mind when the train stopped at the station known as Trout creek. With something of the angler's instinct, I was induced to leave the car to discover the trail leading to the fisherman's paradise. I had read the stories of fishing "where rolls the Oregon," and recalled the statement made in my hearing once that the salmon were so thick in some of the rivers that they

actually obstructed the movement of the boats, but I had scarcely reached the platform about the station when I discovered a sign on the end of the building which read:

TROUT CREEK.
FIFTY MILES FROM HOPE.

Instantly, I said to myself:

"Munchausen has been on the Pacific coast. The one place so noted for its fishing as to bear the name of Trout creek is itself fifty miles from Hope."

I went back into the car to dismiss all my hope of outings in the woods and mountains for brook trout.



—women may here comfortably engage in this most exhilarating sport



DR. FILBEN DARES IMMERSION *Our host, the mascot of the party*



A FISHING TOURNEY. DR. EVANS AND ROLLO V. WATT IN THE LEAD DOWN STREAM



FISHING FOR THE FAMILY BREAKFAST



Shovel Creek is one of the few tributaries of the Klamath THE REV. DR. E. B. DILLE MAKES A LONG CART



The horses dashed up to the door of the stone tavern at Klamath Springs

When I told the story in San Francisco and indicated my great disappointment, I was told, "Wait and see." A veritable Izaak Walton was in the company, and he said, "Go with me and I'll show you fishing that is fishing." An excursion was at once planned to the Klamath Hot Springs, a delightful spot situated in the mountains near the boundary line between California and Oregon. It was many months before I found time to fulfill my promise to go; but the time came round—

When the salmon seeks a fresher stream
to find,
Which hither from the sea comes yearly by
his kind
As he tow'rds season grows; and stems the
wat'ry tract
Where Tivy falling down makes a high
cataract.

I went, and I am fully conscious of the responsibility I assume in telling the story myself.

The party was a model one, mainly ministers, with a couple of laymen

intermingled to see that the exuberance of the trip did not carry the parsons off their feet, and, not least, to check up the fish stories. Every man was a fisherman and had a passionate fondness for the mountains and the woods and the brooks. No more congenial company could have been invited. There was hilarity enough to keep up the spirits and expectations on the road to the happy hunting grounds.

The springs are located some three hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco on the Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific railroad, and the train is left at the little mountain station known as Ager. Some one said something about "fever and ager" when we left the train, but no more bracing atmosphere can be found than that which sustains the robust and vigorous denizens of the little mountain town. After a hasty lunch we mounted the wagons for twenty miles into the interior, where we were to cut bait and beguile the monsters of the mountain brooks.





It was literally sport to weariness

The road led east over the Shasta plateau, here bearing unmistakable marks of the titanic forces that had their play in the region at some period of Shasta's history as an active crater. Lava disks, ash heaps, and basaltic terraces breaking now and then into table mountains lined the way over low-lying hills to the river, which itself was an old break in the lava flow, discovered by the pent up waters of the great lake region of southern Oregon and western Nevada, down which those waters still tumbled between basaltic walls in turbulent flow to the sea. Though it was early June the elevation assured freshness and coolness of the atmosphere, and a belated mountain spring was on with all its beauty.

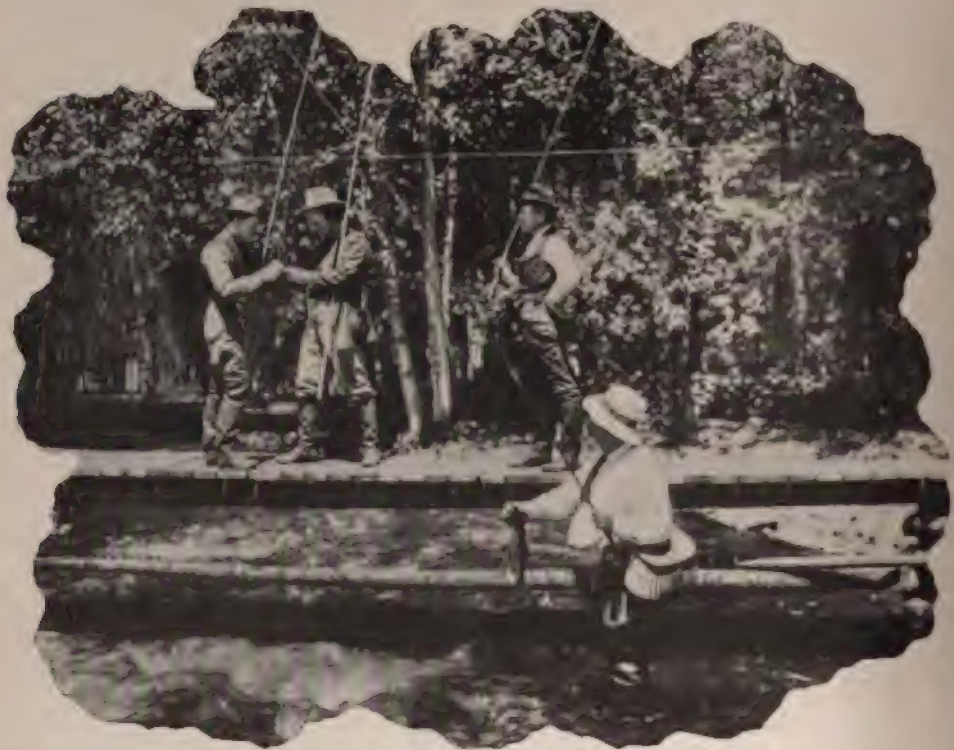
The horses dashed up to the door of the stone tavern, or, to speak with more respect and interest, the Klamath Springs Hotel, at six o'clock. Evening was setting its shadows on the hills, supper was ready, the lumbermen were

coming in from the woods for the night. Some one had caught fish, for there was the bill of fare with luck written all over it, and when the "small fry" came to the table done to the proper brown, "Hope" was no longer fifty miles away. Through the windows of the dining-room could be heard the rushing of the river torrent, with now and then a splash from Shovel creek, a small stream which runs close by the end of the hotel.

It is one of the wonders of the locality that the fishing range is directly upon the grounds of the hotel itself, and the best pools are within earshot of the house, while in any case it is not necessary to be distant as much as a mile. This, with the easy trails up and down the fishing range of the stream, to say nothing of the abundance of the fish, and the ease with which they may be caught, makes a paradise for the amateur angler, and women may here comfortably engage in this most healthful and exhilarating sport.



—waited about leisurely for the call to luncheon



A TEST OF PIETY



Every man came with his luck in his basket



We shipped them to friends in San Francisco and Oakland

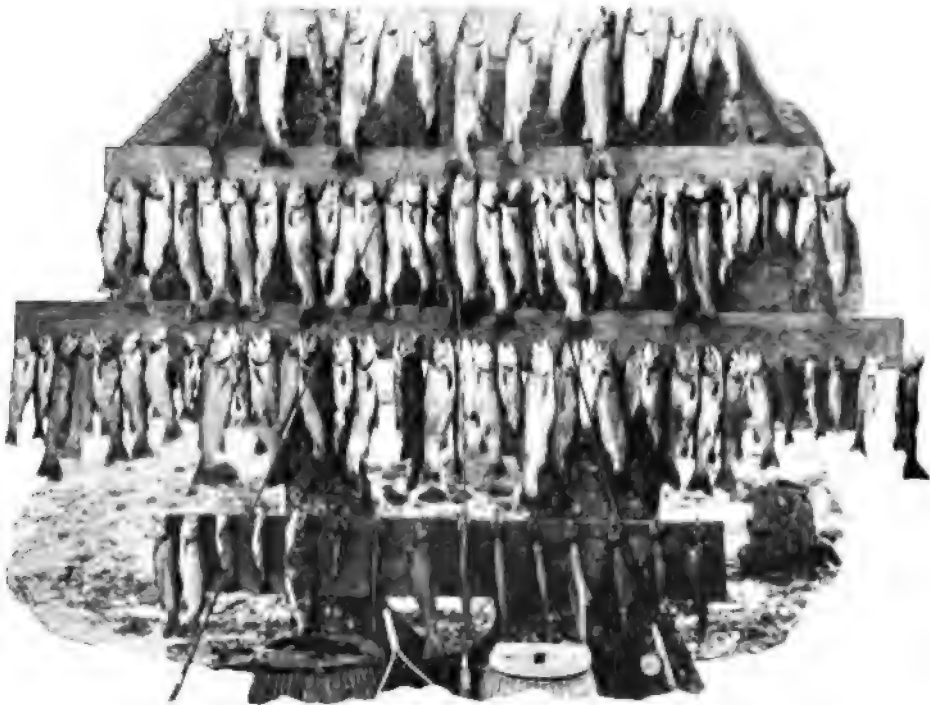
Reading from left to right here are: Dr. Evans, Sr., Dr. Thos. Filben, Dr. W. S. Mathew, Kollo V. Watt, Dr. Evans, Jr.

I will now tell you what I saw, and as the photographer was with us to verify my statements and it is a Methodist preacher who confirms the story, I must be believed. Our host, the mascot of the party, had finished his supper first, jointed his rod, fastened the line, pulled on his boots, swung his basket and disappeared. It was dark when he returned, but he had been gone but forty minutes by the watch. I saw him coming, and the lid or flap of the basket was tied over the more than full basket of fish with a string from his pocket. He had a sort of fisherman stoop at best, but he was bowed with his luck, his glee, and his trout. Four of us counted the fish. There were eleven beauties. For the truth of the story I will say that six of us weighed them. They pulled the scales at twenty-two pounds, and three of the largest fish taken together weighed ten pounds. This was only the beginning of the story of a week of the fisherman's delirium.

The next morning all of us were in the brook and the brush before the sun was up with the top of the hills. Long before noon, our host was out of the creek, had a chowder hot and ready and canned goods open, by a sparkling spring of mountain-cold water along the bank, in the shade. Every man came with his luck in his basket and with his appetite in the right place for the picnic in the woods, and waited about leisurely for the call to luncheon.

In washing that bait from my fingers, the delirium was more than I could carry, the boulders slipped from under my rubber boots and I sprawled on my back in the creek, while the cook, laymen and preachers hurried to help me to my feet, to undress and dry in the sun.

Our fish weighed in the evening of the first day one hundred and ten pounds; the next day the catch amounted to more than two hundred pounds. We wrapped them in mountain hay and shipped them to friends in San Francisco and Oakland by express.



One hundred and thirty-two beauties caught by eight of the party

If you doubt my story, look at the pictures.

The picture of the large catch represents one hundred and thirty-two fish caught by eight of the party from six to nine o'clock in the morning, all having taken breakfast in the interval. Having been in most of the famous fishing regions of the continent and never having seen such fishing as this, I sought the explanation and they gave me this account of it. The fish are of the famous rainbow trout that in common with their cousins, the salmon of commerce, make regular migrations to the sea, or, to speak more correctly,

migrate from the sea to the rivers, in their spawning seasons, and they were now on one of their annual migrations. Working their way up the main stream in great numbers, they always seek smaller streams for conditions favorable to their spawning. Shovel creek is one of the few tributaries of the Klamath river in this region furnishing these conditions, and the fish were availing themselves of it. Fresh from the ocean they were in their best fettle, and more royal sport no disciple of Walton was ever favored with. The only discount was its satiety—it was literally sport to weariness.



The Spring Fever

By KATHERINE MARCH CHASE

I want to go a-fishing, the fever's in my blood;
 And memories of other days roll o'er me in a flood:
 The meadow-lark's enticing call comes to me o'er the fields,
 And to its invitation my willing spirit yields.

I want to go a-fishing—come comrade, let us go;
 Let's cast aside the cares of life that weigh upon us so,
 And hie us to the woodland where the silver waters swish
 And there we'll roam together, and rest, and dream, and fish.

In the Klamath Country

The Story of a Summer Vacation in the Wonderland of
Southern Oregon

By G. B. OCHELTREE

Illustrated from photographs by members of the party



Baldwin, photo

—embarked on the Alma for Agency lake

“**W**E leave San Francisco at 8:05 p. m., on July 3d, for a two weeks’ trip in Southern Oregon,” wrote the general; “if you want something out of the usual vacation trip, bring Pansy and join us.” As the opportunity for such a pleasant excursion does not offer every day, Pansy and I were at the ferry promptly at the appointed hour, arriving just in time to see the general and party step from a Market-street car.

While we halted at Sixteenth street, Oakland, the last member of our party

came aboard and we proceeded to take inventory, as it were, of our crowd. Here is the list: Our host, whom for convenience as well as out of respect for his dignity, we shall designate as the vice-president; the general and his estimable wife, his daughter, Miss Marion, and son Robert; Miss Laura, a friend of the family, and Warren and Donald, chums of Robert; Pansy and I; ten in all, just enough to have a good time, and all determined to do so.

“Now,” said the general, “let us see just where we are going,” and, pulling

from his pocket a map of Oregon, he spread it before him on a table brought by the porter.

"We enter Oregon," he said, "about fifteen miles northeast of Laird, where we leave the Southern Pacific, passing from Siskiyou county, California, into Klamath county, Oregon, where we will spend our entire time."

"I thought we were going to Crater lake," spoke up Robert. "And to Pelican bay," said Donald.

"They both are in Klamath county," replied the general, "which, by the way, is one of the largest and most resourceful counties in Oregon, situated in the southern part, east of the Cascade mountains, with a mean altitude of about 4200 feet above sea level, having an area of 3,732,480 acres, of which 1,000,000 acres are splendidly adapted to grazing, 1,206,000 acres suitable for cultivation, 1,250,000 acres of fine timber; the remaining 276,480 acres being lakes and marshes. It is not only capable of sustaining a large resident population, but has many attractive features which will in time, and with the coming of proper transportation

facilities, make it a great pleasure resort. It has hundreds of miles of clear, cold streams filled with Dolly Varden and rainbow trout, beautiful lakes, pine forests, snow-capped peaks; in fact, all of the attractions desired by health and pleasure seekers, while to those industrially inclined, the Klamath river, which forms the outlet of Klamath lake and carries a large volume of swiftly-flowing water, has only to be harnessed and put to work, to supply power sufficient to drive mills and factories almost without limit. Our objective point is Crater lake, which we expect to reach by easy stages via Pokegama, Klamath Falls and Pelican bay, but which can also be reached via Ashland, or Medford, Oregon. We select the Pokegama route on account of its affording comfortable resting places at convenient distances, an important item when there are ladies along." With this, the general folded up his map and intimated that if we did not want to miss any of the many points of interest for which the Shasta route is so famous, it would be well to retire, a hint which was immediately acted upon.



*Six fishers went troling out into the West
Out into the West as the sun went down*

Baldwin, photo



PANORAMIC VIEW OF CRATER LAKE IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS OF OREGON, 80 MILES DISTANT FROM MOUNT
OF THE WORLD, FILLING AS IT DOES THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO; BY J

Soon after breakfast the next morning, a brief stop is made at Shasta Springs, that all may taste the pure, sparkling waters, and our train again takes up its steady climb toward the summit. We never grow weary of the beautiful panorama unfolded mile by mile before us; now a bit of woodland, then a seething, rushing torrent of water out of the cold embrace of which we are held by a frail-looking iron bridge; again an open

country, green with growing grains and grasses, pastures dotted with contented looking cattle that give us but a mere glance out of the corners of their placid eyes as we pass; then a busy, whirring saw mill, where, under whirling, buzzing saws, great pine logs are speedily put in sizes and shapes for the builder.

The charm is perfect and the spell complete when, as we wind in and out and across yawning chasms, from every



Baldwin, photo

ON THE RAILROAD BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND PORTLAND—THIS LAKE IS ONE OF THE NATURAL MARVELS
ACT OF CONGRESS ALL THIS REGION BECAME A GOVERNMENT RESERVATION

new point Mount Shasta, snow-clad almost from base to summit, seems to follow us with a constant invitation to a snowy embrace. Most of our party are making the trip for the first time, and, with keen enjoyment of every moment of the day, feel almost regret when the porter informs us the next station is Laird. Here we are met by friends and after a lunch at the old stage inn near by, we board our special train, gaily

decorated with flags, bunting and pine boughs in honor of our coming, and are soon speeding over the newly-laid track of the Klamath lake railroad, toward Pokegama.

From Laird the line follows the east bank of the Klamath river for about twelve miles, where, crossing the river, it commences to climb the mountain side, gradually getting into the pine timber. As we scale the mountain side



Bill Meier, Reno

Note the rainbow beauty at the lower right hand—just being drawn from the water

If you would have fish just cast your fly on the water

a beautiful picture appears to be suddenly hung before us, painted as it were by a master hand. It is known by the unromantic but appropriate name of Fall creek. Springing out of the hills many miles back in the forest, the stream, as daintily as a maiden, picks its way among the rocks and trees to the edge of a mountain precipice above us, down the rugged face of which, with the wild abandon of suicide, it throws itself into the gulch many hundred feet below, striking in its downward plunge the protruding edges and corners of rocks, throwing a mass of white spray like a silvery sail over the tops of stunted pine trees growing from rocky crevices and forming a background of green. The train stops that we may enjoy the beauty of the scene, which is not to be permitted to delight even the present generation much longer. Already plans are being carried out to divert the waters of Fall creek into a prosaic pipe line to furnish electrical energy for power purposes; which, as the train pulls on, we unanimously vote to be a burning shame.

To reach the required elevation within the prescribed distance and at a desirable grade a double "switch back" was necessary, the construction of which was a very pretty piece of engineering. From the upper track we get a comprehensive view of the Klamath valley below. The winding river, with its wooded banks kept within proper limits by towering mountain walls on either side; green fields extending from foothills to river banks; small farmhouses and surrounding orchards, go to make up a pastoral scene which lingers in the memory long after it has passed from view.

We now are in the heart of the forest, and we move onward amid the tall, fragrant pines, which, as the sun drops toward the horizon, cast lengthening shadows across our way, giving friendly little shakes of their green boughs as if to extend a welcome to their shady retreat. Suddenly the whistle of our engine sets up a shrill and prolonged shrieking, and, as we round a sharp curve, we come in sight of Camp Pokegama, the present

terminus of the Klamath Lake railway, where we are to spend at least a week.

Attracted by the warning notes of our engine whistle, the inhabitants come forth to meet and greet us in a most friendly way and we are soon comfortably domiciled in well-built tent houses, fitted up with all of the appointments of a good hotel. The tents are located in the form of an inverted letter V, with the general's tent forming the apex and facing the tents below. Across the open space between the tents are stretched wires upon which hang gay-colored Japanese lanterns; the tents are ornamented with flags and green boughs, while, to the front and between two giant pines, hangs a large flag, which, as we stand in front of our tents, seems to wave us welcome. We meet again at a dinner served in a commodious tent house, which, with an attached kitchen, is presided over by a jewel of a camp cook and an efficient corps of waiters.

Our landlord is a model of what a landlord should be, and soon gains a place in our hearts from which it will be most difficult to displace him.

The first evening in camp will be long remembered by us all. As the shades of night gathered a huge bonfire was lighted, the flames rising sky high in roaring masses of red, giving a touch of fairyland to the camps and lighting the surrounding forests with a ruddy glow. After the bonfire had burned down, the close of day was fittingly observed by a brilliant display of fireworks.

The week passed quickly at Pokegama in excursions to nearby points of interest, with an idle day in camp occasionally sandwiched in.

Our evenings are spent around the camp-fire in social converse, song and merry jest. On one occasion an itinerant fiddler came in by stage and a ball was immediately arranged for and held in the waiting-room, a large tent with board floor and with benches along the side walls. A bonfire at one end and a locomotive headlight at the other supplied the necessary light. The costumes were of the fancy dress variety. The ladies were becomingly arrayed in



—soon commenced to encounter
huge snow-banks

Baldwin, photo.

combinations of many colors. The general in blue pajamas led the grand march with "Little Buttercup." The landlord,

as captain of the baseball team, followed with "My Honolulu Lady," while the dean of the camp in striped raiment, and the colonel—so called on account of his being on the general's staff—in white flannel and a silk sash, strove for third place, with the general's wife and a young lady from Berkeley, who was passing the night in camp. Quadrilles such as our grandparents danced were followed by more modern measures in quick succession, winding up with the Virginia reel, when the bonfire burned out and, our musician being exhausted, we regretfully dispersed.

The following day we passed in preparation for the trip to Crater lake, taking stages the second morning for Klamath Falls, where we arrived early in the afternoon, after a delightful ride of thirty-five miles. Here we were most hospitably entertained by friends who had made the necessary arrangements for our journey beyond.

The trip from Klamath Falls to Pelican bay on the steamer Alma is one to be long remembered. Klamath lake may in beauty of location and surroundings be classed as the Lake George of the Pacific, and we doubt if Switzerland has a more beautiful body of water, or one more picturesquely located. Nestled among the mountains, its waters reflect many snow-capped peaks whose melting crowns renew the waters daily lost through its southern outlet, the Klamath river. Its shores are outlined with evergreen trees of pine and fir and offer ideal spots for summer homes and camping grounds. Its northernmost part, called Pelican bay from the vast flocks of pelicans that spend the summer on its waters, is the basin into which empties Cherry and Crystal creeks, both of which are famous as trout streams.

After spending the night at Pelican bay lodge we again embarked on the Alma for Agency lake landing, on the east side, where our teams were in waiting to convey us to Crater lake. The day's drive is full of interest. Almost every turn in the road has some historical connection with the Modoc war, fought in the lava beds of Klamath



The crisis

Baldwin, photo

county in 1872-3. We pass the Indian Agency and pay our respects to its superintendent, Captain Applegate. We are now on the Klamath Indian reservation, about sixty miles square and comprising some of the most fertile and

best watered valleys in Oregon. We can but condemn the judgment of the stubborn MODOCS who preferred the lava beds further south to this land of promise.

A few miles north of the agency we pass old Fort Klamath, where were



Ocheltree, photo

The tents are located in the form of an inverted V

stationed the federal troops during the period of military occupation of Klamath Indian agency, now long since abandoned to the use of the Indians. The spot is pointed out on which the leaders of the Modoc war were executed, a striking example to all who might aspire to follow in their footsteps. We camp for lunch on Clear creek under the shade of an aspen grove and again bless the hospitable ladies of Klamath Falls, who, foreseeing our necessities, have provided a bountiful luncheon for us.

The stop is made as brief as possible that camp at the foot of Crater lake mountain may be reached early in the evening. Leaving Clear creek we pass Fort creek and, later, Wood river, which forms the northern boundary of Klamath Indian reservation.

The ride from Wood river to the head of Alma creek canyon is most delightful. The atmosphere is clear and sweet; broad meadows alternate with groves of aspen trees, whose leaves seem to quiver with the delight of existence; the sunlight of a cloudless day gives color and brightness, and the songs of birds, melody to the scene. The road lies along the west bank of Alma creek canyon, the ruggedness and gorgeous colorings of which are exceeded by the grand canyon of the Colorado only in quantity, while down at the bottom of the abyss, Alma creek

makes its way from its source in the side of a hill a few miles to the north.

We are now within the limits of Crater Lake National Park, and, stopping at the camp of the superintendent, Frank Arrant, prevail upon him to join us. Camp is reached just at sundown and tents are quickly set up, fires lighted, and supper commenced. There is something for all to do and many hands make light work, so in an incredibly short time camp is in order for the night. Through the trees we hear the rippling waters of Castle creek, the source of Rogue river, and catch glimpses of snow-banks on the mountain sides lighted up by the flames of our huge bonfire.

Early next morning coffee and crackers are served, and at 4:30 Superintendent Arrant gives the order to march, and the ascent to Crater lake is begun. At first it was relatively easy climbing, but we soon commenced to encounter huge snowbanks, which were more difficult. Those who had failed to provide themselves with rubber overshoes, or shoes with spiked soles, at times found it hard to gain a foothold, notwithstanding the snow easily sustained our weight. Frequent pauses were made for rest, that none might be exhausted on reaching the summit. From under snowbanks streams of water cut their way down the mountain side, eventually reaching Castle

creek or Alma creek below. The air is crisp and bracing, and although the altitude is rapidly nearing seven thousand feet above sea level, we feel no inconvenience other than we tire a little quicker after each rest than before.

We had hoped to see the sun rise from the summit, but, notwithstanding our early start, the sun met us as we were starting on the last part of the climb. We reached the volcano's rim at 6:10 a.m. and looked down upon the wondrous beauty of Crater lake. The effect of the first view is startling, and one involuntarily shrinks back as the eye rests upon the awful majesty of the picture as a whole, but this feeling in turn gives place to a sense of fascination that holds the faculties spellbound, entranced by the sublimity of the scene. The sun has already given the water, two thousand feet below, the deepest color of indigo, shading into the daintiest tint of baby blue just where the waters meet the

shadows of the crater walls on the opposite side, some six miles distant. Great banks of snow, many feet in depth, are piled wherever they could find lodgment around the inside of the crater's walls, while the Watchman, Glacier Peak, Scott Peak, Castle Crest and many other peaks raise their everlasting snow-crowned heads like aged sentinels around the crater's rim, their white shadows reflected in striking contrast in the blue waters below. To the left, and rising from the waters of the lake, is Wizard island, near the center of which is another extinct volcano, and we are told that below the surface of the water, two thousand feet, there are many other craters, all in their time forming as many chimneys to the inferno beneath.

We select Victor rock as our point of observation, and for hours feast upon the sublimity of the scene, until hunger too strong to be longer denied causes us to give one lingering, parting look and



—an idle day in camp under big pines

Ocheltree, photo



Baldwin, photo

EARLY MORNING ON PELICAN BAY

regretfully turn our backs upon Crater lake and our faces toward camp and breakfast. A new road is now being built by Superintendent Arrant from the head of Alma creek to the crater's rim, so the visitor of the near future will be able to camp at the summit instead of at the foot of Crater Lake mountain. There is, in fact, a road up the mountain side now, but snow renders it impassable most of the year.

The inner man satisfied, we strike camp in the early afternoon, and retracing our steps, regretfully part company with Superintendent Arrant at his own camp. He has proved himself a jolly companion as well as an able guide. His work in the improvement of the roads in Crater Lake national park speaks volumes for his energy and efficiency. The ladies are somewhat fatigued with the exertions of the previous twenty-four hours, so we make an early stop for the night at the hotel at New Fort Klamath, leaving the following morning greatly refreshed for camp on the Williamson river, where we are to spend two days fishing.

The pleasure of life at Camp Aspen on the Williamson river must be experienced to be known. Care has no abiding place in that vicinity. If you would have fish, just cast your fly on the water and rainbow trout may be had for the landing. Should you be temporarily out of luck, your camping neighbors will supply your deficiencies as they did ours. Your enjoyment, however, will be greatly enhanced if you have as your hosts the same genial gentlemen from Klamath Falls who were our guiding stars. The term "star" is used advisedly. Each was in his own way a specialist. One was renowned throughout Oregon, not only for his knowledge of Blackstone, but also for his skill in the more subtle art of cooking trout just to a turn. Another, likewise of the bench, was also an artist, both in camp management and with the camera, and to him are we indebted for the illustrations shown herein. The third was a financier, whom the ladies voted the handiest man in camp, so completely was he master of those

details so conducive to comfort in camp.

The reputation of Spring creek and Williamson river as trout-fishing streams of first rank was fully sustained during our sojourn at Camp Aspen, the general securing first honors as to size and weight of fish caught. The morning of the third day we reluctantly bade good by to our host, singing as we departed, "For he's a jolly good fellow," which nobody could deny.

The return to Klamath Falls was made by stage. The ride is most enjoyable; green fields, fertile valleys, rich in growing native grasses; typical Oregon streams, clear and cold, from which our driver dips water for our thirsty horses. The roadside is hedged with wild roses in full bloom, while wild lilacs with feathery, purple plumes wave us an invitation to share with them our admiration for the rose. Wild strawberry vines cover the ground of the forests as a carpet, reminding us of the meadows of our boyhood.

We halt at noon at a wayside inn, where an ex-German soldier and his frau

serve us with an appetizing luncheon, got up in short order and without previous notice; not a small task for a party now numbering eighteen in all. The approach to Klamath Falls from the north is full of interest. The country becomes less broken and is in a better state of cultivation. To the left and south lies Klamath basin, containing more than 6000 acres in alfalfa and under irrigation. Our reception was not less hospitable than the first.

Dinner, reception and ball followed in rapid succession and until a late hour, and it was with much regret that we said farewell the next morning as we started for Pokegama. Our last evening in Pokegama was delightfully spent in celebrating the birthday of Miss Marion. In honor of the event dinner was served in an open air bower in front of the official residence, and such a dinner! The crowning feature was a dove pie, such as one rarely encounters more than once in a life time, but when one is encountered it will be long remembered.

A Day Dream

By MABEL PORTER PITTS

Over yonder near the shore-line there's a sea-gull slowly flying,
Drifting gently on the bosom of the land breeze from the hills,
And he steeps within its fragrance all his senses—none denying,
Till his brain is strangely heavy, and his bosom sweetly thrills.

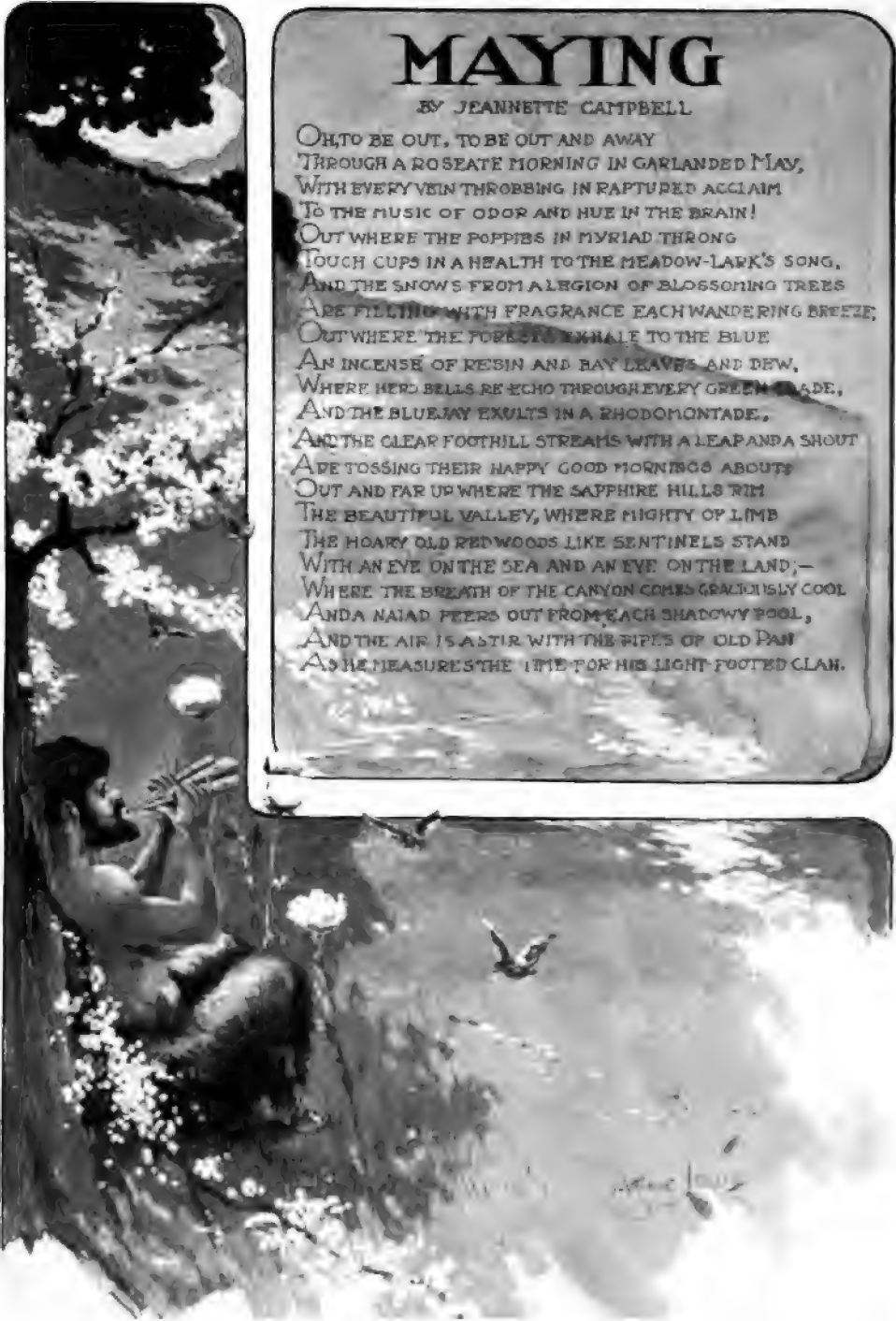
Over yonder near the shore-line I, in fancy, see the luster
Of the ardent sunshine streaming on the hills serene and brown,
And my vagrant heart is resting where the redwoods thickly cluster,
While my body lingers, helpless, in the smoke-encircled town.

I've a fervid, wanton longing for a spot I know out yonder,
'Tis a little sun-kissed picture that I paint when world-oppressed,
And I dream that I through fragrance of a phantom garden wander
Where, in fancy, I've a cabin and, in fancy, am at rest.

MAYING

BY JEANNETTE CAMPBELL

OH, TO BE OUT, TO BE OUT AND AWAY
THROUGH A ROSEATE MORNING IN GARLANDED MAY,
WITH EVERY VEIN THROBBING IN RAPTURED ACCLAIM
TO THE MUSIC OF ODOR AND HUE IN THE BRAIN!
OUT WHERE THE POPPIES IN MYRIAD THROG
TOUCH CUPS IN A HEALTH TO THE MEADOW-LARK'S SONG,
AND THE SNOWS FROM A LEGION OF BLOSSOMING TREES
ARE FILLING WITH FRAGRANCE EACH WANDERING BREEZE;
OUT WHERE THE FORESTS EXHALE TO THE BLUE
AN INCENSE OF RESIN AND BAY LEAVES AND DEW,
WHERE HERB BELLS RE ECHO THROUGH EVERY GREEN GLADE,
AND THE BLUEJAY EXULTS IN A RHODOMONTADE,
AND THE CLEAR FOOTHILL STREAMS WITH A LEAP AND A SHOUT
ARE TOSSING THEIR HAPPY GOOD MORNINGS ABOUT
OUT AND FAR UP WHERE THE SAPPHIRE HILLS RIM
THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY, WHERE MIGHTY OF LIMB
THE HOARY OLD REDWOODS LIKE SENTINELS STAND
WITH AN EYE ON THE SEA AND AN EYE ON THE LAND;—
WHERE THE BREATH OF THE CANYON COMES GRACIOUSLY COOL
AND A NAIAD PEERS OUT FROM EACH SHADOWY POOL,
AND THE AIR IS ASTIR WITH THE RIPES OF OLD PAN
AS HE MEASURES THE TIME FOR HIS LIGHT-FOOTED CLAN.



Drawing by Arthur Lewis

THE LOVE OF KENO M'KEOWN

By Gifford Hall



A Story Drama of the Border-land

Illustrated from drawings by Ed. Borein.

Here is presented to SUNSET readers the first instalment of a story of the nation's southwestern border-land. The author, Gifford Hall, has been soldier, sailor, and scout, and knows well the life he writes about; he is fortunate in having as illustrator Ed. Borein, painter and cowpuncher, who, too, knows by experience, of the strange types on range and desert.

CHAPTER I

THE sun was blazing hot and the trail across the sandy, brush-studded desert dry and long. Angela cried a little as she trudged in the wake of her three firewood-packed burros. She should not have cried, being nearly fifteen and a woman through her southern nativity; but the heart of the child was still hers, and who shall chide when children cry from weariness and hurts?

Far behind Angela lay the place where Juan Padilla had grubbed up the wood now on the donkeys' backs; far ahead, indeed, was the little adobe homestead to which she must get as soon as possible, lest Juan beat her.

As she trudged and cried, a horseman swept past her at a swinging lope only to turn, presently, and, in bastard Spanish, ask for water.

"I'm as dry as a Injun mummy, señorita," he said, as she answered him in

a queer English entirely her own. "You bet I'm dry! So pass that old canteen o' yourn right along if there's a single drop in it."

"Come, quick now, little woman," he went on quizzically and somewhat surprised at a reply in his own language, "for I'm just about petered out, and I'm darned if I want to cash in before I get a square look at that pretty face o' yourn."

Angela crimsoned, but flew to the burro carrying her water supply, presently handing the canteen to the cowboy stranger, with all the unconscious grace of her people. He gasped with satisfaction as he handed it back.

"Bueno! bueno! Mucha gracias, señorita," he said, "'taint exactly the nectar these poet gents write about mebbe, that water o' yourn, but it's mighty near it, to my taste right now. I'd lots o' water, too, a while back, but my old plug here he went an' stepped on the canteen last rest we took, an' busted it, y' see."

Still crimson under his bold, unblinking stare, the little Mexican nodded sympathetically. She was glad she had succor for the stranger Americano; glad, too, for the break in the monotony of her existence. It is also pleasant to be admired, however audaciously, and despite her child-heart Angela was more awake to such influence than she had ever dreamed, even under the kiss of Encarnacion Seljas, her persistent, but detested Mexican wooer.

She dried her eyes now on her frayed old frock. As she did so Keno McKeown thought her the sweetest little bit of femininity he had ever met. Perhaps her naturalness pleased him as much as her prettiness.

"What you been cryin' for, sister?" he asked, shortly.

Angela hesitated. Contact from babyhood with the whites of the border-land made her shy. But the trail had been all too wearisome.

"Because I am tired, señor," she replied, "and hate this work of bringing in wood for Juan Padilla. Because, señor, I dream of the world I would like to see. El Paso, you know, and the bull fight, and fiesta and dancing. The squaw of the Indian she fetch the wood from the hills and the water from the river, but I am not a squaw and I am not what you Americanos call the greaser; I am more Spanish. Oh, señor, I hate this work, and I hate Juan Padilla, my mother's husband, who is not my father. Do you not see, señor, I am of those who would be free?"

The cowboy gasped. Behind a reckless puncher's heart lay the backbone bequeathed of American ancestors, and over all dominated a brain quick of grasp. Here before him was no common child of the desert, but a strange result. This he understood by subtle intuition. His interest in Angela grew stronger by a mighty bound.

That this daughter of the southland, leaning indolently against her donkey, or firing so suddenly in resentment against Fate, might one day be actually beautiful was evident. Looking down at her, Keno felt as deep a hatred for Padilla as she did.

"Dern it!" he muttered under his breath, "but I've a great mind to free you, little sis; you can bet yer dear little eyes I have. Gee-willikins! But you'd shake 'em up in Paso an' Del Norte, in another year or so!"

Some Mexican women are brown and ugly, others are almost white and very comely, indeed. When, therefore, you understand that Angela's mother was already of these latter and had, previous to her marriage with peon Juan Padilla, been the love of her purely Castilian padrone, Don Pedro Arguelles, you will no doubt, perceive the possibility of exquisite face and figure in the daughter; and by these Keno McKeown was entranced.

There was plenty of tobacco in his pouch. This he pulled out, handing it gravely to the girl, together with his book of yellow cigarette paper.

"Roll for us, little sister," he said, and when Angela deftly twisted a cigarette for each he dreamily whiffed his and watched her, letting her do most of the talking.

She was an open book now, not a very strong or deep book, perhaps, but one so full of simple truth as to claim all his attention. Page after page she turned for him, baring all the slumbering secrets of her volcanic nature, luring him ever forward to the passion that in the end swept him from his feet as a mighty river sweeps its victims.

The man was a-hungered; had been hungered far too long to hesitate over this gift of his gods. His eyes flamed as he pictured the future; his heart swelled big as it took her to its deeps.

There on the red desert she stood, a slim untrammled figure, lithe and vibrant under every passing impulse, as is a willow to the sportive breeze; the incarnation of all that is born of sapphire skies and leashless human emotions, yet toned to ever recurrent tenderness by some vague attribute bequeathed by long departed ancestors. For once in a life of sudden fancies and swifter disillusion, Keno McKeown loved.

Under a great, high-crowned sombrero gleamed her piquant, oval face, with its star-like eyes; under the eyes again



Keno McKeown, hard set, virile, dare-devil of a gringo

flushed red and tempting a sensuous mouth, as expressive as the eyes, and down over a half-bared breast tumbled a mass of black-brown hair like an inky cataract. Angela was irresistible.

The plainsman reveled in her. The gun-fighter, who had killed his man in three different fights to the death, was conquered. He became as a longing child for a while, only to become the more compelling man later.

"So that's it, is it?" he said, by and by, "you'd like to hit life, would you sweetheart? Well, an' why not? Say, Chiquita, how'd you like to go with me an' see things? I'm mighty near a thousan' dollars ahead o' the game, right now, sis, an' a thousan' dollars is pretty good money, pretty good *dinero*. Come, speak up, how'd you like to go with me an' find all them pretty things you been cryin' for? Speak, sis. I'd be mighty good to you—you bet I just would. Will you go?"

Angela flushed and paled alternately. There was no evading the cowpuncher's gleaming eyes. As he looked, so might primal man have looked upon a long-desired captive taken from a foeman's tent. And yet though she shrank, she yearned.

"Come child," he pressed, "speak up. You savy, I can see. Will you go with me?"

The plainsman was superb in his power as he spoke. There in the open setting of the plain he stood out bravely; no show, no swagger, but as one who deals a top hand in Life's sternest games.

All frontiersman he was, strangely keen in the eye, heavy and aggressive of jaw, cruel of mouth; cowpuncher indeed from the crown of his Stetson hat to the silver-spurred high heel of his long boot. Yet had he softened to a tenderness only possible to such as he, now Love had seized him.

The little cat-hammed, lop-eared, spur-galled pony he rode nibbled fitfully at the sage-brush, and jingled the bit-chains as he munched the stuff he nipped. One of the burros lay down with his load, and would need help ere he could rise again; another wandered

quite a distance, seeking herbage not to be found. But neither man nor girl cared. Their sweetest heritage had found them.

The cowboy moved first, swinging suddenly and swiftly out of the saddle to clasp Angela to him in a gust of passion. There was none to say him nay, only the desert sun to see. He was, as his first fathers had been, a law unto himself.

"Little one," he cried, "it's got to be! No blamed greaser ever beats you again, an' no coyote o' the breed ever kisses you. You're mine, little one. You wanted 'em an' you shall have 'em—love an' happiness. Don't you hear the bands a-playin', an' the shoutin' in the bull ring, an' the rattle o' the tables? Can't you feel the cling o' the fancy little dresses I'll buy you against them dainty little limbs o' yourn. Can't you feel the kisses I'll give you, Baby—like this— an' this—an' this! O, my little Spanish belle, I'll make you a queen if you'll come. Will you—will you?"

But Angela struggled now. Keno's burning kisses and words frightened her, while yet they drew her opening woman soul to answer them as madly.

"Let me go, señor," she cried. "Let me go to my mother. It is not good that I stay and listen. O, *si, si*, I trust you that you hurt me not. That you be very good to me, and I too feel—oh, señor, I know not what. But, señor, I cannot. Ah, señor, my sister was of these our going would make me; and she die of the knife in Mexico City, the knife of the *Americano* who took her. And my mother she cry, and the good sister who have teached me and *Manuela* they cry also and bid me not go wicked like her. Señor, I cannot. O, my heart it cry for love, and for the music, and the pretty thing—am I not Spanish most?—but I could not be as *Manuela*. *Mañana* they give me to *Encarnacion* and he give back some cattle. Maybe my heart it break, but it is better so, for then I go not to hell as the bad girl she go. *Encarnacion* he marry me by the church, and you, señor—you would not."

Keno let go, looking down with puzzled but strangely tender eyes. Then he

drew her to himself again, holding her quivering form close.

"So it's a real marriage you want, little one, is it? Can't say *I've* any hankerin' after the padre business myself. But scein' as you have, I'm 'greeable. Light o' conscience, light o' love mebbe, an' you're shore as good a girl to rope to as I want. Let's get on, 'Gela, an' see your folk. The priest racket goes. I backs the play. Now kiss me once on your own just to show you love me, an' I stands for you against the hull earth."

With a quick strong swing of muscular arms the cowboy picked his tiny love from the ground, as he might have taken up an infant, and held her mouth to his. "Kiss me, 'Gela," he whispered, "kiss me good, an' I fights the world for you."

It had been terribly quick wooing; but Angela was won. Her kiss meant all things; the very seal of surrender.

Mounted on Keno's pony she presently rounded up the stray burro while he repacked the resting one. Then, with the cowboy tramping sturdily at her side over the sun-baked sand, she led out homeward.

Keno was very sober now. No longer an aimless, devil-may-care derelict, he was instead a strong, purposeful, self-reliant speculator upon a wide future. But Angela dreamed as she rode and rolled the cigarettes she and her caballero consumed.

No more beatings, no more weary tramps for wood, no more ragged frocks, but kisses, satisfied desires, happiness. O, it was good thus to be possessed, to be thus possessor. Good to think of the money-brightened *mañana*, good to rest in the security of priest-blessed wifehood.

Keno's past or his further future held little place in Angela's reveries. As yet only his love for her and the sweets it might immediately bring appealed to her. But by and by she dreamed no more, a something deeper got hold of her, holding her for all the time to come. It was as if she was already no longer herself but part of Keno, as if already the sun as priest had

wedded her to this Lohengrin of the desert. Far out beyond the horizon, so lately the edge of her world, imaginary hands were beckoning, the hands of her prospective *muchachos*, the greatest gifts of her new-found bliss.

Encarnacion Seljas, smooth and soft of tongue, but hot of heart—Encarnacion from the river—was as naught against this hard-set, virile dare-devil of a gringo. No, Seljas was as nothing now. Better Keno McKeown without a copper centavo than Seljas with all the wealth of the border-land.

CHAPTER II.



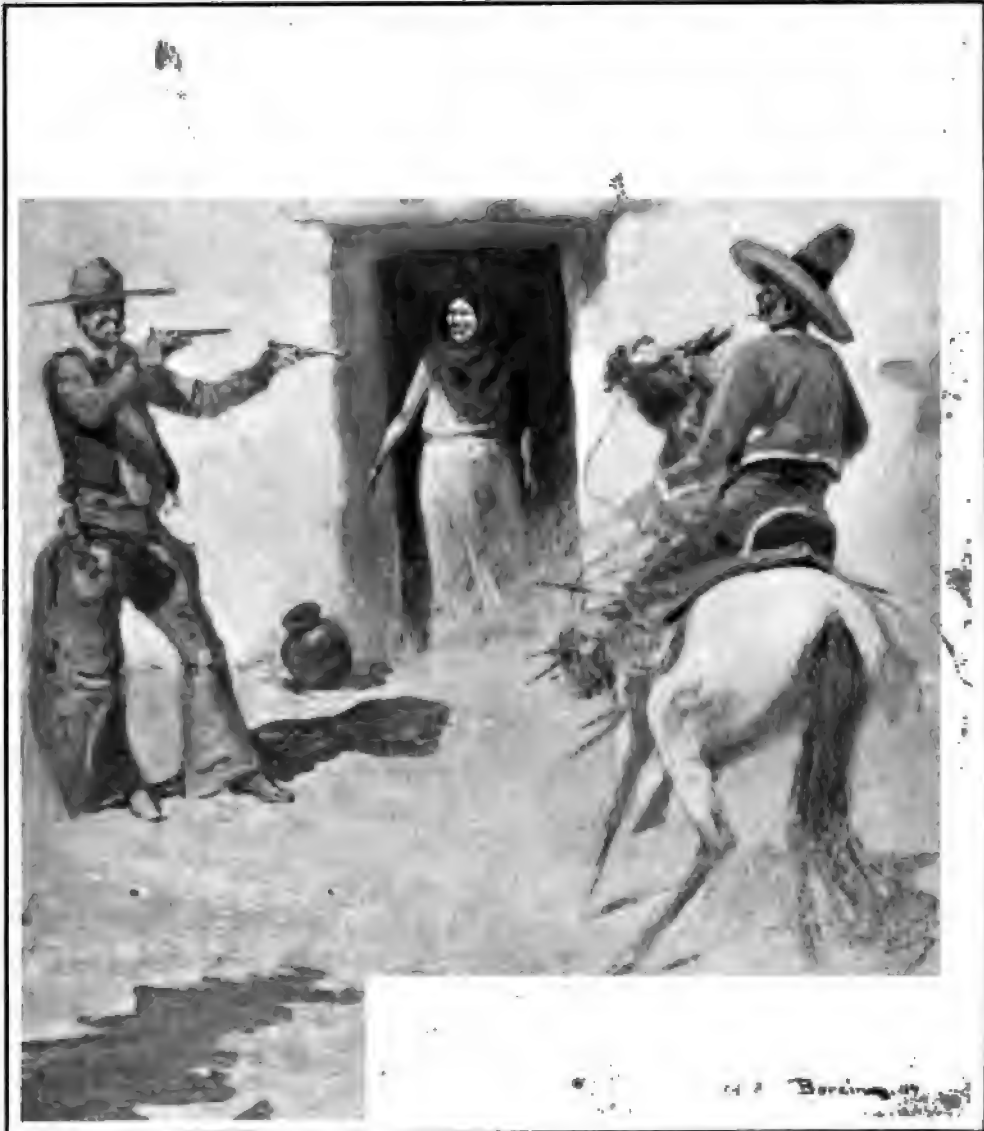
AT sun-down Dolores Padilla stood in the doorway of her tumble-down mud-brick home, every now and then casting anxious glances across the desert waste to eastward in hope of sighting Angela, her daughter.

Once on a time Dolores had been wonderfully attractive; today, unkempt and lazy, she was still suggestive of that sensuous past. The beautiful naked baby, brown pink of color, and beady of eye, that played in the warm sand at her feet accentuated the suggestion. Beauty was hereditary in her family.

Out in the open, donkeys, goats, fowls and an old milkless cow lay about in the dying heat; near by an old, badly used wagon was fast drying to absolute worthlessness for lack of shelter and paint; everywhere lay empty fruit and vegetable cans and the refuse of a slattern's kitchen.

The donkeys were work-scarred, the goats dejected and poor, the dogs half-starved—even the fowls seemed drooping and deadened by the unutterable deadness of the place.

True, there were some stunted cottonwoods down by the river that somehow broke the deadliness of the southern outlook, but there was longing at the heart of Angela's mother, even as the longing at the heart of her child, for life and for living. The Paseo del Reforma of Mexico's metropolis and the kaleidoscopic changes of the mighty Plaza del Toros had once been for her as for others more



- not today, 'less you're better men than I take you for

fortunate. She had never forgotten this.

As she picked up her last-born, and mothered it, Juan, her husband, rode up on his scraggy old horse. A cruel-faced low-down peon was this Juan whom she had taken for any reason conceivable rather than that of love.

"Thou still watchest," he grated, "has she then not come?"

Dolores winced. "No," she replied, "she has not yet come. Have patience,

Juan, but she will come along, *poco tiempo*, like the good child she is. Come, then, and give me the tobacco that I make thee a cigarito. Ah, Juan, it is not good that thou beat our little Angela. Some day she follow our Manuela. Then wilt thou be sorry." But Juan flung out a Spanish oath and moodily rolled his own cigarettes.

"*Carrajo!*" he muttered, "it is always this girl of whom she thinks—this girl

of Arguelles. *Por Dios!* how she loved him, and how I hate him. It is well that Encarnacion desires the girl, well, that *poco pronto* he will take her away; for then will Dolores perhaps think more of me and mine. I will hurry this Encarnacion—Ah, here he comes!”

A little cloud of red dust sprang up in the west, betraying the furious riding of a lithe young Mexican, well mounted and full of braggart dash. He pulled short by Padilla just in time to see Keno and Angela arrive, they having been hidden from Juan's view by some out-buildings.

Encarnacion's eyes gleamed like an angry snake's, Juan's no less vindictively. Both felt at once that a new element had entered Angela's life and that their arrangement might now never be completed.

Keno was very polite. He recognized the hostility and determined on conciliation if possible. The Mexicans were not, however, to be conciliated. Padilla, quirt in hand, approached Angela threateningly. It was then that the true Keno McKeown made himself known.

“Don't you do it, Señor Mexicano; don't you do it,” he said, coldly and incisively, and Juan halted in his tracks, the cowboy having quietly interposed a wiry form between him and his intended victim.

The Mexican had faced white men before, never one with such deadly self-possession as had this stranger. Keno's eyes had contracted to pin points. There was evil in the tense set of his jaw.

“You mistake, señor,” said the Mexican, “I mean no harm to the girl. Yet she being my daughter and thou a stranger——?” Juan's snakish eyes completed the interrogation.

Keno laughed a trifle sardonically. “No stranger, *compadre*—to her. 'Gela an' me's made a deal, y' see, an' no one as favors you or his nibs on the hoss there can call us down on it. See? Now what you got to say?”

The speech was as a match to powder.

Quick as lightning Padilla whipped a knife from its place of hiding and, with a low cry of rage, leapt forward; while Seljas spurred his pony as wickedly

toward the daring gringo. They faced two heavy guns and the insolent smile of McKeown, the man-slayer.

“Nit, my friends,” he sneered, “not today, 'less you're better men than I take you for. Now get back,” he went on impatiently, “get back, or by the jumpin' Judas I'll fill you just plumb full!”

The Mexicans fell back before the American's gaze. Both of them understood full well the manner of man the desert had provided for Angela's protection. Seljas' eyes were more snakish than ever. “Curse you!” he rasped in Spanish, “may the curse of God be on you!”

Keno laughed quietly. “Señor,” he said, “'taint no use a-cussin' me, not a little bit. The game's come my way, that's all. I'm sort of sorry for you in course, but it can't be helped an' you better take it easy. A girl of 'Gela's caliber ain't in your cut, señor, an' you ought to know it. She's white, my friend, white, you savey; and *you*—you ain't. As for friend Padilla there, who works an' beats her same as his burros, all I got to say to him is that 'Gela's sort o' set on a reglar priest an' pra'er weddin', an' I backs her hand. Best thing he does is to get us spliced an' take the pesos I counts him in view of his never liftin' hand nor voice against the game.”

For a few moments there was absolute silence—Seljas, a seething volcano of baffled rage, Padilla angered to the core but speculative, Keno alert for anything. Then Dolores Padilla swept upon them, a surprise and revelation.

With head thrown back and dignity in every line of her, she raised her hand, and the men listened. Her voice was low, but forceful. “Señors,” she said, “my daughter has chosen, my daughter who is not Padilla's. Also have I chosen. Angela goes where her love goes and with my consent. I am Angela's mother, and she has cried on my breast, and I understand. If a mother shall not understand, who shall? For thee, Encarnacion, she has no love; for the señor *estrangero*, yes. To the Señor Americano I give her that she may live and

not die. Señors, she was mine to give, and I have spoken."

Not often are speeches more pregnant of feeling than Señora Padilla's. All the majesty of re-asserted womanhood and the pathos of long-outraged motherhood was in her mien. It cowed the Mexicans and won the warmest approbation and gratitude from the American.

"Señora," said Keno earnestly, "I'm everlastin'ly obliged. If ever a feller loved a girl I love Angely. It's mighty sudden I know, but we just couldn't help it. I'm goin' to do my very best by the little one, the very best I know how. There's nothin' I can do as I won't do. Ain't much on the talk, Señora, but just you remember this: Whenever I fail in my dooty as a straight-goin' husban', I'm thereafter a-waitin',—unheeled, for shootin'—the feller you sends on necessary business."

"My son!" said Dolores, and pushed Angela to him.

Like a frightened bird the girl clung to her lover. He kissed her in front of them all, then he turned for his last word with the men.

"Señors, the game is to me. Let's make peace. I'm sorry to treat you sort o' rough as I did, because you wasn't expectin' no such show down as this. Come, let's shake hands an' be friends sort of. I'm willin' if you be."

Padilla stepped forward, many of the gringo's pesos in anticipation his, but Seljas utterly refused conciliation. "Señor," he hissed in a flame of passion, "there is a *mañana*," and with that and a parting curse on the future of bride and groom, he furiously departed as he had come.

(To be continued.)

Sunlight

By JOSEPHINE M. BLANCH

It lay across a sick child's bed,
And gently was the tired head
Soothed by the visions brought in dreams,
Of daffodils and winding streams.

It crept into a prison cell,
Upon a dark, scared conscience fell;—
An angel's touch had waked within,
A wish for life without its sin.

It stole into a leafy dell
Where only deepening shadows dwell;
Where no ray comes to tell of morn,
And here—a violet was born.

As Hope, it pierced a human heart,
And bade all darkening doubt depart
When Love came in, so long estranged,
And lo! a whole wide world was changed.



HAMMOND LAMONT
Managing Editor New York
Evening Post



F. J. TURNER
Professor of History, Univer-
sity of Wisconsin



L. J. RICHARDSON
Dean of the Summer Session
University of California

Boye photo.

The Summer School at Berkeley

By JEROME B. LANDFIELD

Of the Department of History, University of California

NOT very long ago I met an eastern man on a transcontinental train who said to me: "Californians bore me; you cannot converse with one of them five minutes without his bringing up the topic of the California climate. I know you have wheat fields and orange groves, gold mines and oil wells, but your ubiquitous Native Son talks nothing but climate. Doesn't anything out there interest you except average rainfall and mean temperature?" I should like to meet my chance Pullman acquaintance again and tell him that Californians are now prepared to boast of an institution as remarkable and unique in the intellectual world as is their land of sunshine in the physical, namely, the summer session of the University of California.

For a number of years past a few of the leading universities have been holding summer sessions, or summer schools as they are sometimes called, not as an additional term of regular university work, but rather to perform in the domain of higher education the work of the well-known Chautauqua meetings. The English universities and many of

the higher institutions of learning of this country have succeeded admirably in this work, and in the past the University of California has held her own. But this year she has surpassed all the other institutions of the country and can boast of such a galaxy of the world's great scholars as has never been gathered together for a summer school elsewhere. And I can well imagine the surprise of many a New Englander who regards the Pacific coast as "wild and woolly" and who himself at some time may have ventured as far west as Buffalo, when he learns that away out at Berkeley near the "jumping-off place," a portion of the summer's faculty will be made up of such men as Sir William Ramsay, Arrhenius, De Vries and Loeb.

The object of a summer session is twofold. It first of all gives an opportunity for teachers throughout the state, taking advantage of vacation time, to bring themselves up to date in their respective subjects and to receive the inspiration and enthusiasm that comes from association with such leaders of thought and science. The influence of this is bound to be felt throughout the public schools of the state after every summer session.

The other object of the summer school is perhaps less practical in its immediate results, but not less significant of the part the university is coming to play in the life of the state. There are hundreds of people who are not teachers and who do not wish to take examinations or obtain certificates, but who would find pleasure and profit in listening to the distinguished lecturers that have been brought together. And so it has been arranged that any person, upon payment of the regular summer session fee, may without any entrance requirements or red tape of any sort, be admitted to any or all of the lectures and classes. This arrangement is typical of the broad and liberal ideas represented by President Wheeler as to the field of usefulness of the university, that it shall be no mere academic cloister designed to withdraw from the world for four years a portion of the youth of the state and then turn them out teachers

and doctors and lawyers and engineers but that it shall be an intellectual center at the service of the whole state, giving the miner and the farmer the benefit of its scientific investigation, organizing courses of university extension lectures in its cities, and affording, in the summer session, an opportunity to come into touch with the best the world has to furnish in the field of knowledge.

Foremost among the scientists who will give instruction in the Berkeley summer school is Sir William Ramsay the world's greatest chemist, whose best known investigations have dealt with the gases of the air, of several of which he is the original discoverer. His greatest achievement thus far has been the changing of a gas evolved from the salts of radium into helium. In the field of chemistry Professor Ramsay will be assisted by five members of the regular faculty of the university, Professor E. O'Neill, Dr. F. G. Cottrell, Dr. W. C. Morgan and M. J. Blackman and H. J. Burns.

A second member of the scientific group is the distinguished professor of botany of the University of Amsterdam, Hugo de Vries. Professor de Vries will be seconded in his work by one of his former students, Mr. H. T. Hus, of the University of California.

The first physicist of Europe is Professor Svante August Arrhenius of the University of Stockholm, whose researches of late have been devoted to the subject of serums and their application to the cure of disease. His lectures in the summer school will deal largely with the results of these researches.

The University of California itself has the honor of furnishing another scientific investigator who ranks with the foregoing, in the person



BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER
President of the University of California

Boyer, photo

of Professor Jacques Loeb, the eminent biologist. Dr. Loeb was formerly of the University of Chicago, and his biological experiments won for him great distinction among European scholars. An amusing story illustrating this is told of President Harper's recent visit to Russia. If it isn't true, it ought to be. Dr. Harper is said to have introduced himself to some savants of St. Petersburg as the President of the University of Chicago, whereupon one of them explained to the others with the air of superior knowledge, "Ah, yes, I know. You mean Loeb's university."

Interesting work in physical geography, with field excursions, will be conducted by Dr. Reginald Aldworth Daly, geologist for Canada to the international boundary commission and other branches of science will be handled by competent specialists.

The summer school will not be less noteworthy on the side of letters. The department of history will be in the hands of four men of national reputation. Professor Bernard Moses of the University of California, who is well known as a former member of the Philippine commission, will lecture on "Political Dependencies," and on "Government." Professor H. Morse Stephens, also of the University of California, whose name is familiar to historical students on both sides of the Atlantic, is to lecture on "Queen Elizabeth" and conduct a teachers' course in English history. Professor Frederick J. Turner of the University of Wisconsin, the great authority on United States history, and particularly on the winning of the west, will give three courses of lectures.

One of the treats in store which is especially apropos just at the present time is a course of lectures on the



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SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY

"Eastern Question," by Professor A. C. Coolidge of Harvard. Professor Coolidge has been an indefatigable student and traveler and is undoubtedly the greatest American authority on the Balkan states, the expansion of Russia into Central Asia and the Manchurian and Corean problems.

In the domain of English the summer school is to have Professor Francis B. Gummere of Haverford College, and Professor C. W. Wells of the University of California. Journalism also is to be represented by Hammond Lamont, well known as managing editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

Other lines of work are likewise well covered, and, in addition to courses by members of the regular staff of the university in ancient and modern languages, philosophy, education and the like, there are to be lectures by James Ward, professor of mental philosophy at Cambridge on psychological principles, and

by Professor A. A. Stanley of the University of Michigan, on the history of music. Such is a brief outline of the opportunities offered at the summer school which opens June 27th and continues six weeks.

Berkeley, the home of the University of California, is beautifully located on the slope of the Contra Costa hills overlooking San Francisco bay and the Golden Gate. Its climate is almost perfect and a more charming spot in which to spend a summer vacation is not to be found in the length or breadth of the land. There are plenty of places in

which to find good accommodations, beautiful walks and drives, and the ever-fascinating city of San Francisco is just across the bay, thirty-five minutes distant.

It will not be strange, therefore, if many of our eastern cousins wander out to Berkeley for the summer and in her halls and groves, and listening to her sages from all the world, fancy themselves carried back to classic Athens in the halcyon days of old, and California will be proud that she can extend such hospitality as ministers to the mind as well as the body.



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THE GREEK THEATER, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Work of Hugo de Vries

By H. T. A. HUS
Instructor, University of California



Wagner & Motto, Amsterdam, photo

HUGO DE VRIES
Professor of Botany, University of Amsterdam; lecturer
at Summer Session, University of California

Among the notable scientists to be in attendance at the summer school of the University of California this season, will be Professor Hugo de Vries, of the University of Amsterdam, Holland. Californians, already inspired by the work of Luther Burbank, in creating new flowers and fruits, cannot but be attracted by the masterly demonstrations of De Vries. The following estimate and sketch by Dr. H. Hus of the University of California, long a pupil of De Vries, is of especial timely interest:

BEFORE the days of Darwin, the majority of people considered each species to have its origin in a distinct and separate act of creation. Darwin's conception of the origin of species, as set forth in his great book, was, to the general public, a wholly novel proposition. While his theory was not with all botanists an entirely original idea, nevertheless his masterful presentation of the subject, the accumulation of material and the immense array of facts caused it to be given wide public atten-

tion, far more than had ever been vouchsafed to the theories of his predecessors. He did not merely propound a theory; he went farther and showed, as he was able to do by reason of his long practical experience in experimenting with living plants, how the theory could be applied scientifically to the solution of numerous problems in both the plant and the animal world.

It was chiefly among the younger men that the ideas it propounded found adherents. Soon the devotees of science were

divided into two groups, Darwin's followers and his antagonists. The struggle ended in the complete defeat of the latter, and a new era in the history of the scientific world began. Theories were formulated, endless discussions arose. But soon it became evident that mere theorizing led to nothing. It was finally conceded that it was necessary to *see* species originate. Numerous investigators devoted their time to a solution of the problem. But a single one of these has been successful, has actually been able to see new species originate from an already existing one. This man is Hugo de Vries, a Hollander, professor of botany at the University of Amsterdam, who will give a series of lectures on his discoveries before the next summer session of the University of California.

We have grown accustomed to speak of a plant or an animal as belonging to a certain species. What we mean is that it is like some, unlike others. We can tell a horse from a cow, an apple from a pear. But are all individuals which are recognized as belonging to one species alike in all particulars? Evidently not. If, for instance, we take two cuttings from a geranium and plant one in rich soil, the other in poor; if we give the first plenty of water and generally bestow much care upon it, and leave the other to get along as best it may, what will be the result? In a couple of months the one will be large, luxuriant, the other small, stunted. External conditions, then, influence the individual. Again, if we have a bed, say of cornflowers, there will be some that are a light blue, others that are a deep blue. By sowing the seeds of the deep blue flowers we obtain plants whose flowers almost uniformly exhibit the deep blue color. Of course there are some that are light blue, but they are in the minority. If this process is continued for a short number of years a light colored cornflower will be rare.

The plant breeder takes advantage of these properties and, by carefully selecting those plants which possess a desired character and by placing them and their

offspring under favorable conditions, finally succeeds in producing a new race. But unless this selection is continued, the race is not constant. As soon as selection ceases there is a return to the type. In two or three generations the descendants of our deep blue cornflowers will again exhibit all shades of blue.

By selecting for reproduction those individuals which showed the highest development in a certain line, man has, since time immemorial, attempted to improve the domesticated animals. But more especially in later years have eminent men devoted their attention to the improvement of our agricultural plants. Take corn for instance. Fritz Müller cultivated plants of *Zea Mais*, the ears of which bore an average of twelve rows of grains. Some possessed a larger, some a smaller number. By constantly selecting for reproduction those which possessed a larger number of rows, the average, after three years, was brought to sixteen rows on each ear. De Vries, repeating these experiments, succeeded in bringing the average to twenty. But, unless the selection continued, the corn soon returned to the original state. This condition of things was met in every plant experimented with. The character was not constant; it disappeared unless the seed was selected. And since Nature does not provide for this artificial selection, it is clear that in fluctuating variability we cannot find the origin of species.

The other kind of variability is expressed by the single variations. They are sudden deviations from the type and are not connected with it by a series of intermediate forms. The characters possessed by individuals produced by single variation or mutation are fixed. They are possessed by all descendants of the new individual. Whether the new form shall take a place among the older ones therefore merely depends on whether its characters, and the number of individuals bearing these characters, are of such a nature as to offer at least equal chances in the struggle for existence.

Mutations are well known to the horticulturist. He is constantly on the

lookout for them, since to him they are a source of revenue. When among a number of plants of the same kind, the gardener discovers one which differs from the rest, say, because of another form or a different color of the flowers, he separates it from the rest, treats it with greater care, and finally attempts to multiply the number of individuals. Does the flower produce seed, then the seed is sown and from it arise a number of plants, all bearing the same character. The florist now possesses something which others have not, and by its sale frequently realizes a large sum.

If, so reasoned De Vries, single variations occur in the garden, then why should they not occur in the field? With this idea in mind De Vries turned his attention to the wild-growing plants. His thorough knowledge of the flowers of Holland, the foundation of which had been laid in his early childhood, was here of much service to him. Soon he singled out one of the evening primroses. This plant, *Enothera Lamarckiana*, a native of America, had, at the beginning of the last century, been introduced in Europe and soon escaped from cultivation. Especially in the western part of Holland, in the sand-dunes in the neighborhood of Amsterdam and Haarlem, it is, at some points at least, to be seen in profusion. The clusters of large yellow flowers, crowning the main- and side-stems of this graceful plant, readily attract the attention of the passer-by, especially toward evening when they open and appear to cover the fields with a golden sheet.

Plants of *Enothera Lamarckiana* growing near Amsterdam were found to exhibit the long-sought property of producing each year a number of new species. They continued to show this when brought to the botanic garden at Amsterdam. Here the plants were closely observed and received great care. In this manner plants which, for some reason or other, would in the field have been doomed to destruction, could develop unhampered by adverse conditions. But it must be remembered that the garden experiments only served

to secure a closer and more facile study of the process of mutation, and that in the garden nothing occurred which formerly had not, or could not, have taken place in the field. Cultivation is not the cause of mutation, but only a means for closer observation. *Enothera Lamarckiana* produces each year a large number of new species. Some of them are weak or rare or sterile, so that their cultivation has till now been unsuccessful; but others could be grown with comparative ease. The new species differ little from the mother species or from each other. The differences are shown by careful study only. Yet they are not limited to one organ, but include all. The shape and the color of the leaves, the size and structure of the stem, the shape and the size of the fruits, all show differences. And what is more, these differences are constant. It is for this reason that De Vries speaks here of new species, rather than of new races, since races and varieties deviate from the species in but one character, while species show differences in a large number of organs.

The favorite example of mutation in *Enothera Lamarckiana* quoted by Professor de Vries is that of *Enothera gigas*. The plant is of the same height as *O. Lamarckiana*, but possesses a more robust stem, denser foliage, a broader crown of large, widely-opening flowers and stouter flower-buds. The fruits are but one half the size of those of *O. Lamarckiana*, but the individual seeds are larger.

In the autumn of 1895 Professor de Vries, desiring to hibernate some plants of what he believed to be *Enothera Lamarckiana*, selected a dozen of the strongest, best developed individuals. During the following summer he observed that one of the plants had a different habit. The fruits on ripening were much shorter and stouter than was the case with those of the other plants. It was only then he placed the spike in a paper bag to prevent cross-fertilization by wind or by insects. The seeds gathered from the fruits contained in the paper bag were, in the spring of

1897, sown separately. Shortly after germination a difference between these plants and seedlings of *Oenothera Lamarckiana* became apparent. The former were more robust with broader, darker leaves. All of them, about three hundred in number, agreed in external character. The suspicion that a new species had made its appearance became a conviction when, during the summer, when flowers and fruits developed, the contrast with the plants of *O. Lamarckiana* became more marked, while all of them resembled the single mother plant. The seed, through subsequent years remained constant. Similar results were obtained with other new species. Continued sowings of *O. Lamarckiana* seed showed that a species can originate more than once. Though *O. gigas* made its appearance but a single time, others have done so repeatedly. And above all, improved methods have led to a ten-fold production of new species.

Among the many important deductions made by Professor de Vries from his observations, apart from the mutation theory itself, two are of especial interest: The one, that the struggle for existence lies not between the individuals

but between species; the other, that mutation occurs periodically. Both, but especially the last, are borne out by recent geological research.

The discovery of the mutation theory, which has made Professor de Vries perhaps the foremost botanist of the present time, promises to be of inestimable value to the human race. The first step in a new direction has been taken, a new line of investigation has been opened. All that remains to be done is to apply the lessons taught by the evening primroses, to other organisms, be they plants or animals. Once we know the laws which govern mutations, we may bring them about at will and choose those which show the desired quality. Such work, supplemented by selection and crossing, has already been done by Burbank of Santa Rosa. Gigantic in their proportions are the results which this silent worker, alone and unsupported, has been able to obtain. How great, then, is the promise the future holds in store for us. And California, with her soil, her climate, her immense possibilities, is certain to be among the first to pluck the fruits of the new discovery.



LOOKING OUT OF VALDE CAVE ON SANTA CRUZ ISLAND, NEAR SANTA BARBARA A. H. Rogers, photo



IN THE SURF AT SANTA BARBARA IN FEBRUARY—HOTEL POTTER IN THE BACKGROUND A. H. Rogers, photo

Santa Barbara of Today

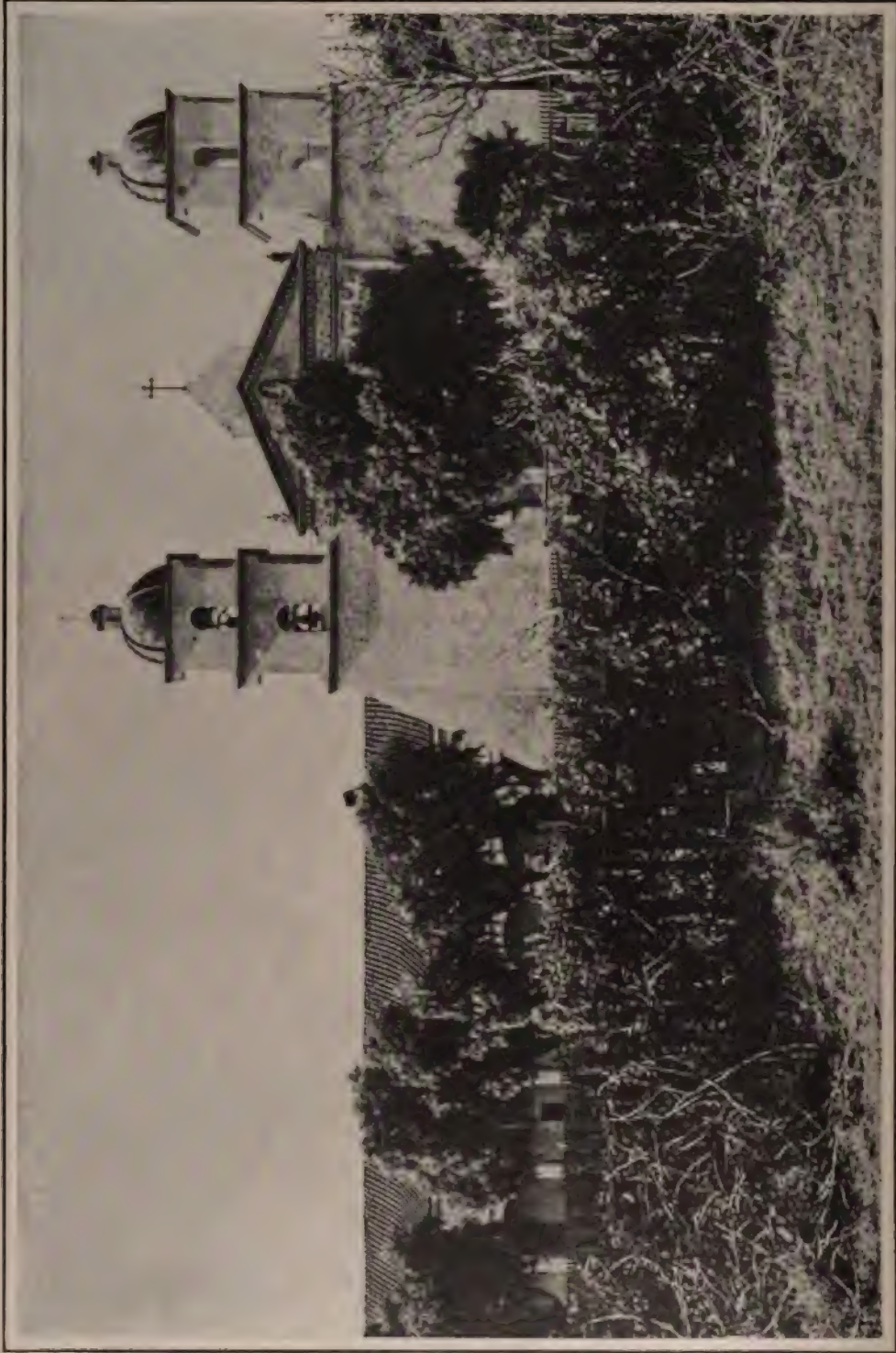
By ISABELLA G. OAKLEY

A CERTAIN citizen of the Canada we used to know, lying in the rigorous basin of the Great Lakes, came many years ago with a large family of girls and boys into Santa Barbara, in consequence, he once told me, of reading physical geography—whether Humboldt or Guyot or the encyclopedia, he said not; but pages no doubt in which he learned that south of Canada as it is today the one stretch of Pacific coast facing the southern sky is that on which Santa Barbara lies.

This was twenty-eight years ago, and in this quarter century the scarcely known little place usually described by its smart neighbors as "sleepy and Spanish," has become a lively city recognized as the most salubrious spot in the United States; a spot where the sun always shines and the wind never blows. In a general sense this description fits the place, such is its exceptional position between the mountains and the sea

south of them. What these have done for this immediate region they do also for the territory that stretches west and southeast forty miles, but with this difference, that at many points gaps in the mountains give rise to local winds from which the city and its environs are practically free, owing to the shelter afforded by the Channel islands lying thirty miles off shore.

The basin in which the young city lies and stretches its limbs with rapid yearly growth has been shaped by an ancient torrent and is partly shut in on the side of the sea by bluffs lining the shore. Where these bluffs break and dip gently to the ocean at the mouth of the stream there is a stretch of beach; here a long wharf is built out to deep anchorage. Great picturesqueness arises from this stretch of broken bluffs, known as the mesa, of which the rounded folds dip townward. Here sunset shadows gather and mists wander, and wild



SANTA BARBARA MISSION, FOUNDED IN 1786, A SIGNIFICANT LANDMARK OF THE EARLIEST CIVILIZATION OF CALIFORNIA

Shurecraft, photo

flowers and ferns flourish amidst oaks and ivy. Opposite the mesa northward, and three or four miles distant, the valley's boundary is the rugged range of the Santa Ynez, half naked, bold and surpassingly rich in contour, sky-line and color.

South of Santa Barbara are fine beaches, and nowhere are richer marine views. The channel, on account of its prevailing smoothness, is extraordinarily blue—travelers say bluer than the bay of Naples—while its boundaries are a grand curve of coast fifteen miles in extent, ending at Rincon in bold headlands. Seaward the Channel islands, four lofty rocky summits of a submarine mountain range, seem to form a continuous line, completing the circle of the valley's horizon.

All the mysterious distant purple that makes mountain scenery so enchanting hangs over the islands at sunrise and sunset, when fogs and clouds hide them or the west wind reveals them. On their outer slope they meet the brunt of many a gale from which they shield the coast, only letting in the southeasters that bring us necessary rain. The two largest, Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, form part of Santa Barbara county. Water enough is found on these for large numbers of sheep and cattle. On San Miguel, the most northern of the group, lie the bones of the first of Spanish explorers, Cabrillo. Another source of interest is in the many peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life that flourish upon them. Some of these shrubs and trees have been introduced upon the mainland.

At all seasons bathers enjoy the surf, which is hardly ever violent, and quite free from dangerous undertow. In winter only the hardiest are tempted, the temperature of the atmosphere being from 58° to 62°. From July to December it rises from 65° to 74°, and this is of course the regular bathing season. A very commodious bath house, built a few years ago at a cost of \$40,000, and since enlarged, affords every kind of sheltered salt-water bathing. It daily proves itself an absolute necessity.

At low tide wandering figures of women and children may be seen bending over the treasure trove brought in by the waves. They are not poor folks grubbing for means of subsistence, but such as are inland-bred and delight in putting the seaside to proof for pleasure. What they look for is the delicate seaweed and a tiny olive shell much prized for necklaces and portieres as souvenirs of Santa Barbara. Perhaps wisest and happiest of all the saunterers are those who find a tree on the bluff and doze and dream in the mild sunshine, satisfied "not to be doing, but to be" in the midst of such a great and enchanting scene.

West of the city the valley plain stretches through fifteen miles of orchards and small ranches, where are raised apricots, prunes, loquats, figs, berries and walnuts; and fortunate is the man who has a bearing walnut orchard in this section. Success has not followed walnut planting on all soils in the county, but the deep, moist soil of the Goleta and Carpinteria valleys has stood the test of twenty years; the trees are flourishing and the yield regular and abundant. A parasitic enemy of the walnut must be carefully watched and subdued, and that is the only source of danger to the trees. This is a harvest with a steady market, and one for which a man has to pay but little of the penalty of Adam.

Gaily down the watered and oiled valley road the tourists' six-horse team speeds on, past long stretches of rolling ranches covered with grain and beans and orchards, the wrinkled brow of the mountain always in sight. Perhaps they are driving to Cooper's canyon, where they will pass hundreds of acres of thriving olive trees. Good oil has been made on this ranch for many years, as every one now knows, and not here alone in Santa Barbara county. The traveler winds along good roads that bring him to the very flank of the mountain, everywhere overhung by tall eucalyptus trees scattered among the native oak, hazel and sycamore, and past groups of sleek Jersey cows. He listens with attention to

the tale of the perseverance and courage of the pioneer of horticulture who has planted this ranch of two thousand acres, and is astonished to hear that the miles of eucalyptus trees were raised from seed, 250,000 of them.

On the return drive the road skirts a tract of two thousand acres lying toward the sea known as the Pacific Improvement Company's land. An expensive water plant tunneled from the mountains has just been completed, fitting the tract for building sites which can quickly be converted into ornamental grounds. No doubt many beautiful homes will eventually be built here, making the whole place a continuous park. Some of its roads lead to the sea beach. The Southern Pacific trains steam past the picnic parties, and the rural mail carrier trots by with his portion of the sixty miles of suburban mail delivery. Before long the trolley lines will be laid here.

Or perhaps the trip had in view a drive over the mountains. In this case the road leads off to the north about seven miles west of town and ascends by a gentle grade to the height of two thousand two hundred feet where the San Marcos pass leads across into the northern section of the county. Two other stage roads traverse mountain passes, one to the west at the Gaviota and another several miles east at the Casitas. From the summit the eye wanders over wide valleys and lofty mountain chains. Looking backward the ocean spreads before the vision. Between lies the great stretch of foothill ranches where the herds and flocks of the Franciscan padres pastured eighty years ago.

Near town, and not two miles from the sea, stands the grand Old Mission founded in 1786 and dedicated to Santa Barbara. It remains a significant landmark of the earliest civilization of California, one which has been cherished by both Catholics and Protestants. In a country where all is so new, the historic suggestion of a past far more remote than the date of the mission is extremely interesting. It is hard to believe, as from the towers we see the

little city stretched out, that fifty-five years ago this was a mere northern outpost of the republic of Mexico. With their customary keenness the founders of the church and monastic colony selected the choicest of situations, on a broad ridge overlooking the Mission creek, the most considerable of the streams that water this part of the range.

Reservoirs for a portion of the city's water supply store its headwaters, while the municipality controls the supply from a tunnel that pierces the mountains to a depth of one mile. Another tunnel is to be run through the mountains a distance of four miles, tapping the Santa Ynez river, so that an abundance of pure mountain water is assured. Sites for houses in the Mission neighborhood are among the most coveted, and command a high price. Near by, hidden by exotic shrubbery, is a small endowed sanitarium for convalescents. A carriage road known as the mountain drive has been built leading east from the Mission and skirting the rocky face of the foothills. From a point in this drive a pony trail nine miles long has been made to a neighboring peak, La Cumbre. Good mountaineers find it an easy walk. Here are views of great extent and rugged grandeur. The mountain drive unites with a rough and romantic canyon road, the Cold Springs road in the settlement of Montecito, a suburb of the city with a high reputation for picturesqueness.

Here the oak-covered foothills and table lands, also facing the channel, have attracted those who want larger places than can be had in the town. The park-like character of Montecito (little forest), together with a plentiful water supply, makes such villas practicable. In three or four years the entire shrubbery, trees and vines have passed all look of newness, and the places grow beautiful with rapidity.

Yet not society, nor scenery; not the oaks, nor the flowers, could bring people here from the other border of the country and hold them, were the climate to alter. When men know from experience that they can depend upon two



—a carriage road known as the mountain drive, leading east from the mission and skirting the rocky face of the foothills

Sturtevant, photo

hundred and forty days of unbroken sunshine in the year, and upon still more days in which the wind does not blow; that the coldest weather is about like early October in the Middle States, and the highest temperature of summer is mild beyond comparison, their plans begin to shape themselves for passing

at least a part of their life under these skies.

The foothills are dotted with inexpensive bungalows, often 500 and 600 feet above the sea. Busy doctors and lawyers from the city, which is about seven miles from the center of Montecito, come down to their places for a day



The basin in which Santa Barbara lies has been shaped by an angle.

or so each week, the key in their pocket and servants left behind, to relax in perfect freedom. The door-post of one of these bungalows bears the name, "Rest Awhile." Simple as these places are, guiltless of lath and plaster, the locations are not cheap, and the market value of the sites is constantly rising.

From Montecito, roads which are not yet drives lead to many charming points: San Ysidro canyon, where a comfortable small inn lies tucked away among extensive lemon and orange orchards; the Hot Springs with sulphur baths higher up on the hills, or Miramar, on the beach, a romantic spot with sea bathing, where about fifty guests are

accommodated. A small hotel, providing for about two hundred guests, is now being built near Miramar. The Country Club is well housed, and makes provision for much social gaiety.

Leaving Montecito, the city is usually entered near the beach where the main street begins. This already is a busy little mart, with a mile or more of shops which rapidly become more and more adequate to the demand upon them. Not less than twenty-five new business blocks have arisen during the last two years; good stone and brick buildings owned by the men of the town who are satisfied that the hour for enterprise is at hand. These stores and offices are all spoken for in



torrent and is partly shut in on the side of the sea by bluffs

advance by old-time merchants in need of more and better room to supply the rapidly increasing population. The census of 1900 gave Santa Barbara 6,587 inhabitants, but the population now is safely placed at 10,000.

There are few weeks in the year when strawberries are not for sale on State street, while green peas, beans and other fresh vegetables are on the market all winter; and these staples are supplemented by fresh guavas, loquats, pomelos, and in summer by fresh figs, berries and fruits.

A Saturday morning crowd on State street is an interesting medley. Here in the space of half a mile most varieties of vehicles, horses and men are exhibited. The shaggy country horses, with

hand-ropes about their necks, stand for the weekly shopping. They draw a well-kept two-seated or light one-seated wagon with a capacious covered box behind, which holds everything from tomorrow's roast to the children's shoes and the mother's laces. The driver is likely to be a woman in a calico shirt-waist, no matter what the season. Or a Mexican family piled into a wagon represents the thrifty industry of the country districts, the woman in gay knitted worsted shawl, the children always with some scarlet finery. Not a few handsome turnouts are seen doing errands; expensive and well-groomed teams, and coachmen wearing livery (sometimes a little uneasily), and



IN MONTECITO, ONE OF THE ENVIRONS OF SANTA BARBARA

shining automobiles, no longer exciting curiosity, for, after all, Santa Barbara is but a chip off the big block of populous and fashionable cosmopolitan centers.

But let no one think it looks like a street in Chicago or New York—no one wishes it to do so. The buildings are low, and neither hide the mountain skyline nor obscure the sunshine, and after a very few minutes' ride in the electric car the city merges into the beach or the Mission.

At the extremes of the street stand the two commodious leading hotels; the Potter and the Arlington. Three or four minor hotels are always open. The hotels long since learned to offer comfort to all comers, that whom they attracted they might keep. Man does not live by bread alone; and many things still lacking beyond the mountains are half atoned for by the flowers, which go very far to supply the loss of wanted objects of taste and beauty. No month passes

without them, and in late winter and spring roses and other blossoming plants in indescribable profusion fill the place with their color, grace and perfume.

The simplest houses, no less than the most elaborate, are adorned with wonderful flowers. Yet even here they cannot be had for mere asking or planting. The peculiar conditions of climate and soil must be learned; even Paradise needed the daily attention of the primal pair. Frost being practically unknown the dressing and keeping of lusty growths give plenty of work to the pruning shears. Winter tourists who leave in April never see half the beauty of the flowers, however much they may have enjoyed and wondered at the roses, acacias, callas and poinsettias. After living a few years in the midst of these southern flowers it becomes easy to forget that geraniums, ever blooming, tall and lusty; great shrubs loaded with heliotrope, and fuchsia blossoms and

rare begonias, do not grow everywhere in gardens and door-yards. Few families keep a gardener. With the expense and painstaking the English, for example, lavish on gardens, it is hardly possible to imagine what a garden in Southern California might become.

In every respect this region is an infant. The figs, vines, mulberries and oranges of southern Italy are no more natural to her soil than they are to ours. Ages ago they were imported there from Asia, just as the olive and vine and the rest of the Mediterranean fruits are being imported here.

Wild-flower lovers have some disappointing experiences hereabouts, the year's output of flowers varying with the extremely varying rain-fall. First or last they come, neither lovelier nor less lovely than the year before, but differing entirely from the flowers east of the Rocky mountains. Travelers with an eye for such things miss the varieties of roadside flowers most common in the eastern states.

Only the explorer of steep and narrow trails inaccessible to cattle makes acquaintance with flowers in a grazing country. The large scale of all the physical features of California tends to monotony of vegetable life. The same trees cover miles of country, this uniformity being greatest in the south. Only those who climb find variety. Near the towns many fine trees, such as the Norfolk island pines, the rubber trees and palms, make rapid growth and give a stately foreign air to the scenery.

The saddle is indispensable to the full enjoyment of Southern California. The beach and hills and mountains always are beckoning the rider. Fortunately sturdy bronco ponies are cheap and need little or no housing. Many a delicate woman finds her way where she wishes without escort and careless of fashion in mounting. Either she is bent upon recruiting her health or means to have a good time, or has business requiring attention. Cupid, too, is kept very busy flying about the many remote



MISSION TOWERS FROM ROCKY NOOK

trails where the most proper of American girls is not afraid to ride with young men who are just as proper. Women often take all the care of a vehicle and horse, with only occasional help in the stable. The hardest thing to have and to hold is the chore-man, or laborer of any kind in fact.

A country polo club has good grounds west of town and has spurts of enthusiastic playing. There are several golf links. Fishing has an increasing number of devotees; but something seems

exchange for chimney-corner comforts. Sleeping out of doors is a popular fad, and perfectly safe. Perhaps it is not a fad, but wisdom, to exchange the bed for a hammock on the veranda.

Unlike the south of Italy, with which it is fair to compare Santa Barbara, this region is practically free from malaria; contagious and epidemic diseases die out about as soon as they enter it. Official tables of health and mortality give Santa Barbara a remarkably low death rate. There is better, because



A GLIMPSE OF THE SANTA YNEZ RANGE FROM ROCKY NOOK

the matter with salt-water sport. Excellent and gamy fish frequent the channel, yet fishing and boating take a place somewhat below riding and driving. In summer camping parties are organized to fish among the islands. Summer camping has always been popular in California on account of the absence of rain. A little planning will secure a bungalow in the foothills for a few weeks, and it is easy to supplement it by canvas. The most fastidious find the free life of camp a profitable

dryer, air for pulmonary patients farther from the sea. The health claim of Santa Barbara would lie largely in the facilities for open air life at comfortable temperatures the year round. But let the stranger remember that nights are always cold in dry climates, and make sure of plenty of blankets. With quiet, serenity and simplicity as watchwords, and always possible to secure, life here may be the perfect antithesis of the strenuous and brain-wearing life of cities.



SAN RAFAEL RANGE, LOOKING NORTH FROM LA CUMBRE PEAK

Sturtevant, photo

The building of the Potter hotel, which was opened in January, 1903, was an event of no small significance in the history of Santa Barbara. Enterprises on so great a scale of expense are not often mistakes; the energy and foresight that planned them usually can be depended upon to carry them to

successful issues. Mr. Potter feels sure that he has put his money into the right place. Nothing that the most exacting American tourist expects in a hotel has been omitted in this. Ingenuity has been exercised to bring all the rooms into the sunshine, while a broad roof garden supplies floods of it

Wonder-Work

By RETTA A. GARLAND

Ah, Nature changeth mood, to thus enhance
The meaning of our life with circumstance.

This dream in blue of islands, sea, and skies
Is joy supreme to our awakened eyes.

A harbor blue as old Toledo blade,
Enwraught in haze, to mystify, and fade

The markings of the waves. Mountains withdrawn
Into themselves, enchanted at the dawn,

And whispering proud tales, dim in mirage of air,
Of wondrous spells and gnomes and grottoes fair.

The landscape is in smoky blue arrayed,
Unrolled in shades of blue, remade

In subtler forms: the city rooftree yields
To craftiness of haze that Faery-Land reveals.

Santa Barbara, California



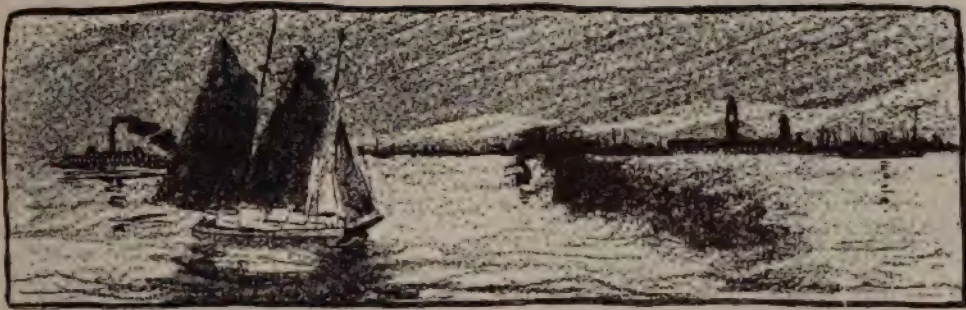
Steve

By Herbert Bancroft

The barnyard cats are wild and fierce and
always want to fight;
And yet they run all over Steve when once he
comes in sight.
The collies follow after Steve and trail along
behind;
The horses whinny at his voice; the mules are
sure to mind.
He has a rough and shaggy beard; he chews
the livelong day—
I'm sorry he is always ill when he has drawn
his pay.

Arthur Lewis

Drawing by Arthur Lewis



Drawing by Jack Bechdolt

SAN FRANCISCO BAY

The Wail of the Banished

By S. W. GILLILAN

From Baltimore, Maryland, Mr. Gillilan, poet and journalist, author of "From Finnigan to Flannagan," and formerly of Los Angeles, California, thus voices his lamentations, and it's a safe guess there's a vast army of people who feel just as he here says he feels. For the information of the uninitiated reader, abroad, it is noted that the terms East and West are generally employed in the United States to designate, respectively, the entire eastern or entire western sections of this country.

O you who are there where the beauty all is
Cannot know how we banished ones feel
When Memory paints us the picture we
love

While we chafe in our chains at the wheel.
The state that I love is our westernmost
state

And I ask myself over and o'er:
Are there any more tears on the roses at morn
Since they feel my caresses no more?

A cottage where violet, smilax and rose
Shed their blessings through all of the
year;

A velvety lawn 'neath the palm's giant
fronds—

Not a breath of the Frost-king comes near.
At morn, how I loved all the vases to
fill

With the roses that grew at my door—
Are there any more tears on their velvety
cheeks

Since they feel my caresses no more?

I AM not going to attempt to explain
it. The man who pretends to explain
is usually a fraud. He who can ex-
plain is a genius. Hoping I am not
the one, and fearing that I am not the
other, I refuse. Yet who is barred from
theorizing?

I dream of the wonderful blue of the hills
With their rough, inaccessible steeps;
By day I can see them stand sentinel-wise
While the valley they're sheltering, sleeps.
I starve for them all, for my heart is out
there

Where the sea laves a winterless shore—
Are there any more tears on the roses at
morn.

Since they feel my caresses no more?

O hedges that blow with a surfeit of bloom,
Mountain-slopes with your poppy-gold
strewn,

O foothills that blossom with beauty so rare
'Neath the sun and the marvelous moon—
O land where life's dreams find fulfilment
each day

Won't you welcome me back to your
shore?—

There are surely more tears on the roses at
morn

Since they feel my caresses no more.

There is a tang in the West; an in-
definable interest even in abstract ex-
istence, that one finds not in the East.
The Westerner romps to his work, romps
through it and romps home again. The
Easterner goes to his work, toils through
it and drags home. There is a holiday

spirit in the West, especially in the tourist-visited portion. One can hardly start out for a daily task of any sort without encountering the picnicker with laden basket, with his camera, and with pepper-berries dangling from his lapel. The wondering enthusiasm they feel is infectious in spite of the resident's efforts to appear blasé and pitying in the presence of such verdancy. In the East, the people you see have been here always. In all the daily round they glimpse nothing that was not there always, and their eyes see not; neither do they sparkle. You may not have noticed the enthusiasm of the West. That is because you are West. There are whole lots of things in the West that one has to come East to see. And that is one of them.

Another thing: The Easterner who has once been West is perpetually homesick. He may not admit it—if he be wise he will not; for to live in one community and sigh for another, is an occupation consistent with nothing but prison life. And to tell your neighbors you don't like the place, is far too likely to elicit the easy philosophy "Why do you stay here?" A man's mere lingering in one community is an unanswerable argument in support of the theory that he either believes that is the place where he can do the best, or that he is insane. And he who grumbles at the place that feeds and clothes him better than others is worse than ungrateful; he is lacking in philosophy. Yet the Easterner who has once tasted of the broad, big outdoor West is homesick here though he say nothing. He may not be suffering. He may be so wise and may have himself so well in hand that for the sake of the advantage life here may have for him at the present stage of his existence he endures even cheerfully his exile from the region that has impressed itself upon him as the Real Thing. Homesickness is only a feeling; and poor people can afford no such luxuries. The sentiment of the poor was made to hang on the wall, neatly tied with a blue baby-ribbon and labeled "ornament." The wealthy man may get his whims down and use them, letting them lead him hither and thither.

Yet he is homesick, even though, in many instances among the unintrospective, the nostalgiac suspects not his own malady. Some evening when he is going home from work amid a tired bunch of strap-holders, he sees, away off at the end of the street of which perspective has made a funnel, a ridge of purple cloud. His eyes open wider, he catches his breath and his lips part. Then he shrinks back within himself and is a stoic once more. He had thought the ridge of cloud a mountain range. He had forgotten—and was happy for a moment. After that he may suspect what is the matter with him. And he may not.

But the mind given to auto-vivisection knows. It goes about its work all day, perhaps more vigorously for the knowledge. The effort to "fake up" enthusiasm has a good effect always. He works the harder and the better and with the more determination because he is fighting. He doesn't pine over the fact at all, because he is sensible and has been picked up so often by the hand of Fate and tossed about that he has learned submission to the inevitable. And he who has learned that, has conquered the world. People ask him how he likes the town. He says he likes it; and he isn't lying. For there are people there, and wherever there are people there is human interest; and wherever there is human interest there is love in the heart of the benevolent-minded human. But at night when the world is still and he goes to give the window-sash a higher push after the lights are out, he stands and looks out at the deserted street. It is the time for feeling. And he recognizes in himself a sense of being "away." He feels as he did that time years and years ago when he first stayed all night in a strange house without his father and mother. Just now, to see a foothill, a barley-field full of brown squirrels and gophers standing on end looking clownishly at the passing car, to smell the sage-brush, to see a yucca, to gaze across a khaki-colored landscape punctuated with live-oak periods or eucalyptus exclamation points, and to see back of it all the inevitable,

ever-present, ever-distant purple mountain border—or even to see a rotting and tumble-down cabin covered with two or three vanloads of roses; he would give up a whole lot of his very heart's blood. But that is in the night, when feeling, not reason, sways men.

But the theory? I had almost forgotten it. I cannot account in full or even to my own satisfaction for the comparative "effeteness" of the East. Could I account fully for anything human I would be wiser than any one else. And I am not. Perhaps in admitting my lack I am doing something to earn the coveted reputation for wisdom. Perhaps not. But I have thought of a little illustration that may suggest even a better theory than the nebulous one that is lost in the clewless labyrinth of my alleged mind.

The man with a set lecture rehearses it or delivers it to people in the same community until it palls upon himself and others. He is weary of it and gives it illy and lifelessly. He is thrown into another community and has occasion to give the same lecture. It is new there. The people lean forward and listen.

He catches their enthusiasm and waxes eloquent. He loves the lecture. It is new to him. He becomes for the time being, great. So with the man who goes through his daily round of life in the same old community where his father went a similar round. People know his little "turn" by heart. He is disgusted with it himself. He works doggedly, he plays listlessly. But transplant him. The particular interpretation he gives life is new to that community. They sit up and look. He begins to be new to himself. Besides, he is hard put to it to "make good." He works with a zest. The interest of other people in him, the stranger, their sidelong looks during his probationary period, enthuse him and put him upon his mettle. He wakes up. His earlier existence was a dream. This is the reality. He will always remember with gratitude the birthplace of his real self.

Do you get the theory? The West is full of such awakenings and of the awakened ones. That is why the East is effete in contrast; and it accounts for the homesickness.

The Story of a Copper Mine

By A. J. WELLS

Illustrated from photographs by T'Abbitts

WE went down into the silence and the sunshine of Arizona to see a great vein of copper. It had become famous. The richness of it, the extent of it, the ramifications of it, the romance of its discovery, the perils and difficulties of its early working, the triumphs and successes of its later history, the apparently abiding character of the industry, the towns which have grown up around this copper deposit as if the liberated ore had blossomed into human homes amid the red hills and echoing, rock-walled canyons—all this made it seem worthy of a visit. And so, dropping off at Lordsburg, New Mexico, we turned back to the northwest, and at the terminus of the Arizona

and New Mexico railway, and near the eastern border of the territory, found ourselves at nightfall in Clifton's narrow and crooked street, on the banks of the San Francisco river.

Across the stream, white with ore tailings, lights gleamed, engines clanked, furnaces roared and flamed, and the smoke of the great smelter made a Doré-like picture in the darkness. We will come back to it by and by, but now we are to find the mines that feed these furnaces. Mounting an engine next morning, we rode beside the boiler up Chase creek canyon, seven miles to Metcalf, then took horses, and with a scholarly young Scotchman to pilot us, we turned into Coronado canyon, and



The great reduction works are far below the mines, and by inclines, tramways, chutes, and steam-cars the ore steadily goes down • • • until it is at the smelter

were presently in the unwritten paths of history. For this wild and picturesque canyon, with its rocky and precipitous trail, was taken by a band of marauding Apaches nearly forty years ago, as they fled from a pursuing cavalry troop. They had struck the Gila river, miles below, crossed the wedge of hills which divides the Gila from the San Francisco river, and camped at some hot springs a few miles below what is now the town of Clifton.

In the early morning shots rang out, and with the troopers closely pressing them, they fled up the river. Wheeling to the left up Chase creek canyon, they followed it to where the almost impassable Coronado canyon breaks into the larger gorge, and on top of the very divide we were making for, a running fight began, ending only with the coming of night. In the darkness, the Indians disappeared across Eagle creek, and when morning came, the soldiers were alone.

Then they saw, instead of the fluttering rags of their foes, banners of red and blue and green hung out on the silent hills. All about them were signs of a great copper deposit, the unmistakable blazonry telling of the slow oxidation of copper ore through the long centuries. "A series of bold outcrops," as a miner would describe it, stretched straight as a line for a mile or more, the outward signs of a great vein of the red metal. These hardy troopers did not know whether a projecting rock was diorite or dolerite; they could not distinguish between malachite, cuprite or azurite, but they knew how splendidly masses of copper ore can glow under the play of the sunlight. A copper coin is a dull thing, but the clustered crystals of the ore from which it came are beautiful enough to have made miners of naked Indians ages ago.

The soldiers returned to Silver City, and with stories of the fight, there leaked hints of a great field of copper, and presently a band of armed men, ostensibly on a hunting expedition, were following the route of the soldiers. This was the beginning of the location of

mines in the Clifton district, the oldest copper-producing district in Arizona, and perhaps the most extensive mineralized zone to be found in the west. When first opened the vein at Coronado averaged thirty feet in width, with many expansions or ore chambers. The gigantic ore-course was bared in the canyon one thousand feet below the highest point, and the same ore showed everywhere enormous, almost incredible.

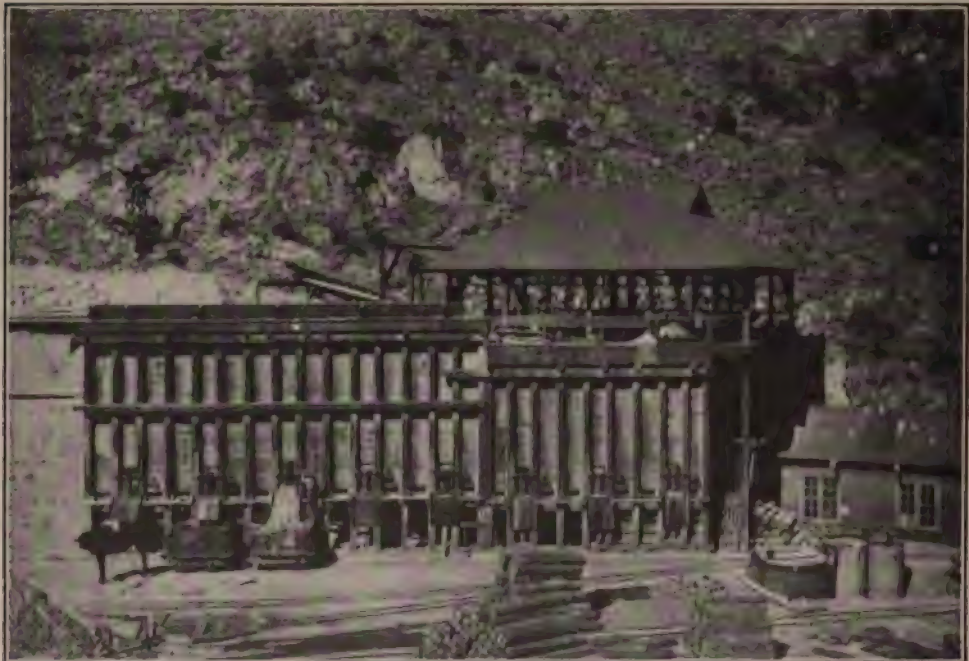
Metcalf, Coronado and Morenci are the chief mining centers. We spent a day at Metcalf, riding up on the incline in an ore-car, and down again perched on top of a car full of the gray sulphides. We looked into the tunnels which pierce the mountain side, saw the chutes from which cars on the gravity incline are loaded, and examined the vast open cut near the summit where ore enough seemed exposed to keep the furnaces aflame for half a century to come.

At Coronado we went down the shaft and traversed the long tunnel out under the hill where soldiers and Apaches fought. Then we rode over the lofty ridge at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, and went down into the great round basin which holds the town of Morenci. We zigzagged down between houses, through back yards innocent of fences, across spaces where dooryards ought to be, along tramways and miners' paths and burros' trails, until we found ourselves in the heart of a town of five thousand people. It is built on a series of sloping hills all facing inward, with but a slight depression on the lower rim through which you see out over a larger world. Morenci is literally a town without streets. There is no sound of grocers' wagons or butchers' carts, and the express-wagons are burro-trains, which are loaded with everything from a case of coal-oil to a thousand feet of mining timber. Instead of park or square at the town's center, are holes in the ground, the black throats of tunnels piercing the hills.

We rode backward on the tender of an engine through ridges and hills in black darkness, until the main shaft



—human homes amid the red hills and echoing, rock-walled canyons



THE CORONADO TRAM HOUSE AND ORE CHUTE

was reached, then descended, and with candles from the foot of the shaft made our way far out under the crest of the mountain. It is a dry and clean sort of hades—an underworld with no dampness, dripping walls, nor mud, and is well ventilated. We stopped and turned our backs to the shock of the blasts, being buffeted in the narrow space by the swift rush of air, and then went on through

steam-cars the ore steadily goes down, down, dropping, rolling, sliding, until it is at the smelter. Not a pound is lifted after being taken from the drifts, but gravity is utilized to the utmost. In the concentrating and other mills, gravity and machinery handle all the ores, in all stages of the process of refining, and are so skilfully combined as to furnish an object lesson in milling.



—an underworld with no dampness, dripping walls nor mud

the smoke, soon reaching pure air again.

Mules, lowered into the drifts, haul the ore to the shafts, and are wonderfully self-directing and intelligent. They have a commodious stable excavated in the rock, and do not see the light of day again until pensioned out in old age.

Once at the surface, the ore begins straightway to descend. The great reduction works are far below the mines, and by inclines, tramways, chutes, and

A great plant like this represents an evolution. All things grow. They come up through slow stages from small and crude beginnings. These mines were first worked by an enterprising merchandising firm. In 1872 the Lesinsky Brothers erected the first copper smelter built in Arizona. It was a crude Mexican affair, built of adobe, and worked with incredible difficulties. The nearest railroad was eight hundred miles away, and over this long dangerous route bullion was carried and supplies hauled back.

The Apaches were active; drivers were killed and whole outfits captured. Even in hauling the ore in wagons to the smelter, a distance of only five or six miles, the hovering Apaches succeeded now and again in capturing a wagon-train, killing the drivers and making off with the mules.

"Regret," said the president of the present company, "was felt for the drivers, and possibly even a deeper regret

completed in two years. The locomotive was the smallest made at that time, but it was the first locomotive to enter Arizona, and it was the wonder and admiration of all. It could haul down all that the brakes would hold, but it could haul back no more than two empties. When the furnaces 'froze up,' which occurred once a week, the locomotive could handle the traffic, but when the furnaces were at their best, a combination of mule



Once at the surface, the ore begins straightway to descend

for the mules, for the latter could not be replaced so easily as the former.

"The Indians ate the mules at their leisure, while the management studied how to circumvent them. Finally it was decided that the motor must be something that the Indians could not eat, and a small locomotive was ordered from the far east. In the course of a year the locomotive arrived, and with it the rails necessary to lay the railroad. It was four miles in length, and was

and locomotive had to be resorted to. It was a sight to see a dozen mules hitched to half a dozen cars with the locomotive behind, acting as pusher. Next to metallurgist, the engineer was the most important personage in the camp."

The mines were worked "on the scientific plan of taking ore wherever it could be got easiest." When a series of chambers had been formed, and a great cave-in occurred, the superintendent

coolly said that it was an advantage. "We can now mine without blasting," he remarked, and this view prevailed.

At the furnaces, ores, fluxes, and fuel were packed up to the feed floor on the backs of sturdy Mexicans. Water-power from the river operated the blower, and this was all the machinery there was.

After years, worn out by the long struggle with difficulties, the Lesinskys sold out and the mines they had worked became the property of a Scotch syndicate, out of which grew the Arizona Copper Company, the present owners. The new company cherished great expectations, but they were not quickly realized. Year succeeded year only to carry back to Scotland tales of loss. By 1891 the company was practically bankrupt. The best ores had been worked out. Of low grade ores there was an abundance, but these were different from the rich, self-fluxing ores upon which the hopes of the company had been built. Nothing held the new organization together but Scotch pluck. Racial characteristics do count, and here in the iron-clad hills of Arizona, they conquered. It was clear that if the company was to succeed, it must depend upon extracting profit from low-grade ores. A new manager, Mr. James Colquhoun, the present president, was appointed, and he devised a new leaching process. It was immediately successful, and saved the day. This leaching plant was erected in 1894, and the next year the first dividend was paid in a series that has not been interrupted since. After thirteen barren years, it is easy to imagine that the tidings were hailed with joy in far-off Edinburgh, where a majority of the stock was held.

It is often power and profit, dollars and dividends to know how to do a thing. The whole smelting plant was gradually remodeled, mill added to mill, and improvement to improvement, until in 1902, the output of copper reached the splendid total of 15,000 tons. Ten years before it was but 3,000 tons, and the grade of the ore had fallen in the interval from 10 to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The original shares, valued at \$25 each, sold

as low as 75 cents per share. They are now worth \$85 per share.

The company own and operate the Arizona and New Mexico railway, 110 miles in length, and have extensive repair shops, and mills and machinery enough to render them independent of outside help.

No part of our visit was so interesting as the study of methods and results in the smelting works. The Bessemer process gave us cheap steel, and enabled us to make of steel almost every product once made in iron, but here the Bessemer process gives us a rapid method of making pure copper. Stand by the roaring furnace or converter charged with copper "matte," and watch the forming of pure metallic copper. The "matte" is copper, sulphur, and iron; about 50 per cent being copper. A great ladle, carrying tons of molten metal and operated by an electric crane, travels across the building; the converter is tilted on its trunnions until its mouth meets the lip of the ladle; it takes the fiery draft at a gulp, and swings back to its place; at a touch, the blast is turned on, air rushes through the liquid mass, showers of sparks pour out, the iron in the "matte" is oxidized, and combines with the silica and clay which lines the converter, or, as slag, is poured off; the workman stands by, watching the color of the flame as it burns from blue to orange, scans the sparks that fly upward, and listens to the varying music of the blast, by these signs judging when the process is complete, and, without testing, turns out copper that runs from 99 to 99.25 per cent pure.

The officers of the company have without exception "won their spurs" by long service, by special merit, or by both. All have been trained in the hardy school of experience, and by doing things not only know how, but know that they know. Every convenience for handling ore and turning it into copper is here, and forty-five tons a day of pure red metal tells what brains and system will do.

The town is picturesque. Looking across the little river, broad but shallow,

the great smelting works, grouped at the base of the cliff where Chase creek canyon breaks out into the canyon of the San Francisco river, make a striking picture by night. The hilltop smokes like a volcano, and seems to have some connection with the roaring furnaces at its base. A tunnel 480 feet long runs into the center of the hill, a shaft is lifted up to the summit, and through this the deleterious gases are poured out, 300 feet above the town.

Over against this, the face of an opposite cliff is pierced for windows, and these are barred. The swarthy face of a Mexican or two appears at the opening, and you recognize the jail of the little town. It has a room of rough masonry built over the entrance to the rock-hewn cells, and this the jailer occupies.

The town is orderly, and a large and well-supplied reading-room, with books, newspapers, magazines, and writing conveniences, forms an attractive feature of the company's works. It is supported

by a small monthly tax of twenty-five cents.

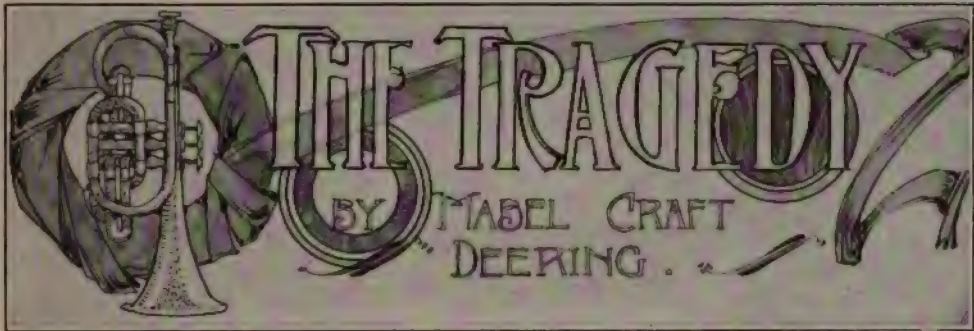
The Detroit Copper Company, owned by Phelps, Dodge & Company, of New York, provides in a similar manner for its men at Morenci. It is the blossoming in the desert of a plant as hardy as the giant cactus, but which represents the culture of the latest century and the noblest civilization.

In addition to these two great corporations, the Shannon Copper Company, owned by Boston people, operates at Clifton, the three companies furnishing employment to 3,000 men, and producing each month about 5,000,000 pounds of copper. The population of the district exceeds 10,000.

If you would see mining operations conducted on a colossal scale; if you are interested in geology and desire to acquire a knowledge of minerals and the formations in which they occur, there is no place like the thriving camp of Clifton.



In the Humboldt mine, mules are lowered into the drifts and haul the ore to the shafts

The title 'THE TRAGEDY' is written in a large, stylized, outlined font. To the left of the title is a detailed illustration of a cornet. Below the title, the author's name 'BY MABEL CRAFT DEERING.' is written in a smaller, simpler font. The entire title and author information are enclosed in a decorative border with floral and scrollwork motifs.

THE TRAGEDY

BY MABEL CRAFT
DEERING.

Drawings by R. G. Kusson

IT was a privilege even to be rehearsed by the great composer. One learned so much from him concerning interpretation. Instead of being paid for attending rehearsals, one felt that one should pay for the privilege—it was really not quite honest to receive compensation for what was all benefit to the performer. After this fashion, Oscar Fuchs, cornet player, raved to his wife—his wife who could think of many places where the rehearsal money might be judiciously expended.

Fuchs was most faithful at rehearsal. He was the first in his place, his cornet was polished until it shone, and he pored for hours over the score at home, practising so faithfully that the neighbors in the flat below gave notice to the landlord.

But Fuchs was not to be turned from his purpose. Far into the night, with red face and aching cheeks, he blew the mellow notes, for this was the chance of a life time. So well did he play that the great composer noticed him and selected him for a solo part in "Tannhäuser." Fuchs went home glowing with triumph, and the faithful little overworked wife blossomed under the reflected joy. What an honor to descend upon the family—Oscar to play a solo from the beloved Wagner. She mended and pressed and cleaned her worn best dress again—for she must be there to hear him.

Then the practicing went on with more fury than ever. Day brought no rest, nor night, and every one on the block knew the cornet solo from "Tannhäuser"

as though they had been brought up on it. Mrs. Fuchs sat and sewed and sighed and listened. What a great thing it was to be married to an artist, even if he did not provide for his family as did the mechanics of the neighborhood. Poor Oscar—he did as well as he could. Not even in her heart did she blame him.

The great day came. Oscar's shiny coat was scrupulously brushed. The gold watch-fob which had been his father's and which graced only great occasions, fell like a plummet from his plump person. His red cheeks were less red and shiny than usual—he was almost pale from anxiety. Mrs. Fuchs, in the cheapest and highest seat in the house, was certainly pale with anticipated delight—but then, she was not as well fed as her husband.

The overture began. Every one about her said that the great man was leading divinely. Mrs. Fuchs did not know—she only knew the cornet solo in "Tannhäuser"—she would have thought so anyway. She was reduced to a mere pulp of delight. How windy the reeds sounded, she thought—how flat and choleric the wood—how squeaky the violins—how hoarse the cellos! The only instrument for music was, after all, the horn. The Venus music was well over—Mrs. Fuchs waited, scarcely breathing, for the cornet solo. Then it came. The well-known notes poured from the cornet's gleaming throat—but what a fearful blast! Even to the biased ears of the loyal wife, the notes sounded flat. "A full third off," she breathed to herself—then hated herself for the disloyalty.



—out in the dingy alley behind the theater, a big man crying—

Was she going mad? Fuchs played on serenely—apparently noticing nothing amiss. "I must be going insane," murmured the little woman to herself—in her heart she hoped that it was so. That would be better than that Fuchs should be playing false notes.

Her eyes went to the leader. He was scowling heavily and making fierce cuts at the air with his baton. No, she was not mad. A little music teacher near her squirmed affectedly and put her hands over her ears, wrinkling her forehead in mock agony.

"How unpardonable to spoil the whole thing," said the music teacher.

Mrs. Fuchs felt her head spin round. Perhaps she was going to faint—she didn't care.

Fuch's eyes were bulging now and his round cheeks were redder than usual. He was almost at the end. By a heroic effort he dragged himself up onto the key, then looked deprecatingly at his leader, but the great man was frozen with disgust. The last clear, pure, true notes of the solo died away and Fuchs lowered his instrument from his lips. He knew that he had spoiled the entire number. The great chance of his life had come

to him and he had failed utterly. He did not play again with the ensemble during the number. There he sat, his eyes on the floor, the seedy coat more threadbare than ever, where a ray of the calcium played with a seam through a crack in the curtain—even the watch-fob hung dejectedly from its promontory. To have had a great opportunity and to have wasted it! Fuchs knew that he had practised faithfully, he knew that he had played well at rehearsal, for the leader had said so—he had done his best—and now, through a moment of nervousness, all lost! It was too much!

When the applause came for the number, the leader bowed, then included the orchestra with a wave of his baton, but he took care not to sweep it in the direction of Fuchs.

How he got through the rest of the program, only Fuchs himself knew. At last it was over—the flowers all handed across the footlights, the little broken speech of appreciation made, the bowing with hand to heart over for the night—and out in the dingy alley, behind the theater, a big man crying on the shoulder of a little woman and still further bedraggling an old black gown.



Drawing by Ivory



CARNEGIE FREE LIBRARY

Patton & Valentine, Los Angeles, photo

Like a Mirage Miracle

A Study of the Development of Tucson, Arizona

By ALLAN B. JAYNES

TUCSON has a history rich in anecdotes of the adventures of the Spanish conquerors and of the American invaders who came to the southwest after the Gadsden purchase. As early as 1619 the missionaries from Sonora penetrated southern Arizona as far north as the Gila river and established missions at Tubac and at San Xavier. In the valley nine miles north of the San Xavier Mission, the Spaniards built a post to protect their settlements from Apache invasions, and the small village which grew up around the soldiers' barracks was called Tucson, a name which the Indians applied to the watering place in the valley near the town.

On the mountain which rose up from the Santa Cruz valley just west of Tucson, the Spanish soldiers threw up breastworks and built a lookout from which they could survey the country far to the north, for it was from this direction that the Apaches swooped down on their raids. Tubac was made the headquarters for the Spanish soldiers in those days, and Tucson was merely an outpost peopled by the most venturesome. And so it remained for almost two hundred years.

In 1853 came the Gadsden purchase, which added the territory in which Tucson is located to the United States. This was followed by an American invasion, and Tucson became a station for the



SOME HOMES OF TUCSON SHOWING TYPES OF PRESENT ARCHITECTURE

overland mail and the largest and most important point in Arizona, a distinction which it has held down to this day. For many years after the American occupation Tucson was but a military and trading post and a mail station. On many occasions the savage Apaches terrified the inhabitants, and the troops stationed at Tucson and old Fort Lowell, which was near the town and is now dismantled, were engaged in putting down the Indians.

Although a lively frontier town in those days Tucson was not destined to become an important point until the Southern Pacific railroad arrived, in the year 1884. This event quite naturally revolutionized the frontier post; new industries were established, the rich mining country around Tucson was opened up, and the soldiers, having pacified the Indians, marched away. But for all of this the old Mexican pueblo still retained its relics of the past, its narrow streets lined with adobes remained unchanged and the large Mexican population clung to the old customs. It has only been in the past few years that Tucson has emerged from a somewhat obscure past to find herself a modern city in every sense of the word, a great business center and the metropolis of a

rapidly growing territory, rich in natural resources.

While the history of the early days in Tucson is a remarkable one, the story of her recent transformation from a quaint old Mexican pueblo to a modern American city is not less marvelous. In the past five years the city has been practically rebuilt, but the many new buildings have not taken from Tucson her foreign flavor, as her builders have preserved in these new structures the most picturesque features of the Mexican architecture and many of her new buildings are of Aztec design. The Santa Rita Hotel, a handsome new structure, is built after this fashion, as are also many residences and a new club house. These remnants of the past, thus preserved, make Tucson as attractive in that respect today as when the Spanish soldiers paraded through her streets in their glittering uniforms.

The modern Tucson is a growing city of fourteen thousand inhabitants. Her rapid growth in the past few years can be attributed to her advantageous location as a distributing point for southern Arizona and Sonora, to the rich mining and grazing country which surrounds the city, and to the matchless climate, which attracts hundreds of health-seekers



THE ELKS' CLUB HOUSE



THE COMMERCIAL SECTION OF TUCSON; SANTA RITA HOTEL IN THE CENTER



—Tucson has thrown off her out-grown shell and emerged from a somewhat business center and the metropolis of a

in the winter months. The Mexican population, which was formerly in the majority, now comprises less than one third of the total population and the Mexican merchants are among the most successful and enterprising citizens of Tucson. The principal business street of the city always presents a metropolitan appearance. All of Tucson's streets are level, well graded and well lighted at night. The business blocks and stores equal those found in a city twice the size, and new store and office buildings are constantly being erected to meet the ever increasing demand.

The schoolhouses, churches and other public institutions of Tucson are among her most remarkable features. A few years ago three new school buildings of a very artistic design were constructed, and it was supposed at that time that they would meet the needs of the city for a number of years to come, but they are already well filled and another new school building is under construction. The Catholic Sisters maintain the St. Joseph's Academy and parochial schools at Tucson. All of the leading denominations—Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic—are represented by churches. The Pima county courthouse, with the public park adjoining it, is the most

inviting spot in the center of the city. The Carnegie free library, erected two years ago at a cost of \$25,000, is surrounded by well-kept grounds and faces Washington Park, the military plaza of the old Mexican town, and the largest public park in the city. The Elks, Odd Fellows and United Workmen all own handsome buildings, and the residence of the Owls is the most unique structure in Tucson.

Tucson is well able to care for the winter visitors that come from all over the country to enjoy her matchless climate. There are twelve hotels in the city, and one of these, the Santa Rita, which has just been completed, is decidedly the most novel of tourist hotels in the southwest. The Santa Rita, named for the high range of mountains to the south, is by far the most imposing structure in the old pueblo of Tucson. It is built after the Aztec fashion, and its white walls loom up above all of the other buildings. From its spacious roof gardens one can survey the mesa for miles over its vast sweep to the mountains, for Tucson lies in a natural amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides by ranges. On one side the mountains come within a few miles of Tucson, while in another direction the Santa Cruz river can be seen winding



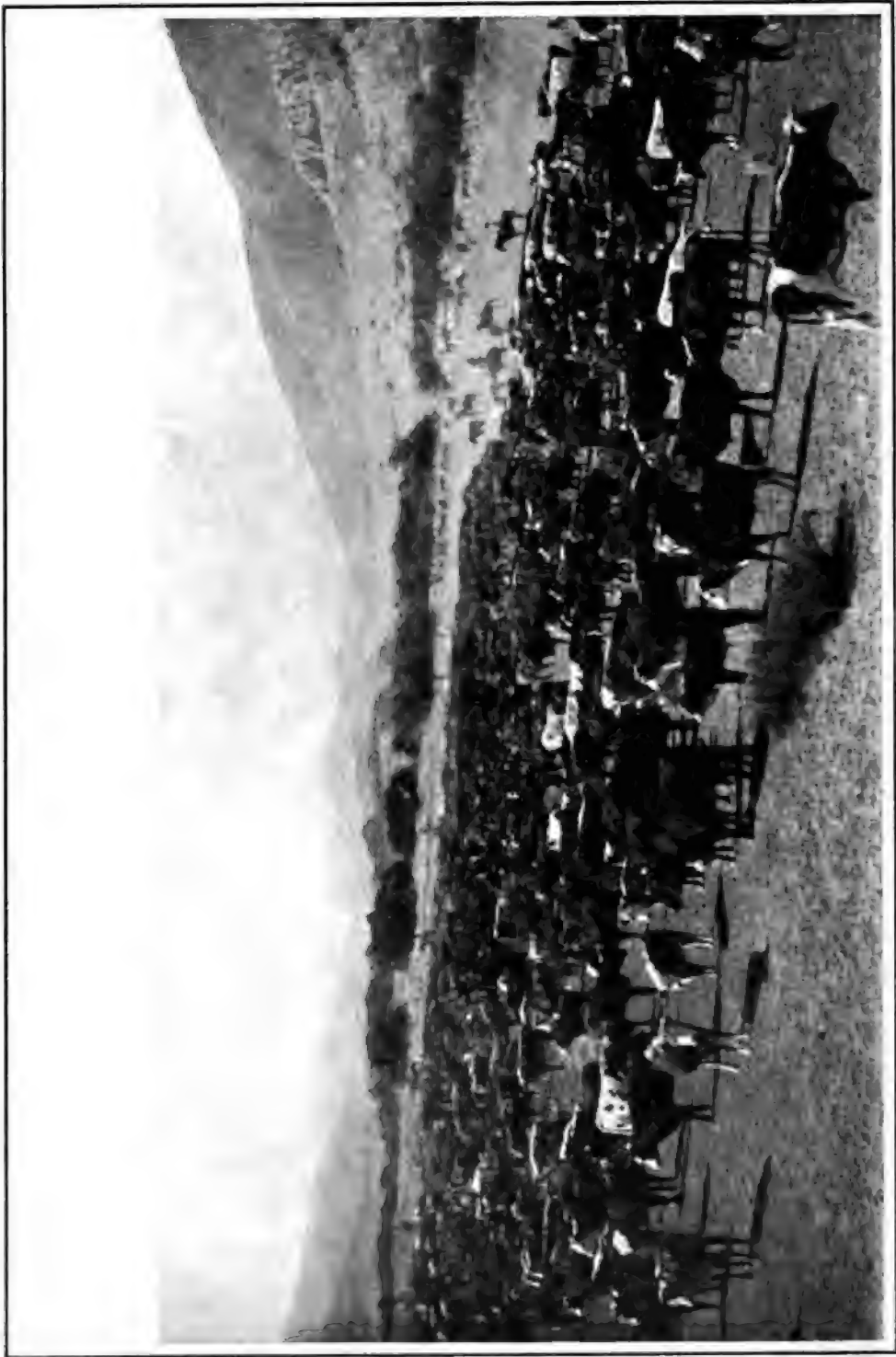
obscure past to find herself a modern city in every sense of the word, a great rapidly growing territory, rich in natural resources

for a great distance to the mountains at its source. This scene from the roof garden of the Santa Rita is said to rival the view of the Alps from Milan's cathedral. A perfect paradise, too, are the patios and palm gardens of this new hotel, the equipment of which is in keeping with the charm of the country which surrounds it. The climate, unexcelled anywhere, makes Tucson the most alluring of winter resorts.

The University of Arizona, the head of the territorial system of education, is located at Tucson. The campus of this institution is on high, open ground northeast of the city and overlooking the country around. There are three hundred students always in attendance at the university, and the faculty is composed of twenty professors from leading educational institutions east and west, and their assistants. In addition to a half dozen older buildings, a new gymnasium donated by a mining company has just been completed, and a new library building is being erected at a cost of \$25,000. The Arizona experiment station, a manual training school, and a mill for the reduction of ores are connected with the university. The mining school ranks very high, and the credits of the University of Arizona are accepted by the leading institutions

of learning. For the size and age of the university, the equipment is very complete and additions are constantly being made. Many persons prominent in the literary world spend the winters in Tucson, and they have shown a great deal of interest in the university and have done much to raise its standard to the present high level.

The Desert botanical laboratory of the Carnegie institution has just been established in the mountains west of Tucson for the purpose of experimenting with the desert flora. The laboratory building is constructed of the black volcanic rocks used by the Spanish soldiers in erecting their breastworks and is built on the shelf of the mountain used by them as a lookout. A thousand acres of hill and plain surrounding the laboratory are being used for experimental purposes, and scientists expect that the discoveries of the laboratory will add greatly to the knowledge which they already have of the desert flora. The Desert laboratory was the first piece of real estate to be acquired by the Carnegie institution, and one of its first branches. The first report of the laboratory, which has just been issued, is attracting the wide-spread attention of the scientists abroad as well as those in this country.



THE GRAZING LANDS OF PIMA COUNTY MAKE RANCHING VERY PROFITABLE



THE PIMA COUNTY COURT HOUSE

Outside of the university and the Desert laboratory, there are a number of other interesting places in and around Tucson to which the visitor can make excursions, chief among which is the San Xavier Mission, nine miles south of Tucson in the Santa Cruz valley. The old mission was established by Jesuit priests in 1590, and the old church is a very interesting structure, with its decorations of the seventeenth century, its wall paintings, its fantastic facade and its half-ruined towers. Fort Lowell, which in former days was commanded by now famous generals, has been abandoned, but is nevertheless a delightful place for picnicking. Fort Lowell is seven miles from Tucson, and eight miles further on a sparkling brook comes down through Sabino canyon and out of the Catalina mountains. A scenic trail leads up this canyon through forests of pine and spruce to the

highest point, 10,110 feet, from which Tucson can be seen, twenty miles distant, a mere dot on the vast expanse of tableland.

A country club has just been established, and a handsome club-house will be erected on a pretty spot not far from the city. An automobile stage line carries passengers to a resort in the Catalina mountains forty miles north of Tucson. The ranches around Tucson and the cowboys who ride the range also attract the tourist, while the Indians on the reservation south of the city and the caballeros of the Mexican quarter add to the attractions which the city has for the visitor.

The industries of Tucson are many and varied. There are two national banks in the city, whose deposits exceed over a million and a half of dollars; a trust company was organized some months ago, and has met with



--all of Tucson's streets are level, * * * well graded

Putnam & Valentine, Los Angeles. photo

success; three building and loan associations have been established for several years; the city is equipped with a complete telephone system, while light is supplied by gas and electric light plants; two daily papers, morning and evening, are published in Tucson; two flour mills grind the wheat raised by the Maricopa and Pima Indians; two ice plants supply the needs of the citizens; the Southern Pacific maintains large shops at Tucson, and a foundry and machine shop employs many men. At Tucson's modern theater the leading attractions of the American stage stop en route to California.

Tucson is located on the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad three hundred miles west of El Paso and five hundred miles east of Los Angeles. A branch of the Southern Pacific runs to Nogales on the international line and thence to Hermosillo and Guaymas on the Gulf of California, making Tucson

a gateway to the rich state of Sonora, whose possibilities in a mining way are just beginning to be realized. Tucson has a large trade at smaller places along the line of the Southern Pacific, and southeastern Arizona is reached by the El Paso and Southwestern, connecting with the Southern Pacific at Benson. Towns not on the railroad, ranches and mining camps are reached by stage lines running out of Tucson to places a hundred miles distant.

The grazing lands of Pima county make ranching very profitable. Many forage grasses grow to maturity in the rainy season, and the snow on the mountains, melting with the advent of spring, waters the ranges at that time of the year. The government has established the Santa Rita forest reserve south of Tucson for the sole purpose of experimenting with the desert grasses with a view of obtaining practical results. In the springtime the ranges are

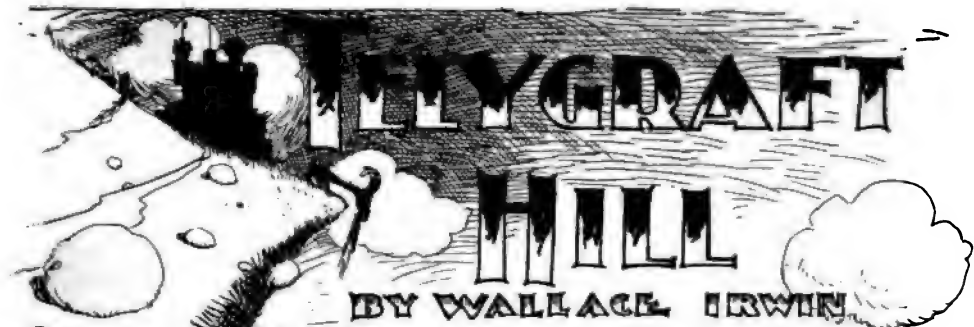
covered with poppies and other beautiful wild flowers. The agricultural possibilities of the Santa Cruz valley are wonderful, for where water can be carried over the land, two crops a year can be raised and as many as five and six crops of alfalfa, the staple product of all Arizona farms and ranches. If the attempts to develop artesian water in the Santa Cruz valley be successful, it has in store a wonderful future as a farming section.

Among her own citizens, Tucson's prosperity and commercial advantages are considered her greatest attractions, but abroad she is best known for her climate. The dry air and altitude of Tucson make it a natural sanitarium for those afflicted with throat, lung and many other troubles, so that many invalids from all parts of the world find rest and cure every winter under her Italian sky. Residents of Tucson are ever

loyal to their city. There is something about the air, the sky and the mountains which clings to them when they go elsewhere, and sooner or later they wander back. Those who spend the winter in Tucson go away to tell of their delightful times in the old pueblo, of the prosperity of her citizens, and of her many commercial advantages. Others hearing, perhaps for the first time, of the enterprise of this southwestern city are attracted to Tucson, many of them locating and establishing new business enterprises. In this way Tucson has sprung from an old Mexican pueblo and military post to the modern city which she is today in a comparatively short time. A few of the pioneers remain to tell of the wars with the Apaches and of the hardships of the early days on the frontier, but to those who have come to Tucson in recent years this seems somewhere in the far distant past.



HANDIWORK OF INDIANS ON THE RESERVATION NEAR TUCSON



TELYGRAFT HILL

BY WALLACE IRWIN

[Telegraph hill is one of the striking features of the approach to San Francisco. It rises precipitously from the harbor front, and sides and summit are covered with the houses of a cosmopolitan population. The old castle, erected by Adolph Sutro, has been destroyed by fire since this ballad-epic was written. An organized movement is now under way for the improvement of this locality.]

O Telygraft Hill she sits mighty and fine,
 Like a praty that's planted on ind,
 And she's bannered wid washin's from manny a line
 Which flutther and dance in the wind.
 O th' goats and th' chickens av Telygraft Hill
 They prosper all grand and serene,
 For when there's short pickin' on Telygraft Hill
 They feed their swate sows on the scene.

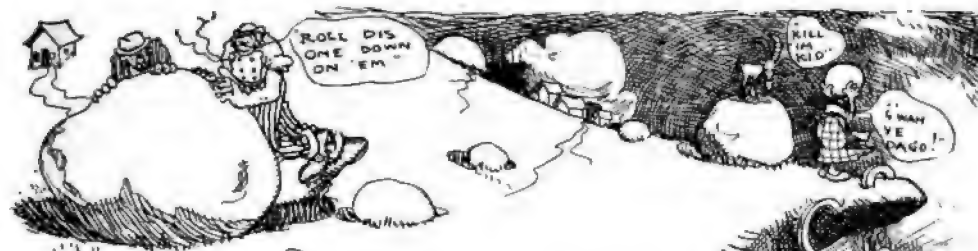
*For the Irish they live on the top av it,
 And the Dagos they live on the base av it,
 And every tin can in the knowledge av man,
 Is scathered all over the face av it,
 Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
 Nobby owld, slobby owld Telygraft Hill!*

O Telygraft Hill she sits proud as a queen
 And the docks lie below in the glare
 And th' bay runs beyant 'er all purple and green
 Wid th' ginger-bread island out there.
 And th' ferryboats toot at owld Telygraft Hill,
 And th' Hill it don't care if they do
 While the Bradys and Caseys av Telygraft Hill
 Joost sit there enj'vin' th' view.

*For the Irish they live on the top av it,
 And the Dagos they live on the base av it,
 And th' goats and th' chicks and th' brickbats and
 shticks*

*Is joombled all over th' face av it,
 Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
 Crazy owld, daisy owld Telygraft Hill!*





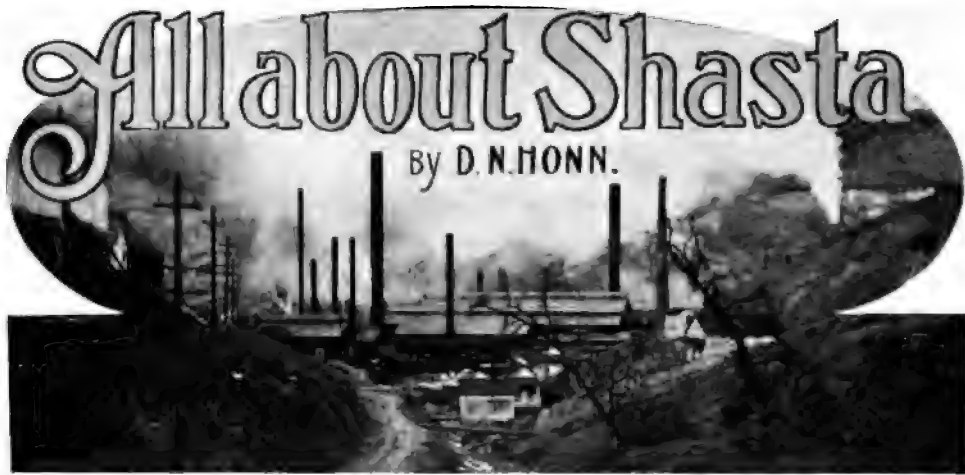
Sure Telygraft Hill has a castle from Wales
 Which was built by a local creator.
 He made it av bed-slats wid hammer and nails
 Like a scene in a stylish the-ay-ter.
 There's rats in the castle o' Telygraft Hill,
 But it frowns wid an air of its own
 For it's runnin' th' bloof that owld Telygraft Hill
 Is a sthronhowld of morther and shtone.

*For th' Irish they live on the top av it,
 And th' Dagos they live on th' base av it,
 And th' races they fight on the wrong side and
 right
 To the shame and onendin' disgrace av it,
 Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
 Windy-torn, shindy-torn Telygraft Hill!*

And Telygraft Hill has an iligent lot
 Of shanties and shacks, Hivin knows!
 An' they're hangin' on tight to the jumpin'-off spot
 Be th' grace av th' Saints and their toes;
 And th' la-ads that are livin' on Telygraft Hill
 Prefer to remain where they're at,
 And they'd not trade a hen-roost on Telygraft Hill
 For a mansion below on the flat.

*For th' Irish they live on the top av it,
 And th' Dagos they live on th' base av it,
 And th' owld sod gossoon sits as high as th' moon
 And there's naughtin' he'd take in th' place av it,
 Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
 Lumpy owld, dumpy owld Telygraft Hill!*





Illustrated from photographs by C. L. Jezler.

SHASTA county lies at the head of one of the greatest valleys in California, the Sacramento valley, which is two hundred and fifty miles long and fifty-five miles wide in its widest place. Fertile as the Nile, it has been devoted for many years to growing wheat, barley and oats, but now is slowly changing its products to fruits, grapes and nuts, as they are much more profitable than grain. The traveler through the country will see trees bearing every variety of deciduous fruit as well as oranges, lemons, and other citreous fruits, olives and date palms and the flowers of a semi-tropical climate.

There are many lovely homes and beautiful cities throughout this magnificent valley, and the California and Oregon railroad traverses its entire length on both the east and west sides of the Sacramento river. Its fertile lands for years have been held in immensely large tracts, and were not for sale, but within the past few years a new spirit has taken possession of their former owners, and many large tracts are being subdivided and placed on the market in small holdings of from five to forty acres each. Prices of land range from six to five hundred dollars an acre, according to improvements, locality, etc.

Shasta county, at the northern end of the valley, is two hundred and twenty miles north of the city of Sacramento.

It has an area of 4,164 square miles, of which about one third is mountainous, one third foothill, and one third valley. The valley lands are located in the south-central part of the county and are very fertile, producing large crops of cereals and most kinds of fruits, grapes and nuts without artificial irrigation. The foothills surround the valley, are dotted here and there with delightful homes, large and small mining camps, and stock ranches, and abound in living springs and streams of pure cold water. The timber is mostly scrub oak and digger pine, with, generally speaking, a heavy growth of underbrush. There are many small valleys, fertile, rich and under cultivation, which are traversed by streams of water, abounding in fish of every sort, while game of all kinds is plentiful.

The climate in the high mountains is cold in winter, yet the thermometer seldom goes down to zero. Some snow falls in the higher altitudes during the winter season, and the feeding time for stock varies from three weeks to three months. The rainfall is somewhat lighter than in the valleys below, averaging about twenty-eight inches. In the foothill region the climate in the winter season is not so severe as in the higher mountains, although moderately cold weather prevails. The rainfall is slightly heavier, and amounts to about thirty-five

inches yearly. This region is also very healthful. The valley climate is entirely different, being hot and dry during the months of July, August and September; very pleasant during the spring and fall months, and with practically no frost during the winter season. The rainfall averages thirty-eight inches yearly, and generally is well distributed during the growing season.

The large streams of the county are the Pitt, Sacramento, and McCloud rivers; the Cow creeks, Cottonwood creeks, Clear, Squaw, Hat, Hatchet, Oak Run, Stillwater, Churn, Eagle, and numerous other creeks, all flowing directly or indirectly into the Sacramento river.

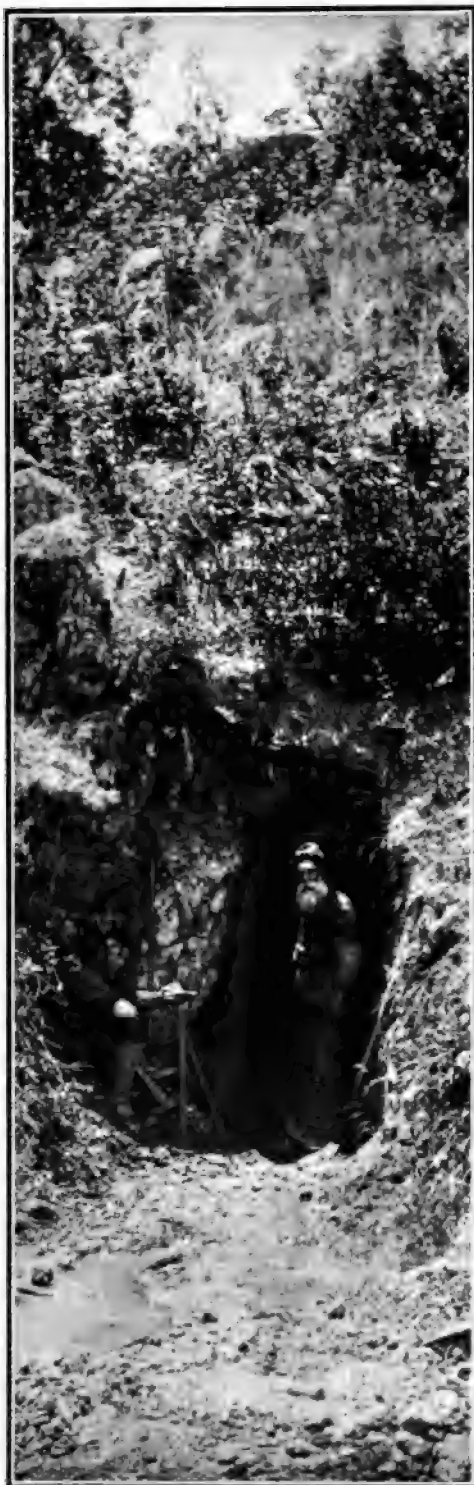
There are ninety-two school districts in the county, and each has a good school-house. Away from the towns, religious services are held quite regularly in them, giving all good educational and religious advantages.

Taking the Sacramento valley on the west side of the river, and extending from Redding to Cottonwood, the south line of the county, we have an area of 25,000 acres of rich, fertile and productive land, mostly a sedimentary, sandy loam, which produces all kinds of crops, and is particularly suited to the growth of such fruits as the peach, pear, prune, apple, cherry, olive and almond; and of this immense body only about 10,000 acres are under actual cultivation, about 5,000 acres being in fruits.

Captain Thomas Taylor owns three hundred and eight acres in the vicinity of Anderson, of which two hundred and nine are under cultivation. Thirty acres are in prunes, which yielded in 1902, fifty tons of dried fruit, sold for \$4,500; six acres in pears, sold for \$500. In addition to the above there is a family orchard of five acres in plums, almonds, peaches, pears, apples and so forth.



HOW HYDRAULIC POWER IS USED IN GOLD MINING



MOUTH OF CONNER GOLD MINE ON CLEAR CREEK

Adam Fickas owns three hundred and fifty-seven acres of land four miles north of Anderson, of which eighty are under cultivation and thirty-five in bearing fruit of different varieties. In the year 1902, twenty-five tons of dried fruit were sold for \$2,200; green fruit and vegetables for \$250; thirty tons of hay were raised, which was worth in the market \$300, a total of \$2,750 for the year, and the crop was only about a half yield.

H. M. Alexander has fifty acres of land near Anderson, of which forty-five are under cultivation; forty is in fruit of the following varieties: twenty-two acres in French prunes, six in pears, and twelve in peaches. Twenty-eight tons of prunes were dried in 1902, and sold for \$55 per ton. Twenty tons of green pears were sold for \$25 per ton. Nothing else was raised on the place, but the proceeds of the place were \$3,140. No water was used for irrigation on any of the above places.

The Damon orchard, three miles north of Anderson, contains two hundred and five acres, of which one hundred and fifteen are under cultivation, fifty acres being in fruit: thirty-five are planted to French prunes, six to Tragedy prunes, and nine to peaches. Forty-two tons of dried prunes were sold for \$55 per ton, or a total of \$2,310; green peaches for \$125. Corn and melons are raised, also alfalfa, and forty tons of the latter were cut and cured, which were worth \$400. Fifty acres were in grain for hay, and the yield was sixty tons, worth \$600.

On the east side of the river, from one mile south of Redding to a point opposite Anderson, there are about six thousand acres of bottom land which are principally devoted to grain-raising. James Logan, Sr., owns eight hundred and eighty acres of this land, of which five hundred are under cultivation, and one hundred and eighty were in grain for hay, in the year 1902. From this he harvested three hundred tons of hay worth \$3,600; two hundred and forty were in grain for threshing, and from this he had 1,900 sacks, worth \$1.40 per sack, a total for hay and grain of \$2,660.

Besides this, he carries eighty head of cattle, and has six acres in family orchard.

John Densmore has two hundred and eighty acres, with one hundred and eighty under cultivation. One hundred were in grain for hay, and the crop harvested amounted to one hundred and twenty tons, worth \$1,440. Eighty acres were sown to grain to thresh, and yielded five hundred sacks, worth \$700. There is a family orchard of two acres, and twenty-five hogs and thirty cattle are carried.

The Hampton ranch consists of nine hundred acres, all fenced, and with five hundred acres under cultivation. From two hundred acres sown to grain for hay, four hundred tons were harvested, and sold for \$4,800. Two thousand eight hundred centals of grain were threshed, and brought \$3,920. Two hundred cattle and seventy-five hogs are carried.

The Traver place of one hundred and sixty acres gives an annual average yield of two hundred tons of hay, which brings yearly returns of \$2,400. The Deakin place of eighty acres is sown each year to grain, and gives a yearly return of \$1,125, or \$15 per acre. Mr. Hill owns fifty acres of land in the same locality, mostly devoted to fruit-growing, and in the year 1902 from fifteen acres of orchard twenty six tons of dried fruit were sold, bringing \$1,500. Ten acres were in hay, and yielded fifteen tons, bringing \$180. The Edge brothers own one hundred and sixty acres of land, of which eighty are under cultivation and the balance is pasturage. Fifty acres are sown yearly to grain, with nine hundred centals as the average annual yield and \$1,350 as the average returns. Fifteen acres are in fruit, and the yield is fifteen tons of dried fruit, bringing \$1,040 yearly.

The Happy valley consists of twenty-five thousand acres of level upland on which water, that the fruit growers all use to a greater or less extent, can be had. Fifteen years ago this section of the county was considered worthless, but it now is dotted by the homes of prosperous farmers. P. Smith, a farmer in this valley, has an eighty-acre tract,

of which thirty acres are under cultivation and eight are in fruit, grapes and berries, divided as follows: three in peaches, two and one-half in grapes, one and a quarter in strawberries and blackberries, and one and one-quarter in prunes. He had five tons of dried fruit, for which he received \$395; the berries were sold for \$125, and the green fruit for \$100; eight tons of hay, worth \$100, were raised.

The Alexander ranch has one hundred and twelve acres in olives, twenty-five acres in almonds, and eighteen acres in peaches. The olives were only about one third in bearing in 1902, but the trees produced as fine, large olives as can be found in the state. Twelve hundred dollars worth were sold in 1902, but the crop for 1903 probably sold for three times that amount.

L. C. Dick has seventy-six acres, of which thirty are under cultivation. Ten are in fruit, as follows: three in peaches two in prunes, and the balance in berries. He sold the green fruit for \$400, and the berries for \$600. Water for irrigation was used at a cost of \$2 per acre for the season.

H. G. Smith owns one hundred and sixty acres, of which fifty are under cultivation and twenty-seven in fruit, as follows: eighteen in peaches, two in pears, five in olives, and two in berries and grapes. He had six tons of dried fruit which brought \$360; green fruit, \$400; berries and grapes, \$300.

S. P. Hussey, ten miles southwest from Redding, has one hundred and twenty acres of land, of which twenty-five are under cultivation, and twenty in fruit of the following varieties: twelve acres in peaches, three in white nectarines, and the balance in various kinds. For the year 1902 the dried fruit crop amounted to eight and one-half tons, and was sold for \$1,050. Four acres of corn was raised for feed, and water was used for irrigation at a cost of \$2 per acre for the season.

As an example of what can be done here by an energetic man with no capital to start with, the case of Mr. De La Rose is interesting. Coming here about

twelve years ago he secured sixty-four acres of brush land, cleared nine acres and planted seven and one-half to fruit, berries and vegetables. After getting his house built he had no money to buy horses or wagon, and with a spade for a plow and a wheel-barrow for a wagon he put in his crops, and wheeled them to Anderson, making each year, until his fruit came into bearing, a little more than family expenses. By close economy he saved up enough to purchase a team and wagon, and his savings began to grow larger. He now has an annual income from his nine acres of \$700 a year, besides a good living for himself and family.

In the vicinity of Millville there are thirty thousand acres of land mostly on the creek bottoms, where irrigation is an easy problem. The larger part of this land is in the hands of a few who make stock-raising a specialty and who cultivate but little, yet in that vicinity are many little homes that are making money for their owners. In the foothills

about ten miles from Millville is the settlement known as the Whitmore country. Here the hop industry has gained a great foothold and much money is made from it, but general farming also is followed.

H. F. Busdicker owns three hundred and twenty acres, of which he has seventy cleared and under cultivation. The balance is in timber. He has a hop-yard of three acres which yielded in 1902, \$1,200 worth of hops. The cost of care and curing was \$200, leaving a profit from the three acres of \$1,000. His wheat yielded forty bushels to the acre. There are fifteen acres in alfalfa, fifteen in red clover, six acres are in orchard, mostly apple, and the finest apples grown in the county are found here. Water is used here, and the community owns the ditch system.

Over the mountains are Burney, Surprise, Goose and several other small valleys containing as a whole about fifteen thousand acres of land admirably adapted to general farming, stock-raising



ARASTRA, NEAR DELTA, USED IN GRINDING AND AMALGAMATING ORE



A MIDWINTER PICTURE OF THE DEPOT GROUNDS AT REDDING, COUNTY COURT HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE

and dairying. Timothy and red-top are grown here successfully, while corn, wheat, oats, all kinds of vegetables, and hardy fruits thrive and give excellent results. Farther to the northeast are the Fall and Pitt river valleys, containing twenty-five thousand acres of land adapted to general farming, dairying and stock-raising, with ample water for all purposes.

The country known as the Bald hills is in the southwestern part of the county.

Its thirty thousand acres of rolling hills and rich, adobe soil are devoted principally to stock and turkey-raising, but this is excellent land for grain or fruit-growing, and water can be had at nominal expense to irrigate the whole section. Land in this locality is cheap, bringing from \$7 to \$12 per acre. In addition to the foregoing tracts there are thousands of acres scattered all through the foothill and mountainous parts where homes can be made and where from

thirty to fifty acres of tillable land are found on each quarter section. The government land has mostly been taken, although some remains in isolated places.

The mining industry of the county in the past ten years has assumed immense proportions, and Shasta now stands first among California counties in the production of minerals. The large mines and those operating smelters are located at Keswick and Bully Hill. The former employs from twelve hundred to two thousand men, and the latter from three hundred to six hundred. The output from Keswick amounts to \$5,400,000 yearly; from Bully Hill, \$2,400,000. The next largest mines, located near Kennett and known as The Balakalala, Trinity Copper, and Mammoth, are carrying on extensive development work, employing from thirty to one hundred men each. The Balakalala is making preparations to erect a thousand-ton smelter in the near future. At the Afterthought in the eastern part of the county development operations have been carried on for the past year, and a smelter of one-hundred-and-fifty-ton capacity is now being erected. Many old mines are being

reopened. The entire output in cash from the mines of the county amounts in round numbers to \$7,000,000 yearly. In all there are not less than ten thousand men employed either directly or indirectly in mining in Shasta county.

Lumbering occupies a very prominent place among the industries, and many sawmills, planing-mills and box factories are busily engaged the year round in the work of sawing, finishing, and boxing the lumber from the immense forests. Chief among the plants in operation is that of the Terry Lumber Company, with sawmills and timber located in the vicinity of Round mountain. This company employs during the busy season about three hundred men, and their average run is about nine months of each year. In the vicinity of Shingleton, there are ten mills of varied capacity, in all turning out about three hundred thousand feet of lumber per day. These companies combined employ about the same number of men as the Terry, and other mills located in the Whitmore and Fall river sections, which turn out about seventy-five thousand feet per day and employ about one hundred men.



WHITE OAKS GROWING IN THE VICINITY OF REDDING

The Northern California Power Company's plant is located near Shingleton, and furnishes light for the cities of Redding and Red Bluff and the towns of Keswick, Anderson, Cottonwood, Corning, Tehama, Willows, De la Mar and Sallee; power for the Iron Mountain, Bully Hill, Balakalala and Mt. Shasta mines and smelters, and the Heinze dredger, besides for a number of pumping plants at different points throughout the county.

Redding, the county-seat, is located in the extreme upper end of the Sacramento valley. Its scenic attractions are almost unequalled. Standing on the hills on which the city is built, there is a view of the surrounding country in any direction for a distance of from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles. The Sacramento valley stretching away to the south, and hemmed in on every side by mountains, including snow-crowned Shasta, affords such a beautiful panorama of nature as is seldom found in the vicinity of any city. The population is now five thousand and is increasing very rapidly. The city stands third in the state as to railroad business, only San

Francisco and Los Angeles exceeding it. It also stands ahead of all other interior towns in the number, character and size of its hotels. Its business houses are large, as befits the business they transact. There are a number of fine public buildings, including the court-house, the high school, and two frame and two brick schoolhouses. The religious denominations are represented by the buildings of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Catholic and Colored Methodist churches. A Carnegie library building, costing \$10,000, has been completed.

The death rate here, as given by the State Board of Health, is as low as that of any city in the state of similar population. The city is lighted by electricity. A gas plant has been installed recently. The city is sewered, and there is a good water supply. Two planing-mills, three laundries, a telephone system, two daily and two weekly newspapers, stores carrying \$30,000 to \$300,000 stocks and doing from \$150 to \$1,500 in daily business, two banks, two telegraph offices, ice works, a brewery and two bottling works are among the business institutions of the city.



FAULK LAKE, TWO MILES WEST OF REDDING



The Course of Empire

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Los Angeles

The Methodist Episcopal World Conference will meet in Los Angeles on May 4th and continue in session about a month. There will be eight hundred delegates and as many more alternates representing all countries of the world in which this church is established. Historic development is shown in the fact that all delegates up to the year 1872 were ministers, while now the laity is equally represented, and after long years of debate the first representation of women, twenty in number, will be admitted this year. The conference will deal with momentous questions of business as well as of religion. Among them will be the consolidation of the Methodist Episcopal book concerns; the unification of benevolences; reorganization of the church's missionary work throughout the world; the election of a colored bishop; the making of the church's relation to its communicants in matters of amusement advisory instead of mandatory; and the restoration of the Methodist pastor's old three or four-year tenure in one place. It is worthy of mention that there will be eighty colored delegates. About 15,000 visiting Methodists outside of delegates will be present. There will be thousands of other people who will avail themselves of the low rates of transportation to visit California.

The Methodist Church was formally organized by Mr. Wesley in 1784. From 1766 to 1784 Methodist Societies had been organized and directed by missionaries from the Wesleyan Movement in England. Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York were the early centers of the American Methodism.

The original conference organization was composed of all the ministers and continued in rather a free and easy way under the personal direction and control of Bishops Coke, Asbury and Whatcoat, until the year 1808, when the General Conference became

a delegated ministerial body and continued practically the same until 1872 when laymen were introduced into the body. At first each annual conference having more than one ministerial delegate was entitled to two lay delegates, and each annual conference having but one ministerial was also entitled to one lay delegate. In 1806 provision was made by the General Conference to have an equal number of ministerial and lay delegates. This principle was first introduced and made effective in the General Conference of 1900.

The General Conference consists of 716 delegates acting together as one homogeneous body, presided over by one of the bishops. The bishops are not members and have no voice in the proceedings except indirectly as presiding officers. The quadrennial address of the bishops is an important document, prepared by all the bishops and read by one of their number at the opening of each General Conference.

There are fourteen standing committees composed of one minister and one lay member from each annual conference delegation. As there are more than a hundred such conferences these committees number potentially over two hundred. Much of the real work of the General Conference is done in these committees.

In the General Conference sessions memorials, resolutions, overtures, are received, discussed and referred to the proper standing committee. The humblest member of the whole church can present any kind of a memorial relating to any subject, and there is absolutely no red tape required to make it valid.

It may be of interest to note that the Methodist Episcopal Church has a membership of 3,049,561, an increase of more than 100,000 during the quadrennium. It has 18,208 ministers regularly ordained and members of the annual conferences, and a reserve corps of local preachers—preachers not subject to appointment by the bishop—of

13,724. The regular benevolent contributions of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the quadrennium is \$10,225,000. To this must be added a thank offering this present quadrennium of over \$20,000,000. There are one hundred and thirty regular Annual Conferences, ten Mission Conferences, fifteen Missions. All these conferences and missions are under the superintendence of sixteen bishops, and about 450 presiding elders.

Paragraph "248" in the book of discipline against patronizing dancing-schools, horse races, theaters, and playing cards, has received a wide and animated discussion. This paragraph will receive attention at the hands of the committee on "State of the Church," and will bring out a fiery discussion in the General Conference.

The election of at least six new bishops will be attended with much interest and not a little excitement.

The General Conference which meets in Los Angeles is made up largely of new delegates, that is, those who have not been members of a general conference previously. This is not easily accounted for. There is considerable dissatisfaction in the church over some of the enactments of the General Conference of 1900. This, in part, may account for the fact that the old delegates were not returned. The fact that the General Conference meets in Los Angeles, California, awakened an activity in the conferences, and the idea of a free trip to this wonderful state, with board and lodging free for a whole month in the metropolis of Southern California awakened the finest ecclesiastical political instincts in quarters not previously suspected; hence the surprises in elections.

To the Sierra for the Summer

Travel to the Yosemite began April 1st, and crowds are planning to go early to this mountain wonderland. Others are going to take advantage of the Southern Pacific's personally conducted excursions to Lake Tahoe and the Kings river canyon. This is the first time that the attempt has ever been made to conduct a large party across the Sierra. The round trip rate for these excursions is \$80.00 which covers every item of traveling expense such as rail and stage transportation, meals en route, sleeping car and boat accommodations, hotels, horse and carriage transfers, pack animals, tent accommodations. The first party will leave San Francisco from foot of Market street, Wednesday, June 22d, at 10:00 A. M. This party will make the trip by way of Visalia, thence via the General Grant National Park (Big Trees) and through the Kings river canyon, stopping at all points of interest and coming out at Citrus, near Independence, Inyo

county, on the Carson and Colorado road. From thence the party will go to Virginia City, where an inspection of some of the famous mines will be made; thence to Lake Tahoe, spending one day at Tallac and one day at Tahoe Tavern; thence direct to San Francisco where they will be due to arrive Wednesday, July 6th. The second party leaves San Francisco, Monday, June 27th, at 6:00 P. M. This party will make the same circuit as the first party only starting via Truckee and Lake Tahoe, and will be due to arrive in San Francisco, Sunday, July 10th.

An Omission

In the April number of *SUNSET* appeared a picture entitled, "Crossing Carquinez Straits on the Solano, the Largest Ferry-boat in the World." The picture was from a photograph by Elliott McAllister, and the credit due him was inadvertently omitted.

Camino Real to be Restored

The California Camino Real Association was organized at a state convention held in Santa Barbara last month, and now there is little doubt that the much discussed restoration of the old highway between the California missions is destined to become an accomplished fact. Thus will temporarily be terminated one of the most unique of road-building enterprises. Temporarily, we say, because eventually the road will be continued beyond the northern limit set by the padres, so that Siskiyou and San Diego alike will face one state-traversing highway, and one great well-kept road will run from Oregon to Mexico. This is to be the ultimate result of the formation of the Camino Real Association, and it is a result that cannot too



CROSSING THE WILLAMETTE RIVER AT ALBANY, OREGON

soon be attained, for good highways always are among the notable blessings of any community through which they run.

A World's Fair Outing

The outing committee of the California Camera Club is arranging for a personally conducted excursion to St. Louis, leaving San Francisco about June 16th. and returning July 17th. As planned the trip will include a two days' stop-over at the grand canyon of the Colorado, two weeks in St. Louis at the World's Fair, and six days in the Yellowstone Park. It is quite possible that a side trip to Chicago and an excursion on the Mississippi river will be added to the itinerary. The time has been well chosen, as the Exposition will be complete and it will still be early enough to avoid the hot weather.

Big Steel Plant for San Diego

Articles of incorporation of the Pacific Steel Company were filed in San Diego recently. The company is capitalized at \$100,000,000. of which \$50,000,000 has already been subscribed, this being the total of that stock. The object of the corporation is the construction of warships, steamships, locomotives and cars, and to make armor plate, to deal in lands containing iron and copper deposits and operate mines for smelting purposes, and to construct furnaces and mills. The contract for the construction of the steel plant, to cost \$30,000,000. has been awarded.



From bas-relief by Edith J. Todd
HERBERT MYRICK

"A Message From Eternity"

That's the way Herbert Myrick, the nature-loving editor of the Orange Judd Company publications, characterizes the Grizzly Giant, of the Mariposa big trees. Every year thousands of people come to California just to

see these wonderful trees, and last year Mr. Myrick was among the number. From the grove he addressed a San Francisco friend, Jas. Horsburgh, Jr., as follows—here's a facsimile of his impressive verdict:

23 July
1903

*The Grizzly Giant—a
living message from
eternity.*

*The Big Trees— an
inspiration to great
deeds that shall
endure.*

Herbert Myrick

Sunday School Convention at Pacific Grove

Pacific Grove will be the meeting place this year of the California Sunday School Association. This will be the association's thirty-seventh convention, and it is expected that this year's attendance will eclipse all previous records. The convention will meet on June 21st, and will continue in session until June 23d. The program prepared for the three-day's work is interesting, and will prove both instructive and entertaining. The president of the association, Rev. H. H. Bell, will speak on the lessons to be learned from the convention which was held at Jerusalem, and Rev. T. S. Young will deliver an address on the same subject. Rev. W. F. Reagor will speak on the "Pastor's Opportunity," and Geo. C. Adams, D.D., will give an instructive address on the "Administration of the Pastor." A primary conference will be held during the session, led by Mrs. Isabelle Alden, author of the famous "Pansy" books, Rev. Dr. E. R. Dille will speak on "Our Text Book," and there will be a morning devoted to the consideration of "Forward Movements" in the line of Sunday school work. One of the interesting features of this convention will be the reading of reports from the convention at Jerusalem.



Books and Writers

A book of more than ordinary interest to Californians, as well as to many others, is a little volume of 110 pages,

Galen Clark writes of Yosemite Indians

written and published by Galen Clark, and entitled, "Indians of the Yosemite."

Mr. Clark, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on March 28th of the present year, was one of the first white men to see the wonderful Yosemite Valley, visiting it in 1855. Since 1857 he has lived in the valley or its immediate vicinity almost constantly. In the latter year he discovered the Mariposa grove of big trees while on a hunting trip. He was one of the first commissioners of the valley, and subsequently was appointed its guardian, holding the latter position until he voluntarily resigned, after twenty-four years' service. Undoubtedly no living man is so well qualified as he to give information concerning anything in any way connected with the Yosemite Valley, and some of this knowledge is embodied in "Indians of the Yosemite." The book is handsomely illustrated from pictures by Chris Jorgensen, and from photographs. An introduction and sketch of the author's life was written by the late W. W. Foote, and here occurs a touch of pathos. In the last sentence of Mr. Foote's introduction, referring to Mr. Clark, he says: "May it be many years before he is called to occupy his last earthly tenement." The sentence was written in February, 1904. But a brief time has passed since then, and Galen Clark still is living with the vigor of a hale old age upon him, but W. W. Foote has joined the silent majority.

The following verses were written by Julia M. Burnett in commemoration of Mr. Clark's ninetieth birthday:

GALEN CLARK (1814—1904)

O, friends, how shall we greet this friend of ours?

How fitly celebrate this golden day?

We need the brimming cup enwreathed with flowers,

And garlands green of laurel and of bay!

For who that comes to four-score years and ten,

With tireless zeal can still his powers employ,

Moving alert among his fellow men,

With mind of sage and spirit of a boy?

And though he has already richly won

More honors than his gentle soul would claim,

At ninety has a new career begun

That adds the title "Author" to his name.

The vital life that speaks through tongue and pen,

The soul serene, aglow with love and truth,
The modest worth, that asks not praise of men,—

All these shall crown him with eternal youth.

Thrice honored friend, we have no words to speak

All that our hearts with love and pride would say;

We only know, a white, white stone we seek,
To mark this most unique, auspicious day!

San Francisco, March 28, 1904.

Mary Austin, whose recent book, "The Land of Little Rain," has given her a place among promising western writers, has **Forthcoming** just finished her first novel, **Novel by** which will be brought out next **Mary Austin** fall by Harpers. It is called "Isidro" and deals with life at the time the missions of California were flourishing.

Mrs. Austin spent most of the past winter in San Francisco, and it is more than possible that before very long she will make this city her home. Hers is a most interesting personality. Looking at her one can scarcely believe that for fifteen years she has lived on the marge of civilization—in the land of little rain. But when she talks of the desert-edge country and its people one sees the effect

of close contact with the big freedom, the heroism and sturdy loyalty of the frontier dwellers. The great novel of the desert is yet to be written, and one has only to listen to Mary Austin telling of the desert and of the deeds of kindness and daring done by her neighbors, to realize her fitness for that task.

The reading public does not expect anything in serious vein from the pen of Wallace Irwin. It expects

A New Booklet by Wallace Irwin only to be pleasantly and not too uproariously amused, and it will not be disappointed in this expectation by Mr.

Irwin's latest booklet, "Fairy Tales Up to Now," published by Paul Elder, San Francisco. In this brochure five of the tales dear to childhood—Babes in the Woods, Cinderella, Jack the Giant-Killer, Sleeping Beauty, and Little Red Riding Hood—are dressed in suits of verse, transmogrified and brought strictly up to date; in fact, they probably are a few years in advance of date in several respects. Perhaps this will be considered the best of the booklets thus far issued by Mr. Irwin. In a different way, it is quite as funny as "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," and it will humorously appeal to some whom the sonnets never could reach, while it is a distinct improvement on "Omar Khayyam, Junior." The little book—it contains but twenty-three picturesquely-bound pages—should have an excellent sale.

"Poems of Joy" is the title of a little brochure written by Alice Kingsbury Cooley. It makes no large pretensions, but contains some verses of considerable sweetness, of which "Lais Redivious" probably is the strongest.

A small book, written by C. W. Leadbeater, entitled "An Outline of Theosophy," has recently been published by the Theosophical Book Concern, Chicago. It contains a brief statement of the doctrines and mysticism of theosophy, and should interest any one who may wish to obtain some primary ideas of the theories of which Blavatsky and Besant were the modern apostles.

"Hawaii," a beautifully illustrated brochure published by the Hawaii Promotion Committee, Honolulu, will appeal to that somewhat numerous class of readers that some times turns a longing gaze in the direction of Uncle Sam's new island territory. In its twenty-four pages it gives a very clear idea of the rare charms of the land where "balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun."

Canada and the French priesthood enter largely into the make-up of Gwendolen Overton's recent novel, "Anne Carmel." The theme is the ardent love of a beautiful Canadiane for an Englishman, and her rescue from temptation through the love and wisdom of her brother, a young priest. The story is told with considerable skill. It is published by the McMillan Co. of New York and London.

To the good but plain folk "Builders of the Beautiful," by H. L. Piner, should appeal very strongly. Mr. Piner holds

A Book for Plain People that "your visible appearance is but an outward actualization of your inner life"; that

in proportion to the loftiness of the soul is the body beautiful. To the average person, who can without difficulty call to mind acquaintances who have all the virtues in superabundance but who could not be reckoned beauties, even on the broadest count. Mr. Piner's theory will, on first glance, appear to be born of a superlative desire to comfort the beauty-lacking, and throw a rose glow of hope over the years before them. But perusal of the 303 pages that make up his book half convinces one that it is a truth that he is expounding. And whether or not one agrees with him, one will find the book interesting for various reasons. One of these is the entertaining style in which he has written, and another is his familiarity with the lore of the masters—and of some who are not masters. Every page is adorned with a quotation—a quotation printed in red ink. Then there is a hopefulness about the book and a purity that will find it readers, especially among the disciples of what is termed the New Thought. I predict for "Builders of the Beautiful" a popularity equal to that of Ralph Waldo Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite," which has run into several editions. Mr. Piner resides in Austin, Texas. His book is published by Funk & Wagnall's Company, New York and London.

LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

"Magnolia Leaves" is the title of a little book of poems by Mrs. B. C. Rude, published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo. The poems are musical, and many of them have a homely grace which is not without its appeal to the hearts of the readers.

Raymond Macdonald Alden is the author of "Consolatio," an ode written in memory of the members of the Class of 1903, Stanford University, who died during the month of their graduation. There is no small amount of promise for its author in the production. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, are the publishers.



Plays and the Players



Sarony, photo, New York

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

Minnie Maddern Fiske is a unique development. When I first saw her she was a star in her teens, playing a soubrette part in a weird play called "Fogg's Ferry." That was not so many years ago. The next time I met her she had become a comedienne, and was making a reputation in "Featherbrain." For a while she left the stage, and during her retirement she did some remarkably clever writing. When she resumed acting, she made herself known all over the country by her "Becky Sharp," which she followed with the gruesome "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." When these became stale to her, she sought new plays with little success, until she took up "Mary of Magdala" and "Hedda Gabler." She was bitten by the morbid drama, and now she has but one comedy in repertoire, a clever French sketch of the old school.

Mrs. Fiske, if I may describe her so, has always struck me as an artist who does not act. The vagaries of the artistic temperament are numerous and confusing. The great artists have been all essentially different in personality, and as much so in method, yet in all of them the basis of their impressive appeal to the audience has been the same indefinable sensation we call art.

Mrs. Fiske is an artist, but where others have won their results by demonstration, she has won hers by a unique quality of suggestion.

For my own judgment, Mrs. Fiske is most entirely satisfactory in "Becky Sharp." The personality is adaptable to that character in a peculiar way; her methods and mannerisms fit into it perfectly; and the mentality, which is at once a shining merit and a drawback because it is so pronounced in everything she does, is essentially a quality of Thackeray's great picture of the scheming woman.

Even in "Fogg's Ferry" there was something of this, in embryo. Mrs. Fiske has magnetism, a peculiar kind of magnetism, more like electricity. She does not move one sympathetically, rather in a repelling way; she does not touch the emotions by a personal appeal to them. She is a kind of medium through which one is impressed by comedy or tragedy, and she is never capable of giving variable facial or other expression to any tumult of feeling. Yet she does convey the impression of all those in an undefinable but irresistibly vivid way. This is at its height in the scene in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," where she kills the man. All through that piece she seems to me to be foreign to the picture, yet the psychological effect is undeniable.

In "Hedda Gabler" one half of the time she is quiescent, practically inexpressive, and yet there is a suggestion coming from her which absolutely makes the audience feel for themselves the emotions she is going through. Yet to watch her, she appears to be quite unmoved. "Mary of Magdala" at no time is in the sympathy of the audience; and still there is a psychological value in the impersonation. True, it has nothing specially to do with Mary Magdalen as we think of her. Her kind of Mary Magdalen finds no pity, and Mrs. Fiske's humility after the reformation has an uneasy suggestion of affectation and hypocrisy.

There is one scene in "Hedda Gabler" which points the argument. When it was played at the Grand Opera House, Miss Bohn presented the woman who comes with the story of her unhappy married life, in the first act. Miss Bohn is not supposed to be an artist; she is far below Mrs. Fiske in importance, and yet the contrast between the simple natural womanhood of Miss Bohn and the absence of any kind of womanhood in Mrs. Fiske, hard as Hedda Gabler is supposed to be, made a contrast positively in favor of the unimportant actress.

In comedy it is much the same with Mrs. Fiske. She is never really a comedienne; she suggests the comedy as she does the tragedy. She is in fact never a real flesh-and-blood woman, and the faculty of suggestion seems to be at its faintest in emotion. She is more than a theatrical figure, nevertheless, and with all her mannerisms, her staccato talk and her staccato walk, there is something of art in her which gives her a high

distinction, and would mark her on the stage, if one had not known her reputation.

It is to be regretted that she has been bitten by the Ibsen tarantula. It is hard to cure that bite. I have always believed that it needs less art to play Ibsen than anybody else. For my own opinion, it requires a far finer art to play even the Princess in "A Royal Family," the dainty, delightful first-blown sentiment of the young girl, than all the drama of Ibsen. For the horror of Ibsen plays itself; his lines are so meaningful and incisive; the strong situations are so abnormal and repellent; the "freak" element is so strong, that any audience must realize them, without any special art or power in the acting.

And what is left after seeing such plays as "Mary of Magdala" or "Hedda Gabler"? Only a sense of something intensely disagreeable, as valuable as the spectacle of a leper on a street corner; only a feeling that one has had pictures put into his mind, which do him no good, and which he wishes he could forget. There are many who have heaped praise on Mrs. Fiske for both of these impersonations. They have seen something tremendous of an artistic nature about them.

For my own taste and my own opinion. Mrs. Fiske's "Becky Sharp" is a piece of



Bushnell, photo
MAURICE DUFOUR ROBE



Drawn by Stanley Clisby Artbur

FRANK BACON AS AMOS HILL

work of infinitely greater value, and when she is written of in dramatic history, as unquestionably she will be, the portrait of her as an artist, will be that every-day human figure; that is, so far as she has reached yet. But she is young and I hope she will turn her face to the light, for tragedy and comedy must alike be illuminated; and rely upon that strange, unique, artistic gift she possesses above all her sisters, to win the attention she is now deriving from the abnormal brutality of the dramatists.

PETER ROBERTSON.

"The Hills of California," in which Frank Bacon and his company have been entertaining large audiences throughout the west, is distinctly a California Play California production. The play was written by Judson C. Brusie, an attorney of San Francisco; the actors are all Californians; and the scenes of the play are laid in San Francisco and

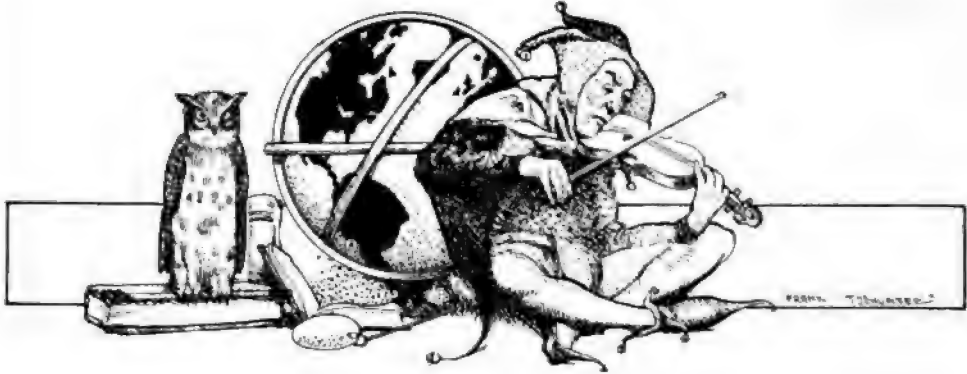
Mariposa county, a romantic corner of California where the traditions of early days still linger and where exciting events still take place. The plot has nothing to do with physical geography as the title might suggest, but is rather the story of a family by the name of Hill. The success of this play is but another proof that theater-goers like rural drama. To them, the country is the poets' and painters' land, a place of dewy dawns and drowsy noons. The toil and sorrows of life on a farm are left out of the picture and it becomes irresistibly attractive.

The dominant quality of all his work may be said to be its simplicity, naturalness and lack of pose, and in this play it is strikingly displayed. He recently purchased a small prune orchard in the Santa Clara valley where, in the margins of his time, he will follow the plow down the shady avenues of trees, and lay by a store against the day when he will retire from the stage. He chose this particular location because it is near the Stanford University, and Lloyd, his son, will soon be ready for college. Bessie Stuart Bacon, the daughter, is a member of the company, and gives great promise of attaining her ambition to be a leading woman. She plays the part of Poppy in "The Hills of California" with grace and understanding. Mrs. Bacon's part in the play is a minor one, but she plays no small part in the management of the whole. Many of the best situations are due to her suggestion. Like all actors, Frank Bacon is looking for the great play; meanwhile, he will continue with "The Hills of California" for another season.

A Remarkable Child Musician

Maurice Dufour Robb, nine years old, who is the pupil of Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, recently gave a piano recital in Steinway hall, San Francisco. Master Robb had appeared before the San Francisco public in 1903, and each appearance has served to emphasize the phenomenal power of this child musician. His technique is excellent, and his execution seems marvelous when the fact that his tiny hands will scarcely cover an octave on the keys is taken into consideration. He plays selections from Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin and the other masters with a skill that many adults who make some pretensions as pianists might envy. Master Robb was born in San Francisco, and his great musical gift was first indicated when he was hardly more than a babe.

Melbourne MacDowell, whose engagement at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, began early in the present month, is recognized as one of the best exponents of the male roles in Sardou's plays. While here he played in "La Tosca" and "Cleopatra."



Sunset Rays

(Conducted by ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE)

From the Seat of War

[The following despatches from the scene of action in the Orient were secured in advance by SUNSET's own psychic and telepathic phenomenon, but, although the method of obtaining them was a little irregular, the patron of the daily papers will note a certain mystic something about them that will make him feel that he is browsing in his own familiar news-field. In fact, they are warranted to be quite the regular thing as far as form and manner are concerned.]

Getofftheearthski, July 11 (morning)—A great battle has taken place on the Yalu. The Russians were signally defeated, having been bayoneted on their own names, which the Japanese captured early in the battle.

July 11 (evening)—The report in the morning papers about a great battle on the Yalu is absolutely correct except that there was no battle on the Yalu. With this slight exception, everything is as originally reported.

July 12 (morning)—The great battle on the Yalu, which was fought yesterday, has been postponed until tomorrow, when the Russians will be defeated as first reported.

July 12 (evening)—In the terrible fight on the Yalu tomorrow the Japanese were driven back with tremendous slaughter. The Yalu stayed right there.

July 13 (morning)—It transpires that the great battle which was fought on the Yalu day before yesterday and tomorrow, has been postponed until last week. Port Arthur has fell.

July 13 (evening)—Port Arthur has got up again.

July 14 (morning)—A careful examination of the map demonstrates that Port Arthur still is there.

July 14 (evening)—The Russians are fleeing.

July 15 (morning)—So are the Japs.

July 15 (evening)—Everybody is fleeing.

July 16 (morning)—Nobody has flew.

July 16 (evening)—It has been discovered that the Yalu river is printed in black on some of the maps, and on others in red. This doubtless accounts for the confusion of reports concerning the great battle that is to take place last Wednesday. The slaughter was terrible.

—A. J. W.

The Charm of Life

Love is the secret spring of life
From which all blessings flow;
It is the thought that teaches us
The joy of life to know.
It is the gift the angels left
That by it we might climb
Near to our Heavenly Father's heart,
In blissful realms sublime.

It lifts the soul up far above
The sordid thoughts of life,
And teaches us to live above
Life's useless care and strife.
It fills the heart with sunshine bright
And brings such sweet content,
We know it is the greatest gift
God's angels ever sent.

Without it, man is but a brute;
It is the spark divine
That lights the human soul that it
With wondrous light may shine.
True love endures, immortal is,
And happiness will bring;
We even hear God's voice of love
In little birds that sing.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

A Honolulu Sunset

Like golden sphere the sun hangs low
 In yonder western sky of blue,
 While lingering clouds more radiant grow
 In borrowed robes of varied hue.
 The wind sighs gently through the trees,
 And birds fly briskly to and fro;
 The insect myriads through the breeze
 Beneath umbrageous boughs bent low.
 Swift rippling ocean waves do still
 The sunbeams catch, and scatter forth
 In shimmering ray on vale and hill.
 'Til all doth glow from south to north.
 The surf on distant coral reef,
 Sends high its milk-white foam and spray;
 And pent up forces find relief
 In grand unceasing choral lay.
 As mother kisses babe good night,
 The reddened disk at length doth meet
 Horizon line, then steals from sight,
 Reflecting naught but blessings sweet.
 Then gushing glory mounts the west,
 Where clouds in matchless beauty hang
 Like portieres to that place of rest
 Of which the ancient Prophets sang,
 All, southward, northward, circling 'round,
 And upward arching to the east.
 Each cloud its gayest robe has found—
 To mind and eye a glorious feast.
 From faintest salmon-tint to gold,
 All clouds are frescoed by the sun;
 Some all their glory would unfold,
 While others ostentation shun.
 The hills of Waiaanae, in touch
 With Heaven's splendor too, do creep
 Within the scene, like some side couch
 That farmers near their ingle keep.
 Exposed against the burnished west
 Their leaden crests indent the sky.
 Their southward slope, sea-waves invest—
 Pearl Lochs beneath their shadows lie.
 Now, darker shades pervade the sky,
 The only constant thing is change;
 This gilded glory soon must die—
 Give place to darkness—Oh, how strange!
 Now from the lowering east do peer
 A million eyes in eager chase,
 Beholding Sol's sublime career,
 Creating scenes of beauteous grace.
 Could poet's pen or painter's brush
 Depict the splendor of the scene—
 Could camera fix this glowing blush
 Of Heaven's afterglow serene—
 Ten million wondering eyes and minds
 Would feast with gladness on the theme,
 Sad darkened hearts, where no ray finds,
 Would catch of Heaven a brighter gleam.
 —Alexander Young.

A Billious Muse

I read a little, liltng lay.
 A soulful thing of rhythmic thrills,
 And "Oh, 'tis sweet!" I then did say;
 But judge my grief, my dire dismay,
 To find the last line read this way:
 "Use Twistemallup pills."

Allende

'Tis not a dream that the waters gleam
 More bright on the other side;
 'Tis not the light that makes more white
 The ships that ride the tide.
 We stretch and reach, and the gain doth teach
 The vision of Paradise;
 But only when day hath turned to gray
 Will the Star in the East arise.
 We hear the beat of unnumbered feet
 In the ocean's mighty roar,
 And we know in the wake of the waters' break
 The Spirits walk the shore.
 The waters ring with the songs they sing,
 And even the skies bend low;
 But far away in another day
 The music doth perfect grow.
 The soft light breaks in a thousand flakes
 Adown from the sunny skies,
 But the iris hue is a deeper blue
 Wherever the mountains rise.
 Mountains and sky—they will both come nigh
 When longer the shadows grow—
 But again there will rise to the farther skies
 More hills, and a deeper glow.
 The sun in the west sinks not to his rest
 Beyond the purple hill;
 The song that awoke when daylight broke
 Will never again be still.
 The ship storm-tossed that the bar has crossed
 Will dream ne'er again in the bay;
 The heart that awoke under passion's stroke
 Awoke to another day.
 When Love with his dower of matchless power
 Hath held us close to his breast,
 With the first glad thrill we have felt the will
 That will never again know rest.
 For life at its best is a glad unrest
 That will ever go seeking far,
 Till it finds the Light that has conquered Night
 Beyond the sunset bar.
 Then count the gain by the exquisite pain
 Would you follow where Love doth call;
 And stretch and reach, for this life doth teach
 Love is the King of all.
 —Francisca Suñol Angus.

Revised Maxims

A bird on a hat is worth several flocks
 in the bush.

* * *

Virtue is its own reward; but it never is
 accused of erring on the side of overdoing
 its reward business.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
but sometimes you may notice that it carries
a black eye and a bloody nose after it rises.

* * *

Whatever is, is right; but some of it seems
to need more or less explaining.

* * *

Know thyself; but be prepared for the
worst.

* * *

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;
and in consequence frequently get the best
seats at the show.

* * *

All the world's a stage; but it took the
theology of recent years to provide it with
an asbestos curtain.

—A. J. W.

The Cat and the Brilliantine

The story is good mainly, if at all, because
it is absolutely true.

It was while the cat show was in progress
in the Mechanics' Pavilion. There a well-
dressed woman was discovered holding one
of the felines in her lap and rubbing some
sort of liquid on its glossy coat of fur.

"What are you putting on the cat?" she
was asked.

"You'd never guess."

"Probably not. What is it?"

"You won't give me away?"

"No."

"Well, it's brilliantine. My husband uses
it on his moustache to make it glossy, and
it occurred to me that if it would make a
man's moustache glossy, it would help a
cat's fur, too; so I am trying it."

As has been said, the story is true, and if it
does not prove that there is such a thing
as catophob—But what would you suppose
that it proves?

Golden Wild Poppies

STATE FLOWER OF CALIFORNIA

Beautiful golden wild poppies
That nod in the soft balmy air,
Well were you chosen the emblem
Of land of all lands most fair.

Who planted you, golden poppies?
Were you here when the world was new?
Were you painted by the morning?
Do you mirror the sunset's hue?

Are you cups of gold o'erflowing
With jewels of raindrops and dew?
Why are you so constant-hearted
To the State that has chosen you?

With gold you carpet the meadows
Like the gold-paved Land of the Blest—
Wild poppies, the flower emblem
Of the State of the "Golden West."

—Grace Hibbard.

Two Gardens

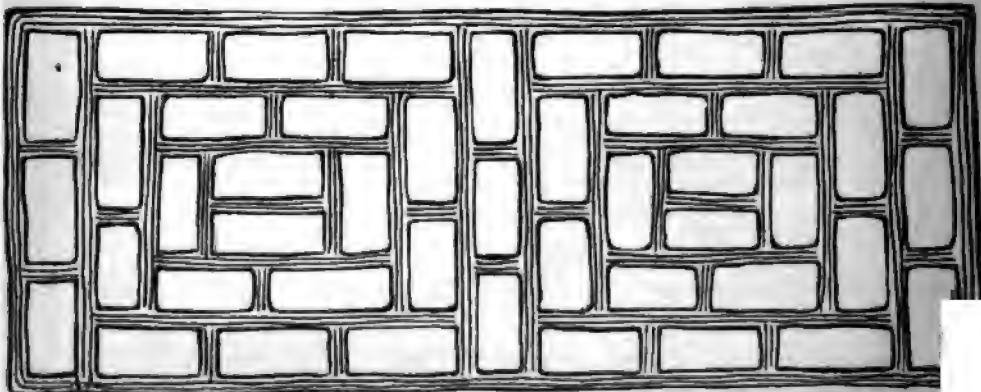
IN THE EAST

"Is it spring, Mother Nature?" the daffodils
cried,
"We'd like to get up, if you please."
"Hush, darlings, lie down in your snug
garden bed,
If you rose now 'twould be but to freeze!"

IN CALIFORNIA

"We're awake, Mother Nature," the daffodils
cried,
As they lifted themselves from their nap;
"May we dress and come out?" "Yes," said
Nature, "make haste,
Spring calls you to sit in her lap!"

—Edith King Latham.



CHINESE WINDOW DESIGN

Drawn by Florence Clayton

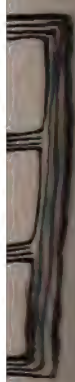
SUNSE



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Drawing by E. C. Peirato

Frontispiece, *Sunset Magazine*, June, 1904

IN BOHEMIA'S GROVE OF REDWOODS, SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA—SUMMER CAMP OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

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EDITED BY CHARLES SEDGWICK AIKEN

Vol. XIII

JUNE, 1904

No. 2

Winnedumah—A Paiute Legend

By MARY AUSTIN

Author of "The Land of Little Rain."

This the tale of Winnedumah
Whom the Paiute clans revere,
But you must not tell the story
When the snakes can overhear,
When the tall grass makes a cover
Where the spotted snakes may hide,
For the snakes are mischief makers,
Double-tongued and evil-eyed.

But when twilights chill and deepen,
When the streams run scant and small,
When the frost has nipped the piñons
And they hear the wild goose call,
When the children by their mothers
Snuggle closer in the byre,
When the young men come from hunting,
And the old men stir the fire;



Then they tell of Winnedumah,
 How he lived and what he wrought,
 Dealing straightly with his people,
 Speaking truth as leaders ought.
 Winnedumah and his brother—
 Skilled in magic arts was he—
 And they taught the Paiute peoples
 What a brother's love should be.

When the warlike, fierce Shoshones
 Broke their ancient metes and bounds,
 Slew the red deer, chased the blacktail
 On the Paiute hunting grounds,
 When they stole the piñon harvest,
 Stopped with earth the mountain springs,
 Winnedumah put on war paint,
 Put on plumes of eagles' wings;

Set his braves to track them featly,
 Stalked them as they stalked the deer
 By the high and windy headlands
 By the passes straight and sheer.
 All by night the women watching
 Saw their signals in the sky,
 Heard by day above the ambush
 The beholding eagles cry.

When at last they drew to battle
 Sped the fight in valiant part,
 'Til about the hour of sunset
 Flew a virus-venomed dart,
 Struck at Winnedumah's brother—
 Vultures wheeling heard the cry,
 Heard the death wail, when the Paiutes
 Saw their magic-maker die.

Then their hearts were turned to water,
 Since no art the Healer saves;
 Vultures wheeling slow and stately
 Saw the fleeing of the braves.
 Only Winnedumah lingered,
 Standing on the skyline clear;
 Lingered, calling for his brother
 Who could neither come nor hear.





Drawing by Carlos J. Hittell

*Gray at twilight, white at noonday,
Faithful Winnedumah stands*

Lingered, questing through the twilight
Till he found his brother dead,
Saw the black plumes of his warriors
Through the cedars as they fled,
Saw the wattled huts of willow
Huddled on the mesa brown,
Saw the hot-eyed, fierce Shoshones
Come like wolves to pull him down.

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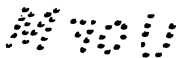
Then the faithful Winnedumah,
 Owing neither fault nor fear,
 Cried to Taupee, god of Paiutes,
 Saying, "Taupee, Father, hear!"
 Swift the word sped, swift the answer;
 Taupee touched him where he stood,
 Changed him to the granite boulder
 High above the swathing wood.

Gray at twilight, white at noonday,
 Faithful Winnedumah stands,
 But the thieving, fierce Shoshones
 Come no more to vex our lands;
 For the wrath of Taupee caught them,
 Plunging headlong down the hill.
 Changed them all to yellow pine trees,
 Gnarled pine trees, standing still.

Then the little Paiute children
 When the tale is ended quite,
 Turn from leaning on their mothers
 To look out across the night;
 Then they look at Winnedumah
 Darkling through the alpen glow;
 Then they count the wicked pine trees
 Up the stream-side all a-row;

Then they snuggle to their mothers;
 Then they huddle in the byre;
 Then they hear the back log singing;
 Hear the pine sap in the fire;
 Hear again of Winnedumah
 Whom the Paiute clans revere—
 But you must not tell the story
 When the snakes can overhear.

NOTE:—Travelers over Kearsarge Pass, of California's Sierra Nevada, coming from Kings river, are always impressed by the skyward pointing granite pinnacle directly on the crest of the opposite Inyo range. It stands out singly against the pale desert sky and is a conspicuous landmark far up and down Owens valley and from any point on the easterly Sierra. Just above Independence toward Kearsarge, bordering the stream that runs down from it, is a single file of pines of a variety not found elsewhere in that vicinity. The presence of both the pines and the great boulder are accounted for in the preceding legend, related by the Paiute Indians of Owens valley. Concerning the spelling of the tribal name, Paiute, in place of Pah-ute, has been adopted by the Indian commissioners, while the United States geological survey prefers Pahute.





By H. C. BEST

Illustrated from photographs by Tibbitts and drawings by the author

THE Yosemite and the big trees, it need not be said, are California's greatest attractions to tourists from all parts of the world. From the moment the traveler reaches the Mariposa grove of big trees, as he journeys to the valley, and catches a first glimpse of this grand panorama of nature, his brain records a series of impressions, each different according to the temperament and education of the traveler. Some are scientific, some laughable, some artistic, some cause silent astonishment and occasionally one moves to tears. Some minds are worried only by the problem of how the Yosemite was made; although one good old Boston lady solved it to her entire satisfaction, after some fifteen minutes of profound study, by exclaiming: "What a great old breaking-up there must have been here at the time of the flood, when this valley was made!"

The writer, being a resident of the valley about seven months each year, is in a position to notice the intense interest taken in the big trees, more especially by the eastern and European tourists. It is very gratifying to see the steps being taken by the state legislature toward making appropriations for the purpose of purchasing the different groves and thus preserving them from ravage and destruction. Indeed, more care is needed for the trees than for the valley, for man cannot permanently injure the distinctive features of the latter, while the destruction of the Sequoias would be an irreparable loss to the state and to the world.

The *Sequoia gigantea* differs in leaf, and in size and shape of cone from

the *Sequoia sempervirens* of the coast. The Mariposa big trees, scattered along a mountain ridge 6,500 feet above the sea, do not easily obtain a victory in size, for they are part of a magnificent forest of other growths, notable among which is the sugar-pine, conspicuous for its enormous size and graceful outlines. The celebrated sugar-pine, Uncle Tom's Cabin, near Wawona, is eleven feet in diameter, and probably many others are larger than that. The Sequoias dominate these splendid rivals by a magnitude that has no comparison elsewhere in the world.

No one can anticipate the effect and impression these monarchs of the forest will leave with him. He may have read that a coach and six horses can drive through one of the giants which is still standing, or that two coaches can pass each other in the roadway carved through the trunk, as they did last summer with Governor Odell and his party; that another, the Grizzly Giant, is thirty-three feet in diameter, its vast trunk, 350 feet high, crowned with a mass of evergreen foliage that seems to brush the sky, but mere reading will give little conception. He may try to imagine a structure 400 feet high and 100 feet in circumference, but when he encounters this living growth it gives an impression he has not anticipated, coupled as it is with the knowledge that he is in the presence of the oldest living things in the world. This in itself inspires an awe of the tree. No man can stand before these prehistoric giants without a new sense of the age of the world and the insignificant span of human life; but he is also impressed by a sense of some gigantic personality.

It is impossible to spend much time among these mammoths without attributing to them human characteristics; every tree seems to have a human personality. The artist, as he works, gets more enjoyment out of these trees than any one else, as to draw them is to know them. As he looks up the enormous trunks it seems not so much the bulk, so lightly is it carried, but the spirit of the tree, the elastic vigor, the patience, the endurance of storm and age, the might and the soaring and almost contemptuous pride, that it is the artist's duty and privilege, if possible, to represent. Those are the attributes which no photograph can render. It is just because man can measure himself, his littleness, his poverty of existence against this vegetable growth of seven thousand years, that he is more personally impressed by it. The imagination makes a plausible effort to comprehend it, but is constantly foiled. The artist is not so much impressed by the mere size as by the dignity, the power and the antiquity.

It takes long and thoughtful study to appreciate the beauty of the trees in all its changeful variety. The first impression of their color is that they are covered with a cinnamon-tinted bark, but as you observe closer you find this color is composed of the most charming tones of violet, green and orange. The interior colors in the graceful furrows that are plowed in the bark from top to bottom are what give the warm dominating cinnamon hue.

The artist, as he works, has a chance to observe the many different moods of these titans of the forest. A glance down their ranks and you will note their forms growing dimmer and dimmer till the distant ones are lost in obscurity; but the mists are commencing to be devoured by the morning sun, and presently a ray of sunlight steals across the green carpet of clover, and paints a golden pattern on the roots and base of some antediluvian giant; it is then you gain an impression that lives ever after, and you feel that you have seen one of nature's greatest pictures.

The Grizzly Giant makes the strongest impression of all the big trees. It is, no doubt, the oldest standing monarch among the giants. One evidence of this is found in the fact that the ground at the base has receded ten feet, leaving the roots exposed to the elements; and these roots have grown together and are without bark of any kind. This is not the case with any other of the trees.

As the traveler reluctantly leaves the big trees and journeys the remaining thirty-five miles toward the objective point of his trip, his mind is full of pictures of the valley, and he thinks he is fortified against surprise on account of the many photographs he has seen and the reports of word painters; but very few escape a quickening and thrilling of the pulse, which is physical as well as mental, when they catch the first glimpse from Inspiration Point of a beauty and sublimity that could not be conceived. As the stage halts five minutes, it gives the travelers a chance to readjust their mental pictures to the unparalleled reality before them.

Another thrill comes at Artist's Point, but the average tourist is like a child with a new toy. He wants to get close to the things he sees and is anxious to descend to the floor of the valley as quickly as possible. But nature has done its work, the most unimpressible have generally dropped the dull grind of their past daily lives to some extent, and every one feels enthusiastic and says so, and is not ashamed of it, but rather is delighted to regain the youthful emotions he has been trying so successfully to suppress in the past.

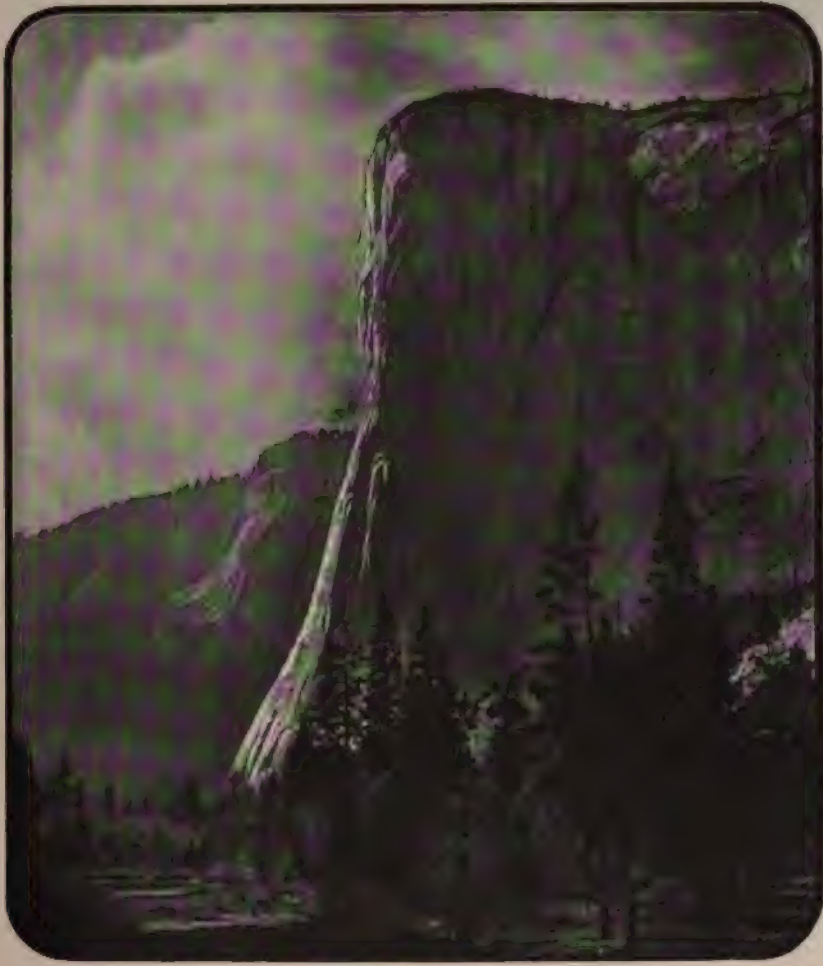
But alas! once in a while a real Philistine comes along who requires more time to "wake up," as they say. Once I was one of a stage-load of twelve passengers when the coach made its customary five-minutes' wait at Inspiration Point; everybody was spellbound and silent with admiration for about four minutes, when all at once a peculiarly thrifty looking lady from some eastern state, who was silently following out her own line of thought, piped up in a querulous voice:

"I wonder why they don't put lace curtains on the dining-room windows in that hotel we stopped at."

The whole coach load turned on her looks of silent contempt, while the driver flicked his horses and started down the grade on a gallop.

are so afraid of the constant wind, which they imagine will draw them to their deaths, that they make a wide detour when they wish to pass that way.

Standing at the base of the fall, the water seems to be pouring out of the sky, while the roar of the winds and



Tibbitts, photo

EL CAPITAN, 3,500 FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY

The Bridal Veil fall, in the spring, is one of the most exhilarating of sights, and one never tires of it. Familiarity will scarcely take the edge off one's delight, so varied are the different effects of the shadows and changing lights. The Indian name is Pohona, or the spirit of the evil wind, and the Indians

the constantly changing forms of the restless spray are intensely impressive and beautiful. Late in the afternoon when the vast mass of leaping, foaming water is tinged with colors of the spectrum, three rainbows sometimes are seen at once, making one of the most exquisite and ethereal sights the world can offer.

El Capitan divides the attention with this fall, and this noble mass is one of the favorite objects of interest, and no matter how familiar with the valley you may be, it always causes an emotion of surprise. How many hundreds of times have I heard the expression: "El Capitan is the grandest object in the valley." There is something tangible in the fact that the face is the size of a government farm (160 acres).

The visitors get enthusiastic over the different wonders, and are not ashamed to rave when they feel like it, but one day in my studio I was rather puzzled when five different people uttered the same remark with the same accent: "I do think El Capitan has so much soul." But the mystery was revealed when one of the stage drivers hinted that the remark was originally made by a prominent actor, whom he had brought in in company with a big load of passengers the day before.

The visitor will find plenty of adventure for days and weeks in following the mountain trails, ascending to the great points of view, exploring the canyons and climbing the high Sierra; or, if he be not inclined to adventure, the valley itself will satisfy his highest imaginative thoughts of the sublime in rock masses and rock texture, while his sense of color and form will be excited to the highest tension by the many graceful waterfalls, rainbows, and the exquisite lines of domes and minarets.

It is in the grouping of masses of foliage, contrasting with the upright walls and spires that the Yosemite excels. The narrow peaceful valley is enclosed by gigantic granite walls, which vary with every point of view, giving a charming scenic effect which has been photographed thousands of times and scattered all over the world so that nearly every one is more or less familiar with the most striking features of the valley; but no photograph can give the impression of the unique grouping, combined with the sublime splendor of the atmospheric illusion, in many cases resulting from the immense planes of rock reflecting the aerial tones back and forth. The traveler

elsewhere may have seen more massive domes, waterfalls of greater volume, and spires of rock as surprising, but nowhere on this earth are there so many natural wonders in such small space, so accessible and in such artistic combinations.

The thunder of the highest fall known in the world is constantly heard for miles in the early spring when the volume of water is the greatest. Windows rattle a quarter of a mile away, at the little burg where the hotel and other buildings are situated; and the impression seems to seize everybody that a fast express train is about due. You wait expectantly to hear the bell ring and the whistle toot. This effect is heightened by the roar almost dying away, and then coming back with a rush. The best authorities seem to think this is caused by the changing currents of air which sweep the sound waves before them up and down the valley. Frequently is heard a most resounding crash, just as though some immense boulder had been hurled over the falls. And it is often very difficult to convince some of the tourists that it is probably only a vacuum formed by the falling water as it dashes down the first 1,600 feet of its awful flight, the vacuum exploding when it strikes the rocks, thus causing the awful report before it dashes madly down the remaining 1,000 feet. The reflection of these falls in the high water is so marvelously beautiful that many tourists are contented to wander day after day, seeking new points of view within a radius of a half mile of the hotel.

The real colors of the cliffs are varied and ideally beautiful, changing as the lights and shadows pass over from purples, dark blues, dark chocolate browns, mixed here and there with the bronze greens of the foliage in the shadow, to light orange gray tints, pale yellows and hues of violet glittering in the sunlight. These colors are more plainly seen in the reflection, and the spectator retains a tangible color scheme to haunt him with its beauty ever afterward. For a few weeks this reflection is a rival to Mirror Lake, but the latter is a never ending source of pleasure, and every day from

two to six carriage loads of spectators are to be found watching the sun climb up behind the Half Dome. From there they go to the Happy Isles where a halt is made and every one is fitted out with a well-trained mule from a regiment of these animals owned by George Kenney,

ladies find no trouble in riding astride these sure-footed animals even without previous experience in horseback riding.

From Happy Isles the trail goes zig-zagging up toward the Vernal and Nevada falls. These falls have the greatest volume of water, as the whole



The Bridal Veil falls in the spring, is one of the most exhilarating of sights

Tilbitts, photo

who has had this concession for the past thirty years. Mr. Kenney says there has never been a mishap in that time, so careful are these animals, as they do nothing else day after day but climb trails. The ladies are furnished with the regulation divided skirts, which have proven to be the only sensible costume for mountain climbing. The most timid

Merced river plunges abruptly over the solid rock. In the Nevada falls there is a sheer drop of 750 feet in one mass of bewildering foam. The river then rushes heedlessly along from torrent to rapids for a mile and takes another leap of 350 feet, churning itself into myriads of sparkling diamonds. In fact, the Indian name for the Vernal falls

signifies "Cataract of Diamonds." Such a fascination is there about these wonderful falls, and so easy of access are they, that the commissioners have erected iron railings at the brink of each.

The social side of life in the Yosemite is very charming for about three months of the season. The commissioners have had erected a dancing pavilion capable of accommodating one hundred couples, and twice a week it is well filled. The guests from the hotel come arrayed in their finest, contrasting with the many picturesque costumes of those who are out for comfort and who create their own styles. Outside the squaws and Indians form a brilliant background with their fantastic blankets and many-colored dresses, while almost everybody in the valley looks in for a minute or two sometime during the evening. Since the electric lights were added last August the pavilion is a dazzling bit of splendor while lit up and filled with a whirling mass of figures in gay attire.

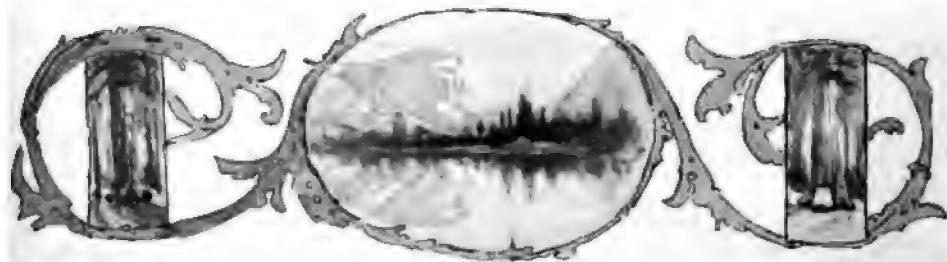
Every June is eagerly looked forward to, as the governor and commissioners then meet in the valley for a week. History dates from that time each year. Last year's meeting was very interesting, as the electric plant was under process of construction, and many momentous problems were then solved.

Camp-fires are very jolly affairs, when two or three different parties combine. In the valley you must never judge people by their clothes, for very often a

simple roughing suit conceals a most finished musician, writer or some other talented personage. The order of the day is relax the tension, enjoy yourself and be young again.

When Governor Odell started for the Yosemite last year, he said he was a very tired man, but he resembled Bunyan's Pilgrim to some extent as his burdens were left behind in one way or another. The first agreeable surprise came on the way in. Mr. Stevens, the guardian of the valley, who was officially escorting the party, sent a guide ahead, and when the Governor and his party halted for noon in the midst of an immense forest, they found a living bed of coals about six feet across. The guardian next produced some fine porterhouse steaks, which he promptly broiled on the live coals. With coffee and other adjuncts this made a meal which the governor said he relished better than any he had eaten in twenty years.

When in the valley a reception was given him one evening with all the necessary fireworks, bombs and speeches. The governor was expected to say a few words, but he remarked that he was so charmed with all the romance and picturesque beauty that he had managed to forget politics for a short time, and he would sooner gaze at the majesty of the Half Dome by moonlight and dream a few hours of his life away than do anything else just then; so he was excused.





Alpine Angling

By E. T. PARSONS

Illustrated from photographs by the author

WITH early spring days the angler of the Coast range and foothill country of California begins to look up his tackle and to replenish his fly-book for the opening of the season on April 1st, for the streams are soon fished out and the early angler catches the trout. But those of us who seek the canyons and high levels of the Sierra Nevada may delay our preparations and enjoy prolonged anticipation far toward midsummer, for July 1st is the timely season for early casting on glacier-fed river and stream and about the shores of high-benched alpine lakes in the hanging valleys of the Sierra.

During the winter of 1867-68 the debris cones at the feet of two mountain torrents debouching opposite a "Kern-but" in the Kern canyon two miles below the mouth of Coyote creek, received a sudden abnormal increase, either by reason of the unusually heavy precipitation of that winter, or from an earthquake; and, as a result, a dam formed in the Kern river, creating a lake about a mile long and one-half

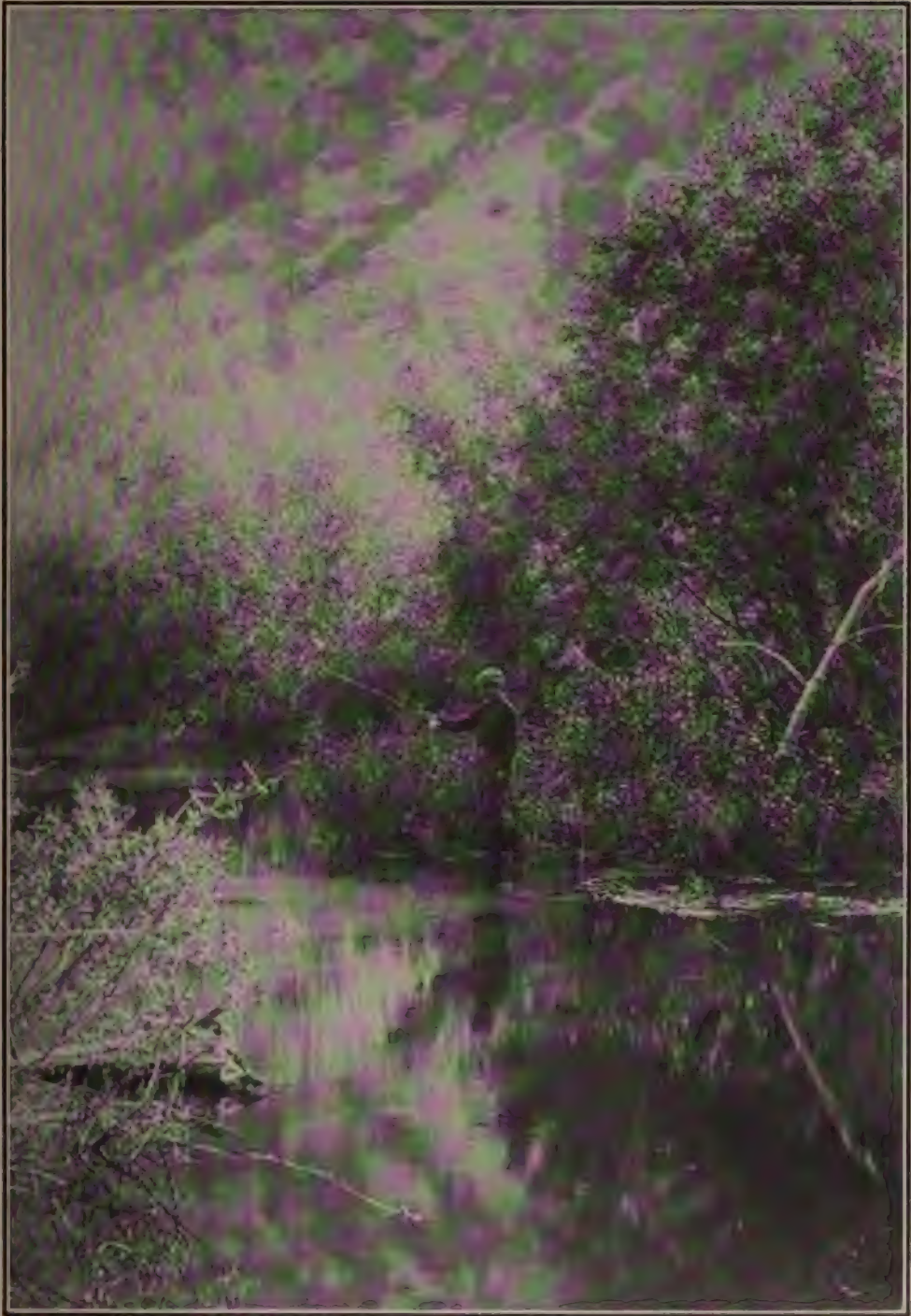
mile wide which is now known as Upper Kern lake.

On the banks of Coyote creek above this lake, with a party of friends, I spent part of July, 1903, and on the Fourth we launched upon Upper Kern lake a canvas canoe. With a companion I began casting along the eastern shore as the afternoon shadows covered the lake, and soon the first rise was hooked on a brown hackle. With twenty-minutes' play it was brought to the landing-net and proved to be a nineteen and one-half inch trout, the first of many noble fish that during the month found their way into our creels. The trout of this lake rise readily to brown hackle, gray hackle, peacock hackle, or royal coachman, and in the late evening to white miller; and are fiercely gamy, far more so than the usual lake trout. In fact they seem to be simply river trout fattened and enlarged by their sojourn in this lake, full as it is of all sorts of fish food.

Up and down the Kern river, both above and below the lake, the trout were



TROUT POOLS BENEATH THE NOBLE DOMES IN KERN RIVER CANYON



IN THE KERN CANYON—A MAN'S DREAM OF HAPPINESS

plentiful, and good catches were made.

The pools and rapids are not difficult to reach. There are beautiful glades along the river where there is grass for the pack animals. The soft pine-needle cushions beneath the tall conifers that border the meadows furnish ideal beds for the Sierran trumper, where, lulled by the rippling river, he may sleep soundly and wake to delightful days of sport. Truly this may be styled an angler's paradise.

One day a friend of mine who was going to photograph the upper and lower falls of Volcano creek, a tributary of the Kern, asked me to join his party of four and furnish the trout for luncheon. So I fished up the Kern to the bridge with indifferent luck, having only four small trout in my basket at eleven o'clock, and it was a hot and discouraging day. However, crossing over the river, I toiled up the side canyon of the Volcano to meet my friends above the first fall, and it was not in the best humor that I joined the party without the promised fish. But, carelessly dropping my fly into a small pool, it was at once taken fiercely by one of the golden trout that inhabit

that stream and are found nowhere else in the world. In a few minutes I landed thirty-one fish of just the right size for choice eating, and we enjoyed a meal fit for the gods, my friends having providentially provided themselves with the bacon, frying-pan, bread, coffee-pot, coffee, and sugar.

Later our large party tramped to Mt. Whitney along the upper waters of Volcano creek, and one evening the anglers of the party, fishing en route, brought into camp for dinner eight hundred trout, which made a welcome and hearty meal for our large party of one hundred and three.

The record for catching the largest trout of the season in this region is an undecided matter between Marsden Manson and William E. Colby, both of whom caught trout measuring twenty-four inches in length.

It is a far cry to the fishing grounds of the high Sierra, but those who hardily brave the difficult trails and lofty altitudes will find ample payment in the plentiful sport that awaits them amid a scenic region that can be duplicated nowhere else on earth. The summer is here—why don't you go?



UPPER KERN LAKE

Concerning National Conventions

The Part the West has Played in the Great Assemblies that Name the Nation's President

By EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO

The following article by a participant in the national conventions of 1896 and 1900 is of timely interest in view of the conventions to be held this summer. The writer points out the growing power of California and the west in these great gatherings, and names San Francisco as an ideal city for some future conventions.

THE quadrennial election of a President is the concentration of all American political events. While local contests may seem of more vital interest to the average politician, while municipal affairs and state matters may touch the people more directly, yet with our advancing national government and the rapid strides which this nation has made recently as a world power, the interest in the presidential election by citizens of the Union, as well as of the world, will, under our system, ever make the Presidency of the United States the focus of political life.

At this time, when the nation is again on the eve of a presidential election, it may be of interest briefly to discuss how Presidents have been and are made and what influence the people at large and those of California have in naming them. The national conventions of the United States are perhaps without a parallel in the world's history. Every four years conventions of all of the great parties, emanating directly from the people, assemble and by deliberate choice place before the people for their suffrage the names of distinguished national characters, who, if elected, fill a position of temporary power now admitted to be as supreme as that of any other living potentate. These national conventions are the most perfect exemplifications of government by the people, and the history of our national conventions gives the most forcible evidence of our republican form of government and its stability.

A brief inquiry as to how these great gatherings came to be a recognized part

of our political life may therefore be of interest. The first election of Washington to the presidency was practically a unanimous choice. Affairs of the government were in such a formative state that it was left to the various legislatures to appoint the constitutional presidential electors "in such manner as the legislature may direct," and so from a number of states that had organized, electors were sent to the electoral college that met in 1789 and named Washington as President.

There had been no formal nomination of Washington for President and Adams for Vice-president in any part of the country. In the presidential elections closely following this it was common for legislatures, congressional caucuses and general mass meetings, held throughout various portions of the country, to present the names of candidates for President, but there seems to be no record of any presentation of the names of Washington or Adams as candidates. Washington was elected as the logical ruler of the republic in appreciation of his loyal services to his country. At that time presidential electors did not vote directly for President and Vice-president as they do now. Each elector voted for two men for President, who could not be residents of the same state, and the one receiving the highest vote of a majority became President, and the one receiving the second highest vote became Vice-president.

The electoral college met on the first Wednesday of February, 1789, and Washington was elected by a full vote of sixty-nine votes, John Adams

receiving thirty-four. The congress of the Confederation had provided that the new congress, chosen under the Constitution, should meet in New York on the first Wednesday in March to declare the result of the presidential election. Travel was difficult and slow at that time, a quorum of the senate did not appear until the 6th of April, and on that day the electoral vote was counted in the presence of the two houses, and Washington and Adams were declared elected as President and Vice-president. As speedily as possible they were notified of their election, but were not inaugurated until April 30th. The presidential electors of that day were appointed in accordance with the original spirit of the Constitution, unpledged, with no knowledge as to how they were to vote. They were more like the unpledged delegates to a national convention of the present day, and this method continued until the time of the first battle between Adams and Jefferson in 1796.

Neither Jefferson nor Adams was nominated for President in 1796 by any legislature or mass meeting of which there seems to be any record. Adams was the choice of Washington, and was his logical successor as the Federalist candidate for President. Jefferson was the recognized leader of the Republicans of that day, and the title of "Republican" was adopted by the friends of Jefferson. The present Democratic party was thus founded in 1796 by Jefferson under the name of "Republican." Four years later it was established as the majority party of the nation, and it was under that name that it fought and won the Democratic battles until 1824, when the Jackson party changed the name to "Democrat."

After what writers term one of the most defamatory campaigns ever known in the history of American politics, in which Jefferson was denounced as an unscrupulous demagogue, and Adams as a kingly despot without sympathy for the people and opposed to every principle of popular government, the electoral college met and by a vote of seventy-one for Adams and sixty-eight for Jefferson

selected Adams for President and Jefferson for Vice-president, thus making the President and Vice-president severally representative of different political parties. The vice of this method of selection was clearly seen by the statesmen of the day, and, as hereinafter mentioned, was soon after changed.

The presidential contest of 1800 was as revolutionary in aim and subsequent result as the Republican political revolution of 1860. The Federalists for twelve years under Washington and Adams controlled the executive in both branches of congress. There were no formal nominations or declarations of principles, such as would characterize a national convention of modern times, though the contest of 1800 had well defined lines and issues.

There is no record of a Congressional caucus in 1800, but it seems to be an accepted tradition that the Federalists first called a secret caucus to confer about the personnel and management of the campaign, and, without formal nomination, but by general consent, John Adams was the candidate for President and Charles C. Pinckney for Vice-president.

The Republican caucus was intended to harmonize the friends of Jefferson and Burr. The campaign following was a most heated one, which in its vituperation, historians say, would surprise even the present generation. The result of the electoral college's action was a tie vote of seventy-three for Jefferson and a like number for Burr. The bitter contest that followed is too well known to be here given in detail. It was this contest, however, that taught the necessity of changing the method of choosing a President in the electoral college. Though the Federalists bitterly opposed the change, an amendment to the Constitution was carried in time for the contest of 1804. This amendment provided for the vote and election separately of President and Vice-president.

It was about this time that the members of congress adopted the system of caucus nomination of candidates for President and Vice-president. This

caucus method never met with popular approval and was attacked by press and public so severely that in 1808, in the Madison contest, the congressional caucus itself adopted a resolution declaring that in making the nomination the members of congress had "acted only in their individual character as citizens" and "because it was the most practical mode of consulting and respecting the interests and issues of all upon a subject so truly interesting to the people of the United States."

The contest of 1816, when Monroe was the successful candidate, developed greater and more pronounced criticism against congressional caucuses for the nomination of presidential candidates. The method was denounced by many prominent Republicans of the day, and by its enemies was termed "King Caucus" that sought to control the people in the selection of the highest officers. In 1816 Henry Clay was one of the leaders of the opposition to the caucus method; when he took the field as a candidate for President he totally rejected the system and made a sharp fight against it.

Space does not permit following the details of subsequent nominations, but as here indicated, in the campaigns that followed, nominees for the presidential election were brought forward by legislative nomination, congressional caucus and mass meetings held in different sections. It was not until the campaign of 1832 that the country was brought to the introduction of national conventions on the plans of the present time.

The first political national convention held in the Union was called to meet in Philadelphia in September, 1830, by a number of prominent anti-Masonic leaders. It was composed of ninety-six delegates, representing New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Maryland and the territory of Michigan. This convention was held more than two years before the presidential election, for which it was expected to nominate candidates for President; but, instead of making nominations, it adjourned to

meet in Baltimore in September, 1831, when it had one hundred and twelve delegates, with Indiana added to the states mentioned. William Wirt, of Maryland, was nominated for President and Amos Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-president. Instead of a platform, as is now customary, the convention issued an elaborate address to the people of the nation. The precedent action inaugurated by this body was followed by the National Republicans, who met in convention at Baltimore in December, 1831, with seventeen states represented by 157 delegates. Henry Clay was nominated for President and John Sargent, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-president. This convention likewise issued an address to the people instead of a platform.

The Democrats followed these two conventions by calling a Democratic national convention to meet in Baltimore in May, 1832, to nominate a candidate for Vice-president. Jackson was unanimously accepted as candidate for re-election. The convention was not allowed to make a nomination for President, but a resolution was passed declaring that the convention "cordially concurs in the repeated nomination that General Jackson has received in various parts of the country for re-election as President." This convention adopted the two-thirds rule; that is, two thirds of the whole number of votes were required to constitute a choice. This rule has prevailed in every Democratic Convention from that time until the present. Martin Van Buren was nominated for Vice-president. This convention adopted no platform, nor was an address issued by the convention, but in lieu a resolution was passed declaring "That in place of the general address from this body" the delegates should address their respective constituents on the political issues of the day. The contest following was one of unusual violence and defamation, resulting in a sweeping victory for Jackson and the defeat of the then idol of the people, Henry Clay.

So were the national conventions of the present generations inaugurated.

From that time in every succeeding four years it has been the custom of the various parties to meet in convention and the details, deliberations and proceedings of these conventions are replete with interest and personal history. Space forbids following these details.

One most noteworthy convention was the great Republican convention of 1860. It was in that campaign that the nation proclaimed the third great political epoch of its history by a progressive departure from Democracy to Republicanism, which has since ruled without material interruption. Naturally there was wide-spread interest in the Republican convention, and William H. Seward was looked upon prior to the convention as its certain choice. However, the Seward forces failed to show the required strength and lost on the subsequent ballots to such an extent that Abraham Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot. The state of California had eight votes in that convention and to the last supported Seward.

The fiercest of all these political battles was fought in the Republican convention which was held in Chicago in June, 1880. The final ballot was not reached until Monday of the second week of the convention, and for two days the extraordinary spectacle was presented of Grant and Blaine holding their forces with but slight variation until, on the thirty-sixth ballot, the Blaine column broke for James A. Garfield.

Perhaps the most picturesque of the national conventions was the Democratic convention which met in Chicago in July, 1896, and nominated William J. Bryan, after being carried away by his memorable "Crown of Thorns" speech. The writer attended that convention as a spectator. The presentation of the platform declaring for free silver was made the occasion of a most memorable debate. The principal speeches against the platform were made by Senator Hill, Senator Vilas of Wisconsin, and Ex-governor William E. Russell of Massachusetts, all powers in their party. The principal speakers in favor of free silver were Senator Tillmann of South Carolina, Governor Altgeld and William J.

Bryan. Mr. Bryan had come to the convention at the head of a contesting silver delegation from Nebraska. Whatever else may have been expected, the country at large had not supposed that he would be one of the especially prominent personages of the convention. The convention, which was largely composed of sympathizers with the free silver movement, listened in sullen but respectful silence to the speeches of the advocates of the gold standard. The speakers for free silver, Senators Tillmann and Altgeld, had not had the effect that their constituents desired. Tillmann's address was much like a wild harangue, and Altgeld's voice had failed to carry his words throughout the vast convention hall. It was toward the close of this debate that Mr. Bryan, whose delegation had finally been seated, arose. He had a voice that fully carried to the confines of the great auditorium. There was an audience of at least fifteen thousand present. By nature Mr. Bryan is possessed of a voice of great power and singular charm which he has learned to use with a very high degree of elocutionary art. With his thorough understanding of the power of speech, the handling of a vast audience and the arts of oratory, he pressed his famous speech to the close, refusing interruption for applause, until his final peroration had been completed. The scenes at the close of Mr. Bryan's speech were indescribable. He was lifted from his feet by his enthusiastic supporters, and the vast audience went into an hysterical frenzy.

Delegates to the national convention of the leading parties emanate from the people by the following procedure: Delegations are appointed or elected to the state and congressional district conventions by primary elections or by appointment of county committees, or other method in vogue in the party organization or machine. The various state conventions elect four delegates at large, being twice the number of Senators, with a like number of alternates. The delegates from each congressional district meet in convention and elect two delegates, being twice the number of congressmen, with a like number of

alternates. Thus New York, in the last national convention, had seventy-two delegates, four at large, twice the senatorial representation, and sixty-eight delegates from congressional districts, twice the number of her representation in the house. The delegates at large and congressional district delegates have the same vote and voice in the convention, the difference being only one of political honor. California has eighteen delegates, representing twice her two Senators and her seven congressmen. The California delegation and delegates have always taken a prominent part in national conventions, even early after her admission to statehood.

The first national convention of the Republican party, which met in Philadelphia in 1856, nominated Colonel John C. Fremont, of California, for President. Stephen J. Field, of California, was placed before the Democratic convention of 1880, and had a considerable following in that convention. Morris M. Estee, of California, was chosen permanent chairman of the Republican national convention in Chicago in 1888, which nominated Harrison and Morton. Senator Stephen M. White of California was permanent chairman of the Democratic national convention of 1896, which nominated William Jennings Bryan. Frank Pixley, of California, is remembered by a telling speech seconding the nomination of Blaine in the Republican convention of 1880, and also for his speech nominating Elihu B. Washburne for Vice-president in the same convention. George A. Knight, of California, made one of the most forceful and eloquent speeches of the convention in 1900, in seconding the nomination of McKinley.

California consistently maintains her reputation for hospitality and the delegation always goes provisioned with an abundant supply of the state's products, especially the fruits and wines. Though California has not as many delegates as some of her older and more populated sister states, her influence is generally felt, both by reason of the personnel of her delegation and their hospitality. I remember the bringing into the

Republican convention of 1896, by the California delegation, of a lot of red, white and blue pampas grass, donated by some thoughtful California lady, and this means for securing a beautiful and patriotic burst of color was passed out to all the delegates immediately on the nomination of McKinley. The incident took the convention by storm, and with this waving grass the delegates marched up and down the aisles for at least ten minutes demonstrating with wild and joyous cheers.

In the national conventions the states are called alphabetically — Alabama, Arkansas, California—and thus, as California is the first of the northern Republican states, her vote is always looked to in time of contest with great interest by eastern political leaders, and the casting of California's vote is the signal for demonstration by the various contending factions. California is now well enough advanced to take a more commanding position in national politics, and her statesmen should be alive to the situation. With the Pacific ocean as the theater of the great events of the day, the nation's new colonies in the Orient and Pacific, and San Francisco, the natural gateway of the commerce of the Pacific, California should be a most important factor in the life of the nation.

San Francisco as a convention city is rapidly and deservedly gaining a world-wide reputation. The cool climate of the summer and the mild balmy air of the winter stand in glittering contrast to the suffocating heat of summer and the frigid cold of winter always experienced in the eastern states. San Francisco's vast hotel accommodations go to make it an ideal convention city. All San Francisco lacks is a proper auditorium for assemblies, a necessity that should receive the active and immediate support of her leading citizens. With the rapid advancement of the west, we may hope to see a focusing of the political eye on the state of California, and in the not-far-away future a national convention held in the great metropolis of the Pacific coast. San Francisco.



FIVE DAYS ON PEACEFUL WATERS

BY
ALFRED DEZENDORE

Illustrated from photographs by the author

FIVE days that are not upon the calendar of any worldly month that you ever knew of, spent in the opal-tinted waters of a new world of forgetfulness and rest; a stop to look through the fascinating windows of a half-way house filled with legend and romance, and on again to be whirled through rocky gateways leading to the progressive transformation scenes of the sunny, enthusiastic west. This, in brief, describes the trip via water and rail from New York to San Francisco. If you would sound the depths of its possibilities and delights to the fullest degree, you must do as I have done; decimate your luggage to as nearly that of Flora McFlimsey as possible, throw your cares and worries over the gangplank as you ascend it, and stand upon the deck of a Gulf liner, a free man or woman for the nonce.

Smile upon your friends who gaze upward at you with wet eyes as the good steamship Proteus pulls out into the midst of the darting small fry of craft in New York harbor; do as I did and keep this smile as the key-note of your trip, for life in the southern port of New Orleans wears always a light-hearted aspect.

As the ancient forts and familiar landmarks of New York bay are passed one does not realize the wonder trip

that is in store; the passing into waters laden with the strange languorous breath of the south, the moonlight nights spent in sweeping along the shores where lie cities of which the whole world of seekers after pleasure and health have heard.

It is not a beaten route for tourists, this voyage that always hints of what lies beyond, and gives one five days of perfect rest, but each year increases the number of voyagers making their initial trip by this line of Southern Pacific steamers, lured by friends who have felt the wondrous charm of southern seas. In the regulation crossing of the ocean, the stateroom becomes a place to be loved or hated, as Neptune sees fit to make it. On this route at all seasons, the breezy deck is the home of the traveler, and the mysterious agent of temperature, the Gulf stream, keeps the thermometer at a point that makes the stateroom primarily a place in which to sleep.

New Orleans people realize fully the delights of a summer voyage toward New York, and from May until September they secure passage a long way ahead over this route. In coming this way to California from New York, I should say come at almost any time, with a possible preference after August first. Of course the month of Mardi Gras is

the time par excellence to visit New Orleans.

The first day out is usually a day of study; study of the methods of life on shipboard; study of the human kind who are in the same boat, and always, with some, study of the best way to avoid seasickness. You may chance as I did upon a youthful couple on their bridal trip, or a group of three girls with a chaperon sailing away on a vacation trip. There are always some business men who have found that the only way to obtain absolute freedom from business cares is to go to sea. One business man from Philadelphia told me that he never went to New Orleans by any other route.

If everything else fail there is always the girl in the captain's care to wonder about and finally to get acquainted with. The invalid opens her heart, too, in these five days at sea, and people going to California—toward what is to them a new country—more often have interesting histories to tell than those doing a tour of Europe.

With all this study of human kind the line of summer resorts along the Jersey coast rapidly vanishes, the sea turns from blue to gray in the dusk, the arrowhead of foam at the bow grows ghostly, and Absecon light off Atlantic City flashes us good night.

As we sleep we do not dread the rough seas off Hatteras, for which the ship is making an almost straight line. In the morning some are missing from the breakfast table, thereby foregoing something good, but the girl under the captain's care is alert and lively. She has hobnobbed with him on the bridge, has found out how many knots the log registers, and by noon the sextant is to her a familiar instrument. She has photographed the picturesque crew that comes off from the Diamond shoal light-ship for papers, and later she inveigles the first officer into playing shuffleboard, which game is always a refuge on shipboard. Hatteras light is passed with, as likely as not, no sign of anger from the sea, and soon the ship feels the mysterious current of the Gulf stream. The captain must soon

give up what he calls "plenty of sea room" and face the music till he guides us safely round the Florida reefs.

This is the moment when the strongest fascination of the sea voyage begins. From below the Georgia coast, where the brown seaweed from the gulf begins to strew the waters—the whales, the porpoises and petrels have lost their old-time charm, and one looks for silvery flying fish and slow-moving sea-turtles, and fancies every ripple betokens a shark.

The remaining days of the trip are days of wonders; with the passing of the great hotel-dotted beaches of Florida and the rising from the sea of the network of enchanted isles, the Florida Keys or Cays, set in waters that change in hue from jade to turquoise, and from turquoise to emerald. Surely the far-famed fountain of youth never spouted waters more beautiful than these. And many legends of pirates and pearls, wrecks and treasure, cluster around these reefs, where the light-houses now shine in almost a continuous and unbroken line, making the coast less to be dreaded by mariners than in years gone by.

We pass Key West rising as if out of the sea, its fortifications red-roofed and glistening, and on we float into the boundless waters of the great gulf. When the evening comes we sail straight into a sea of glory. The Book of Revelations could reveal nothing more heavenly than a sunset in the Gulf of Mexico. The doors are opening into a city of gold, and out of them rainbow lights stream athwart the sky. The lacework of foam at the bow is changed into a string of opals. It is an hour for worship, for the human being to adore his God.

The southern moon is already hung in the sky, trailing a sheet of silver in the wake of the ship. Tortugas light looks pale and far away, as we sail to the northwest. One more day comes, and we catch far out in the waters strange pathways of changing colors, brown and gray and green. This phenomenon is caused by deposits floating out into the gulf, coming from the Mississippi and other streams flowing into

THE YOUTHFUL
COUPLE ON
THEIR BRIDAL
TRIP



ABSOLUTE
FREEDOM FROM
BUSINESS CARES

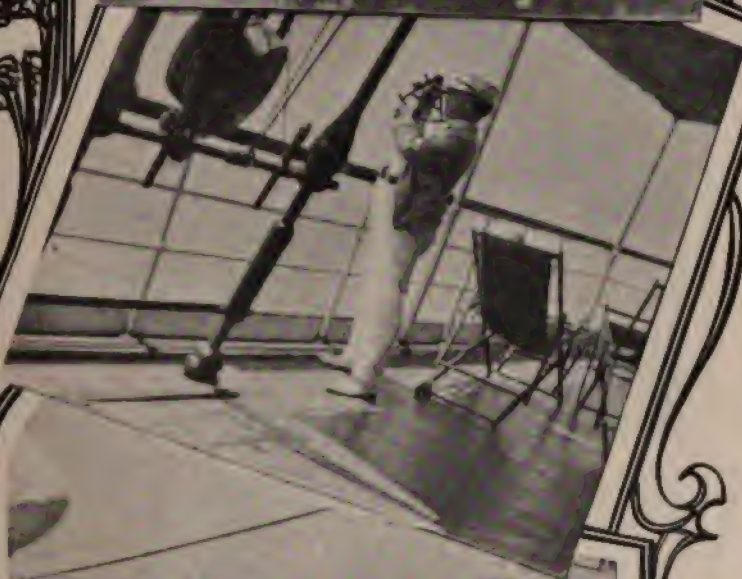


THE JOLLIEST
CROWD ON THE
SHIP





THERE IS ALWAYS
THE GIRL IN
THE CAPTAIN'S
CARE TO WON-
DER ABOUT



WHEN THE
CAPTAIN HELPS
THE SHIP TO
FIND HERSELF



AN EXPERT AT
SHUFFLE BOARD

WOMEN IN THE
EARLY MORNING
* * * BARTER
WITH THE
VENDERS OF THE
FRENCH MARKET



THE QUEER HIGH-
SWUNG MILK
WAGON * * *
WITH A DRIVER
WHO SMILES



THE SWARTHY
SPONGE-VENDER,
WHO CALLS IN
STRANGE LINGO





PLANNING
ANOTHER SEA
TRIP



THE CROWDED
LEVEE OF NEW
ORLEANS WITH
THE SPIRE OF
ST. LOUIS CATHE-
DRAL IN THE
BACKGROUND.



A PASSING
STEAMER ON
THE BROAD
MISSISSIPPI



AT THE DOCK IN NEW ORLEANS

it. When we sight the South Pass light we know we are at least eighteen miles away from the famous Eads jetties and about to enter the mouth of the "Father of Waters."

One gets the most beautiful view of this eleven miles of wonderful engineering by moonlight. It is like sailing through the canals of Holland with silvery marshes on every side. For one hundred miles we glide between banks green with sugar cane and rice fields, studded with historic plantation homes and negro cabins, passing fishing boats and fruit-laden steamers, till the past and the present meet in our first view from the deck of the crowded levee at New Orleans, with the roofs of the French quarter and the spire of the St. Louis cathedral in the background. It is the half-way house, where the rushing, pushing progress of the present is enhancing, by contrast, the charm of the past.

Would you have the mystic charm of New Orleans hold you in its thrall to the fullest?—the cosmopolitan charm of the city of today so palpably on the up-grade of progress, or the fascinating spell of the gay, joyous, sweet-mannered city of the olden days, with its quarter where the people, though they were forced to live upon red beans and rice, would still preserve their aristocracy—then you must leave the fashionable hotels above Canal street to the hurrying tourist, and by way of contrast find some quaint street with a name that was first spelled in *La Belle France*. Go to some old planters hotel, where a soft patois sounds from the doorways, where the servants come at the names of Antoine and Baptiste, and where the vast rooms with their great canopied beds impress one with an old world sense of awe.

The vine-shaded windows open upon the gallery with its flowers. In the tiny court below, with its rows of potted orange trees, a magnolia tree in the springtime lifts its great cup-like scented blossoms. Nowhere else in the world are they so superbly perfect as in this languorous southland. Down in the cafe with its sanded floor, the vivacious Frenchwoman who presides will tell Monsieur with earnestness, of past glories of the house.

Then give yourself up to New Orleans the old, with its love of life and content

on to barter with the venders of the French market likewise make one forget that in 1903 the banks of this same city paid out five million in dividends, more than their combined capital a few years ago.

If you are in New Orleans in carnival time, when the city enjoys to the full her rights as mistress of the Mississippi, then you will forget everything and quaff with every one else the draft of perennial youth—for the nonce. Go to New Orleans in carnival time, if you can, for life will seem lighter and gayer



with existing conditions. To sally forth to keep an appointment for breakfast at Madame Begues is to forget that the New Orleans of today is not the New Orleans of yesterday. The Cabildo with its historic past, as it nestles in the shadow of the St. Louis cathedral, does not tell you what the hustling levee dins into your ears; that New Orleans is the second export city in the United States, holds the first rank in the matter of cotton and rice shipments, and is the terminus of six great railway systems, whose combined mileage amounts to over thirty thousand miles. The women, who in the early morning cross the famous old Place d'Armes, now known as Jackson square, to kneel for a space in the cathedral, leaving their baskets piled in the entrance meanwhile, before going

always for the gorgeous, frolicsome remembrance.

So the days glide in the city and each hour holds a joy for the traveler toward the hustling west. Each morning's stroll through the streets affords new sights, from the queer high-swung milk wagon, with the driver, who smiles capaciously as he poses for you to get a snapshot at the imminent risk of his establishment falling into the trough of the new sewer system which New Orleans is putting in at a cost of fourteen million dollars, to the swarthy sponge-vender who calls in a strange lingo from his point of vantage in the square.

From the old Absinthe house, to burn a candle and make a wish at the shrine of St. Roch is a long step, but both of these are more important in doing New

Orleans properly than to see the site of the magnificent new courthouse soon to be erected. At night one can always take a flying trip to the brilliant lights and music of West End, on Lake Pontchartrain, as Frenchy in decoration and effect as a resort of the Paris boulevards. But all these things come to an end for the traveler and the hour arrives to say a regretful *au revoir* to New Orleans, the bewitching. Through arcades of moss, skirting rice and cane fields, past

streams covered with the mauve blossoms of the water hyacinth, into the country of the Bayou Teche with its romantic memories and old plantation homes, the train thunders on. The New Orleans that we love is of the past, but its memory will last long after we have reached the San Francisco of the present.

Alfred J. Waterhouse, poet, journalist and lecturer, thus voices in verse his impressions of a recent voyage in the "Proteus" across the Gulf of Mexico:

Upon the Gulf of Mexico
But gentlest breezes come and go,
Come stealing o'er the landward sea;
Come playing, straying unto me;
Come tiptoe from the realm of air,
Then tiptoe on, I know not where,
As sprites that hasten to and fro
Across the Gulf of Mexico.

Upon the Gulf of Mexico
I lie and dream. The moments go
Like blessed messengers of rest,
And life is good, and life is best.
The boat is but a cradle rocked
By mermaids in sea-caverns locked,
While tides swing high and tides swing low
Upon the Gulf of Mexico.

Across the Gulf of Mexico
The sun is setting. By his glow
The watery world is amber-kissed;
The upper world's a crimson mist.
No land, no strand, or here or there—
A world of sea, a world of air,
And 'twixt the two my dreamships go
Across the Gulf of Mexico.



Drawing by Lucia Mathews



THE SINGER OF THE FIELDS

BY

OTTO EMERSON



FROM the slopes of the oak-crowned hills there come to me the sweetest sounds of our dearest spring melodist, the western meadow-lark. Of all our birds it is his song that most cheers the wayfarer of many climes, and from the tree-tops this minstrel is piping his notes this glorious day, and well he may, for this land of sunshine has a magical effect on his vocal powers.

It is here in the promised land that his roundelay is heard at morn and eve throughout the winter months, after the first September rains have covered the hills and lowlands with a mantle of tender green. Then these roving bands of troubadours begin to tune their pipes anew for their midwinter anthems.

If, perchance, you are out at dawn of day, you will find the meadow-lark chanting from his high perch on some tall eucalyptus tree, greeting the coming sun ere it sets upon his yellow vest a glow like that of burnished brass. His spirit has again awakened in all its joyfulness to welcome the stranger to this land of many delights.

A closer acquaintance with the lark on his home grounds, finds him searching the hidden coverts of grass or stubble, gleaning his food from the insect life of mother earth, and, later, watching his mate as she weaves her lacy nest from blades of yellow grass, to contain the four or five white eggs, spotted with reddish brown, which will soon develop into a houseful of grayish-brown baby larks, so near the color of the earth that

their protection from prowling animals is assured, until they are strong enough to follow on wing the watchful parents.

The lark delights in an early bath among the sparkling, dew-laden grasses, where he fairly rolls himself until he is a most bedraggled creature. He then mounts to the top of some post, perhaps, to flutter his feathers dry, all the time whistling his bit of divine melody as if in the sheer rapture of living.

The characteristic songs of the lark can be easily written in musical notes. Some of these songs generally are repeated several times in succession, while others are warbled but once before the songster turns to another strain of melody. In the months of March, April and May a number of notes in addition to the regular ones are sung, but they seem to be only for the edification of the mate, and are not heard at other seasons of the year.

Many larks, too, have individual notes, and there are songs that are peculiar to different sections of the state, as those of northern California are not similar to those of the southern part of the state, or Arizona. Some larks, with voices that are sweeter than those of others, have a much more regular vocabulary of notes, which they repeat until one may become familiar with the different songs sung in any given locality.

Through the kindness of Lyman J. Belding, of Stockton, California, I am able to give some of the musical notation of the western meadow-lark's songs, as he has written them out from

a close study of the birds in the field. They will be readily recognized, if played on either a piccolo or a flute, as these instruments reproduce the whistling effect to a realistic degree.

Number one is the song sung mostly during springtime, a sort of prelude to calling its mate.

Number two is a characteristic song, is heard more than any other, and will be readily recognized when heard,

wherever the western meadow-lark is found.

Number three is one of the mating or courting songs of springtime, full of plaintiveness and rich in tone.

Number four is an unusual song, but one of rare feeling, and is heard in some parts of California.

Number five is one of the more familiar winter songs, and is repeated many times in succession.

The Meadow-Lark

By ELWYN HOFFMAN

He hails me from the quiet lane
 Down which at morn the cattle go,
 With such a cheery note, I fain
 Must bless him once, and then again,
 For joy's melodious overflow.

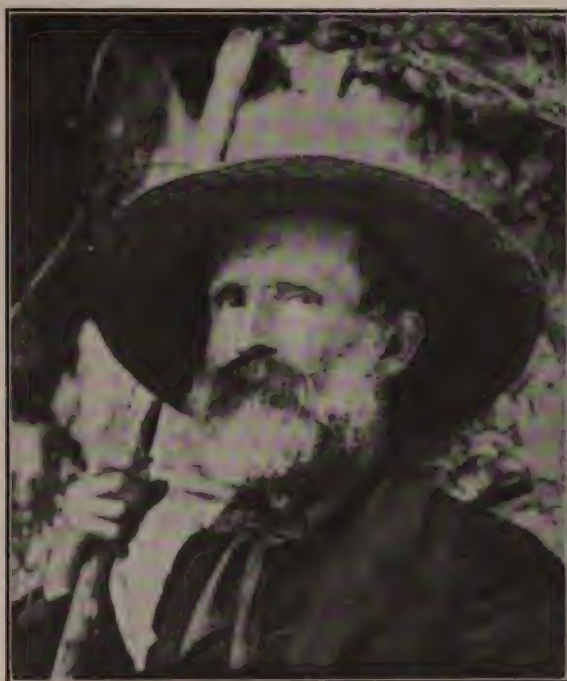
He flirts his tail, and bobs his head,
 And chirps: "Good morning!" with much zest;
 Then gives his wings a sudden spread,
 And soon to heaven's blue has sped—
 A living song with yellow breast.

Story of Two California Artists

By EUFINA C. TOMPKINS

TO revel in the glory of the Marin hills is to lift the soul in exaltation through the sweet ministry of the bodily senses. When God made California he created a world within a world. There is no beauty-haunt in the universe that has not here its duplicate. What wonder that we find the artist

re-awakened. He who would know California—and to know her is to love her—must live on terms of intimate friendship. The sojourner may become imbued in a degree, but the devotee, admitted into the inner temple, is he who comes to stay—mind you, who *comes*; he who has always been, has no



Thad Welch, the man commissioned to transfer to canvas the glory of the Marin hills

with his sketch-book and crayons, his easel and pigments, in every nook and corner of this perpetually glad country? There is no "change of seasons," but continuous and delightful changes through all the floral, fruitful year; a change of view, a shifting of the splendid panorama at every turn. The eye never becomes weary: the enthusiasm is constantly

standard of comparison. He is sunnily content, but he is not rapturously enamored and delicately receptive to the influence of new conditions. The wanderer may go again, but he returns; the subtle fascination reaches him in the gay capitals of kings, and in the jungles beyond the farthest seas—he returns to California.

This is the story of Thad Welch, the man whom God commissioned to transfer to canvas the glory of the Marin hills, and to whom he gave an helpmeet such as blesses the lives of but few bohemians of the brush.

Who that knows the trail from Mill Valley to Bolinas, by way of Willow Camp, can ever forget the enchanting beauty of the panorama that unfolds before the vision? The tenderest tender-foot forgets the toil of climbing in contemplation of its delights and surprises. Not the least of these, tucked into the verdurous side of Steep canyon, is the home-nest of two of California's best-loved artists: Thad Welch and his wife, Lüdmilla Pilat-Welch. What a joy for two such lovers of the wild to build in that spot which nature has been hundreds of years getting ready for them. The "cabin in the canyon" is a story of itself. It appears to have been born of the rocks and trees, so harmoniously is it fitted by irregular contour and nature color; yet investigation shows it to be a house made with hands—skilful hands that have wrought with love and intelligence. It has chambers up against the gray rock, and verandas close by the clear water that comes trickling down the steep from hidden springs.

Perhaps no architectural feature of the cabin has more interest for the tramping tourist (who is always given hospitable welcome), than the original contrivance to bring water from this canyon creek for household use. A big bucket dips into the spring, a trolley line to the gable peak, a pulley, a drop down, and the water is emptied into another bucket which descends to the door stone. Then, by some trick of magic or machinery, the buckets return to their respective positions. As Woodworth, the poet, was a relative of Mrs. Welch's, the "moss-covered bucket" which never "hung in the well" a moment in its life, is named in memory of him.

Here the Welches have for their studio the mesas and slopes, carpeted with green and gold, canopied by the blue heavens, sentineled by the oaks with their trailing banners of lichen, the

shining willows, the laurel and the patriarchal Sequoia. The long billows of ripe wild oats, yellow as the sun, with cloud pictures upon them; the dimpling blue of Bolinas bay, fair as Naples at its fairest; the cattle on a thousand hills, the luxuriance of the twilight canyons—every light and shade, every phase and feature of the glorious open country is his, or hers, for transference to the canvas that gives it back true to life. Every picture is done to a finish, in the open; when the afternoon light wanes perceptibly, the canvas is put aside till another day and hour gives the same light and inspiration.

A dream of their artist life fulfilled was a season in a tent in Yosemite valley. The world knows already of the fruits of that busy and happy summer. Then a studio in the city became a necessity and the pleasant rooms on Pine street are filled with art treasures of their own creating.

* * * * *

The trail by which artists, musicians, literary folk and money-magnates climb to eminence ever has features of interest for those who love a true story of adventure and those who have ambitions of their own. Mr. and Mrs. Welch have had their share of pilgrim experiences.

Welch is a Hoosier by birth, his parents emigrating from Genesee county, New York, to Genesee county, Indiana, at an early day, locating in the then thriving village of La Porte. In 1849, the family, with a party of his mother's relatives and others, crossed the plains by wagon trail to Salt Lake city, thence northwest to Portland, Oregon. They had various thrilling adventures, as was the rule with emigrants on the desert sea and in the uncharted wilderness. Still the boys found courage to sing the popular refrain:

And we'll march right along
To that happy country that they call
Oregon—

as they trudged beside the wagons, stopping now and then to put a shoulder to the wheel to lift it out of the mire. Buffalo and Indians stampeded their



The cabin in the canyon . . . has chambers up against the gray rock and verandas close by the clear water

cattle; a pathetic touch has kept alive the story of their best ox, captured alive by the Indians. It was a case of urgent necessity that the draft animal should be

recovered. Thad was too young to join the squad of avengers, but the prowess of his brothers in the raid is family tradition. When they came close upon the



—the Marin hills with their golden lights and purple shadows

redskins old Buck sighted them and sent forth such a trumpet note of recognition and joy, followed by the most pitiful cries, that the superstitious Indians gave over the animal without great ado. His hide held several arrows, but he didn't mind the wounds. He was the only one left to tell the tale of the massacre of his fellows, and he did his best. As a reward for his courage and sagacity, he was ignominiously yoked with one cow and another, as their strength lasted, to pull the load.

A ranch was bought within hailing distance of Portland, Oregon, where all worked with right good will for a time. The wonderful tales of treasure in California, and the dashing appearance of the mountaineers, riders of the plains, and other pioneer cavalry from the land of gold, with their sombreros, leggings, spurs and pistols, fired the imagination of the Hoosier boys and awakened in them a burning desire to see the wonderful country whence these adventurers came. Soon the father of the family and his elder sons made their way to California, leaving the remainder of the household on the Oregon ranch.

Thad was rather slight in his make-up and had measure of strength accordingly, so he became seized with an ambition to be a blacksmith like the

brawny young man whom he had watched at the forge during his frequent visits in town. His apprenticeship was of short duration. He then resolved on a print-shop instead of a forge. Here he learned to do fine job work and still boasts that no printer in the country could excel him in setting a pretty advertisement.

One day a Swede—Baron Toft—who was doing work for a navigation company, came into the place with some leaves to be made into blocks. His work was beautifully done in colors. The sight of it to young Thad was like the shout that wakens a man out of sleep. Forthwith he began sketching and drawing, on print paper, newspaper margins, wrapping paper, anything blank that came his way, using cheap water-colors for his more ambitious efforts. The craze grew until he was admonished by his employer, but he gave little heed. His mother's sister, who taught a class of drawing in Salem, came to visit them. She saw the boy's work and said little beyond advising him to try "tube paints." What tube paints might be was a mystery until he could get to the nearest drug store and invest his few dimes. More diligence ensued, and the scolding increased—that a lad who could do so well at his trade should so waste his time! He concluded he would have

more freedom on a ranch and turned to country life, knowing little of its labors and privations.

Then Mr. Welch went to Portland, and did printing and painting alternately and in conjunction. He sold some pieces and came to San Francisco to try his fortune. Here he worked for Cubery, Winterburn, and other well-known employers. One day, at Bosqui's, a Mr. Oglesby came into the office and, noticing some of Welch's sketches, made inquiry concerning them. The perpetrator was called from the composing room to meet the gentleman, who said to him, "You must not waste any more time here." The result of that interview and later ones, was a goodly purse made up by Oglesby and his wealthy friends, and Thad Welch was soon on his way to Germany to study art. One of the episodes of his printer life in Portland, which Mr. Welch delights to recall, was a journey up the Columbia with William Keith—an inspiration point in his career.

He studied in Munich and sold his pictures very successfully for a foreign artist—an American. He rigged up a wagon-studio and drove about the country doing landscape work. After six

years in Germany he went to Paris, and became a familiar figure in the haunts of the Latin Quarter. He took a houseboat on the Seine, of the fashion that could be moved about with oars and paddles. Corot was one of his silent teachers and he loved to follow in his footsteps.

After three years in Paris he returned to New York where a letter came to him from a woman of wealth and culture, a helpful friend whom he had known on the Pacific Coast. She was in her eastern home, a country place on the Hudson, near Sing Sing, and would like him to "come and do some landscapes for her." He answered the call speedily and found a fine field for his art.

One day while painting on Ossining Creek he noticed a group of children shyly observing him. He was impressed by the pretty motherliness of the girl of fourteen who had the younger ones in charge. To satisfy himself of his surmise as to nationality, he addressed her in German. She replied in speech as fluent as his own and then they all ran home to tell their mother there was a German painter down on the creek! The good woman told the children to go back and invite him to the house as she



—the enchanting beauty of the panorama that unfolds before the vision

would like to talk with one from the old country; he might know some of her people. His welcome was most heart-some, and it was forgiven that he was only a Hoosier-German so well did he know places dear and familiar to the home mistress.

Charmed by their simple and refined manner of living, the artist was soon on friendly footing with the family, in whose history he became greatly interested. The father, Carl Pilat, had fled from Austria at the time of the Students' Rebellion, with Carl Schurz and others, to escape police, prison and probable death. Baron Pilat, of historic record, private secretary to Prince Metternich, was an uncle of Carl and through him the title came into the family. Carl was educated for the priesthood, but abandoned the idea and chose, instead, the military life. He rose to important official position in the Austrian army. The family were lovers of art, music and literature, and the beauty of nature. The home at Ossining was but twenty-eight miles from New York, and the family had opportunity for study in their chosen lines. When Thad Welch went out from this delightful home, two years later, he took with him a sixteen-year-old bride, Lüdmilla, the eldest daughter of the household, she whom he had first seen minding the children. Emma Pilat, a sister, is a graduate of Leipsic Conservatory, and her fame as a violinist is not confined to any country. Another sister, Anna, is on the editorial staff of the *Outlook*; she does frequent translations for that and other magazines. Ignatz Pilat, an uncle, surveyed and laid out Central Park, New York. Lüdmilla Pilat-Welch was deeply in love with her husband and his art, and together they studied in Boston, that city being their first home after marriage. Welch worked a little time on the *Boston Transcript*, then entered the employ of Prang.

When the cyclorama struck the country, Welch turned to it as an easy way to earn money in goodly sums. The "Battle of Waterloo" was one of his best-known efforts in that line. Tempting offers lured him west again, but Mrs. Welch had plans for work in the east.

She chose to go to the family home in Ossining, and he decided to get some studies of Indian life in New Mexico and Arizona. From thence, under contract for cyclorama work, he went to Australia. During his three years there he traveled the country over with all out-doors for his studio. He returned to San Francisco in time to design and do the decorative work for the California building at the World's Fair in Chicago. He now determined to conquer his roving disposition and settle down to serious work in landscape painting, his choice of all art work. He went to New York for his wife and, with her, returned to California, his favorite field of all the world.

Two years were spent in Mill Valley and the country round about, mostly in tent-life and out-door sketching and painting. The glory of the Marin hills with their golden lights and purple shadows, their deep, sweet, flowerful canyons, their gay madroñas and solemn, patriarchal redwoods, won them completely. The tramp from the valley over the crest, Bolinas way—twelve, fourteen miles, or more, according to trail chosen—was a frequent delight. Nowhere, in all his world-wide wanderings had such artistic possibilities appealed to him, and the first "home of our own" was built in what is known in common speech as Steep canyon, with beautiful Bolinas bay within hilltop vision. Here, ten miles from rail, boat, stage or station; from the echoes of clocks that strike and feet that hurry, these artist lovers built their cabin—built it themselves, from start to finish, as is already mentioned in the narrative.





APPLIED ART IN SAN FRANCISCO
BY C. P. NEILSON

ONE of the most notable features in the European field of art during the past decade has been the revival of interest and activity in the various art industries. In the art schools there students may learn not only to paint pictures and to mold the plastic clay, but also to apply the spirit of art to the making of things essential to the furnishing of a well-ordered house; wall hangings and furniture, carpets and embroideries, lamps and candle-sticks. All things that contribute to the comfort and adornment of home and person are now being designed and constructed by men and women who are artists, with the practical skill of the workman.

The line of demarcation between the fine and the applied arts is rapidly disappearing, for the spirit and purpose of much of the best work produced by the ablest men of the age is purely decorative. In this it is in no sense less beautiful, but in every way more true to basic art principles, which admit that construction may and should be ornamented, but deny that ornament should be purposely constructed. The

artists' work is no longer confined to the production of easel pictures, but we find them producing masterpieces in mural decoration, designing and carrying out their ideas in wood, metal, enamel, glass, porcelains, and in textile fabrics. The work of these artist artisans is receiving the recognition it merits



FIRST PRIZE DESIGN BY A. METHFESSEL

in the art salons of the first cities in Europe.

As in the best periods of the history of all countries, art and industry are again becoming united, and from Europe this Renaissance has spread rapidly westward so that now from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific many large cities have their Guilds of Arts and Crafts, and no city of any size throughout the states is without its artist craftsmen.

artists passes judgment on the works submitted, for the aim of the promoter is to keep a high standard of excellence in the exhibits.

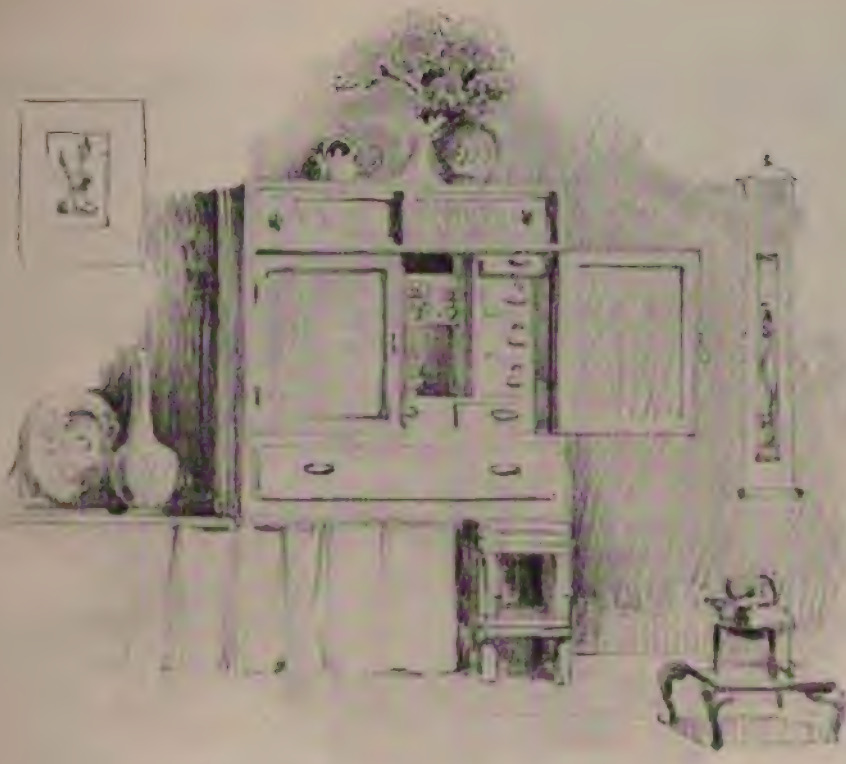
Designs for furniture in California redwood will prove one of the most interesting features among the various specimens of the craftsmen's art. Comparatively few people have any idea of the art value of this beautiful wood. This is particularly true of the timber



LIBRARY TABLE OF CALIFORNIA REDWOOD, DESIGNED BY F. H. MEYER

Through the munificence of a wealthy patron of art, Dr. O. N. Orlow, a movement has been started in San Francisco that promises ample opportunity for the art workers of this coast. A large building has been secured and fitted up on Central avenue for the exhibition and sale of all departments of applied art. Twelve spacious rooms and a central hall are admirably arranged for the display of the crafts and arts. All work is admitted free of charge. A jury of representative

cut from the trees near the base, where the most exquisite graining is usually found. The library table shown in the accompanying illustration is a well-proportioned work carried out in this material. Fine examples of the art of binding books, by Miss Lucinda Butler, Miss Clara Holden and Miss Rice, are also to be seen. Simplicity, strength and beauty, cardinal principles in the craftsman's art, are noticeable in this branch of work. Miss Lillian Tobey has an



IN THE JAPANESE TEA-ROOM



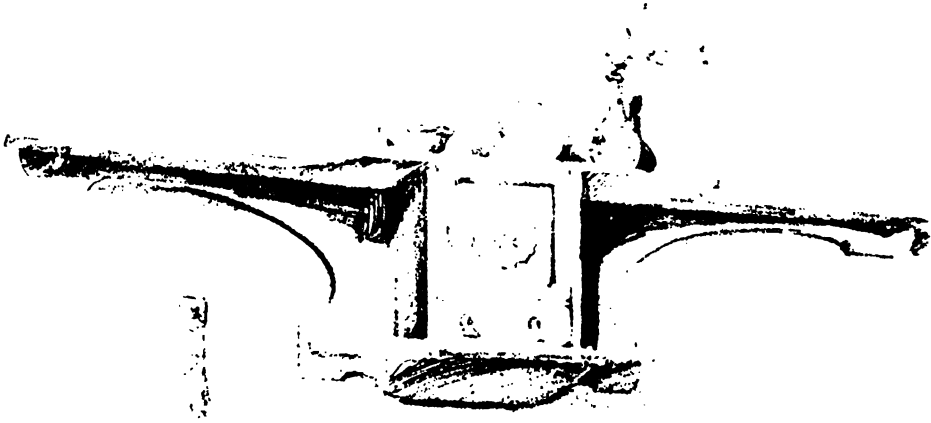
PICTURE GALLERY—MAIN HALL

artistic display of portfolios, card cases, and magazine-holders in rich color harmonies that remind one of the beautiful Venetian work of the sixteenth century, yet in design they are original and fresh.

A few rooms are arranged with specimens of Oriental art. Japan and China contribute carvings and rare porcelains, also many old prints, paintings and brocades. A Japanese tea room and a Turkish room contain some

designers in glass and mosaics, and book-illuminators. The studio at 639 Kearny street is the present headquarters of this guild. Its officers are Miss Holden, president; Douglas Van Denburgh, vice-president; Mrs. M. E. Perley, second vice-president; Mrs. Henry Meyer, treasurer, and Miss Margaret Williams secretary.

The guild confines itself strictly to the applied arts, and is distinctively local



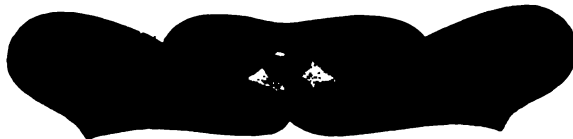
STUDIO CABINET, DESIGNED BY F. H. MEYER

interesting cabinets and rugs. Money prizes to the amount of \$100 a month are offered for special designs in competition, and no effort is being spared to create in California an art center that will be a source of pleasure and profit to lovers of art and to the artists themselves.

In August, 1903, Douglas Van Denburgh organized a guild of arts and crafts, with a membership of 117, composed of wood-workers, sculptors, book-binders, workers in metals, tapestry and lace-workers, photographers, weavers, designers of jewelry, interior decorators,

in its personnel. A jury appointed by the president passes on the work of all applicants, endeavoring to hold to the highest ideals and at the same time to bring before the public the work of the artists and craftsmen who compose the membership of the organization.

The guild already has given a public exhibition which was held in the Maple room of the Palace Hotel from December 1st to December 10th, 1903, inclusive. It is designed to give two exhibitions annually. The next will take place some time during November.

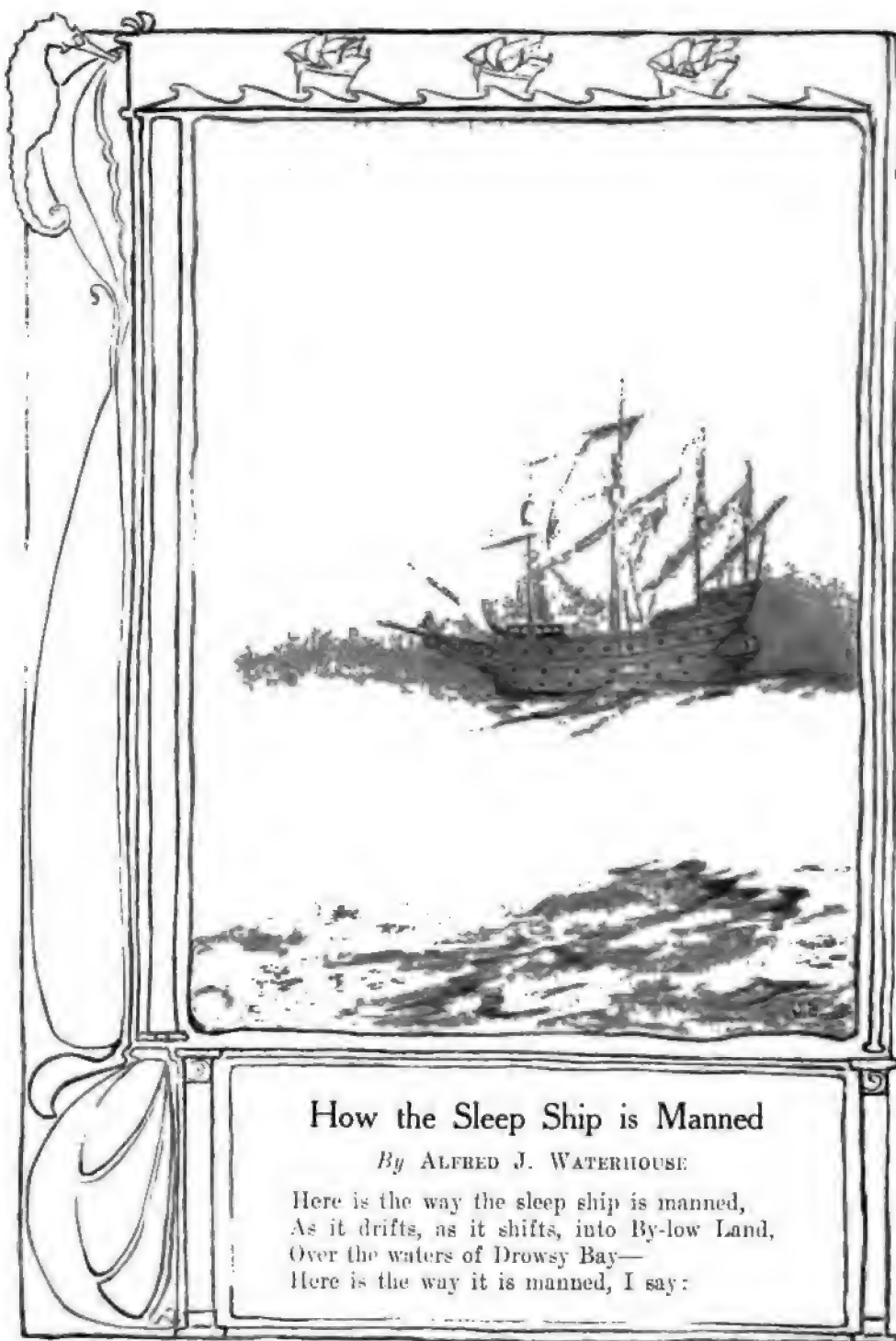




Childe & Harolds

Oh, shun the Ambergat, my child,
When he regards you thus!
For all he looks so meek and mild,
He is both treacherous and wild,
And very dangerous.

Drawing and Verse by Edward Salisbury Field



How the Sleep Ship is Manned

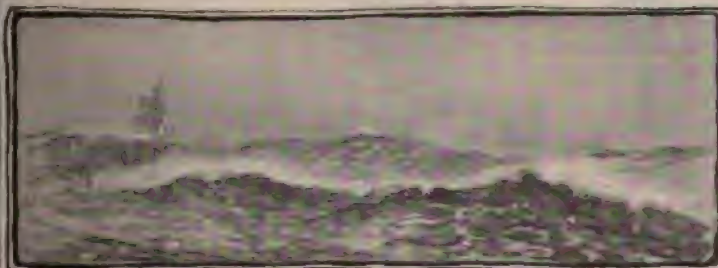
By ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

Here is the way the sleep ship is manned,
As it drifts, as it shifts, into By-low Land,
Over the waters of Drowsy Bay—
Here is the way it is manned, I say:

First in the prow is the Sleepland King—
Hushaby, dearie, my dearie,
For he fanneth your brow with his gossamer wing,
And, oh, but his laughter is cheery;
It is sweet as the music of crystalline bells,
As you float in his boat where the sleep-breaker swells,
And he beareth you safe to the Slumberland dells—
Then hushaby, dearie, my dearie.

There close by his side is the Fairy of Dreams,
And her dress, you may guess, is a fabric of beams,
A fabric of beams that are woven by stars
For the mariners bold over Drowsy Bay bars;
And she bears in her hand the pictures you love—
Hushaby, baby, my baby,
For only yourself and the angels above
Shall ever see all of them, maybe;
But the visions are bright—so the fairy told me—
And they shift as you drift o'er the Slumberland Sea,
And I know it is so, for you laughed in your glee,
As I watched you, my baby, my baby.

And safe in the stern is the Fairy of Rest,
And she, of them all, is the best, is the best,
For she beareth you safe on her breast as you rove
By the Islands of Peace unto Lullaby Cove;
And ever she singeth one low, sweet song:
"Hushaby, dearie, my dearie,
For the day it is gray, and its moments are long,
And wee little bodies will weary,
But ever I soothe you to sleep, to sleep"—
How you float in the boat o'er the silvery deep,
While ever the fairies their vigil do keep,—
Then hushaby, dearie, my dearie.





*Jeff Wynne, ex-scout from Arizona * * * He and Keno had been saddle-mates once, and always since then they had been firm friends*

THE LOVE OF KENO M'KEOWN

By Gifford Hall



A Story Drama of the Border-land

Illustrated from drawings by Ed. Borein

Here is presented to SUNSET readers the second instalment of a story of the nation's southwestern border-land. The author, Gifford Hall, has been soldier, sailor, and scout, and knows well the life he writes about; he is fortunate in having as illustrator Ed. Borein, painter and coupuncher, who, too, knows by experience the strange types on range and desert. In the first chapters appearing in the May number of SUNSET, Keno McKeown, a typical coupuncher, meets his fate in the person of Angela, a Castilian maid who lived with her mother and Juan Padilla, her Mexican stepfather. Padilla wishes Angela to wed Encarnacion Seljas, a fiery young Mexican, but her mother sides with Keno: "She was mine to give, and I have spoken," she says. Seljas curses Keno and Angela, adds significantly, "There is a mañana!" and rides away.

CHAPTER III

TODAY to visit Ciudad de Juarez one catches, anywhere on El Paso street, in the Texas city of El Paso, a little mule-car and rolls along the humming up-to-date thoroughfare out into the sandy waste dotted with tumble-down adobes and peopled by Mexican poor. Then on one goes across the Rio Grande bridge and up the Avenida Lerdo to Calle de Comercio and the plaza.

One did just the very same thing in the days when "Chiquita," Keno McKeown's pretty child-wife, first dawned on the sister cities. But Juarez city was El Paso del Norte then and much less civilized than it is today.

No one exactly like "Chiquita," as Angela was at once familiarly nicknamed, had previously startled the cities out of their usual equanimity of acceptance. "Chiquita" took them by storm; none but heard of her.

That she occupied a place without the vaguely prescribed bounds of respectability is a foregone conclusion. But he who would have dared to say one word against her as a true and loyal wife might just as well have declared himself tired of living.

She and Keno resided in a quaint old adobe out in the Calle del Porvenir, not far from the bull ring and the church. Living according to their lights—those of the frontier gambler and his consort—they were drinking what to

them was life's finest wine. There was no so-called pleasure in which they did not participate.

A weaker man and a less devoted woman might have dropped apart in the seething caldron of passion about which they were whirled. One fool who intervened was food for the sand ere the city had time to raise an eyebrow over his folly; another fled and never returned. Presently El Paso del Norte swore by the love of the McKeowns.

There was no longer anticipatory cry in Angela's heart for fiesta gaieties; she had taken her fill. No dancer was more sought, no fair patroness of the bull fight more favored of the *espadas*, no occasional adventuress at the "table" more eagerly watched and admired. And how Keno McKeown clothed her! "Buy 'em! buy 'em! baby, if you want 'em," he would say, and things no other woman about her dare suggest were hers at a word.

She wore them, too; wore them as no woman of the border-land ever wore things before, till strangers went back to "the states" raving over her beauty—the bright, irresistible beauty of "Chiquita."

But the time came when "Chiquita" laid her finery aside and was seen no longer in the streets and at the dances. The little beckoning hands were hers at last to pat and kiss. The first *muchacha* was come. Its advent only endeared Angela the more to her hard-faced husband. Once inside his dwelling, and McKeown, the gambler and gun-fighter, was of the gentlest. He developed, indeed, qualities hitherto entirely unsuspected in him, excelling as a nurse.

"Here, 'Gela, give me that kid," he would say when the mite was fretful, and straightway the little creature would cease her wailing. As for the long hours he spent during the *muchacha's* teething time, they never counted with Keno at all.

The man's devouring passion for the mother embraced the baby also. Even two years later, when the child, Angela, was old enough to require less attention and the mother again was a belle

in her own Del Norte, Keno was the same devoted father.

It was in the long, lazy mornings, while Angela, the mother, busied herself about her household duties that Keno's joy in his fatherhood was most strongly evidenced. He would lay a great Navajo blanket in the sunlight, toss his squirming little playmate on it, bare limbed and absolutely lovely in her abandon; then give himself entirely to her caprice.

"Roll, you little son of a gun, roll!" he would cry. "It's all your game, babs, all your own game. That's the way to get strong. Nothin' like the sun an' the fresh air. Oh, you little pretty! you sweet little bit o' prettiness. A-tween your mother an' you I kinder think the deal in loveliness came all my way an' nobody else got even a look in."

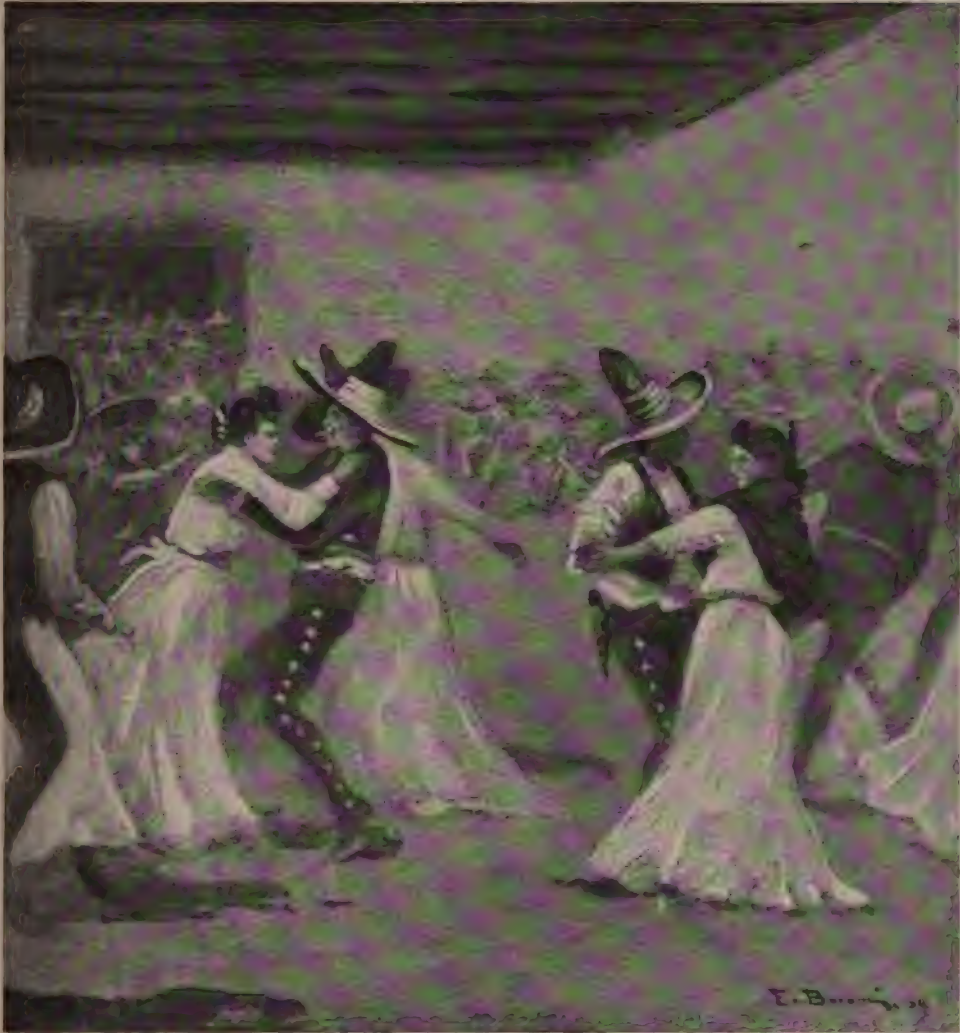
Then Angela, the elder, would laugh. "Ah, Keno," she would say, looking down on them with indescribable tenderness and humor, "you are like one great big savage; you make me 'shame. It is all the time love with you, me or the little baby. But—Keno, in all the world there is no man so good as you."

It was true, wife and child were a master passion with McKeown. The mad longing in the desert had become the madder joy of possession.

"Love 'em, Wynne?" he said to the man he met on the plaza one evening. "Love 'em! Come an' see 'em, an' you'll know for yourself. Come along—just you come along with me."

Wynne went. He was a smallish man, this ex-scout from Arizona, wiry of build, a trifle bowed in the leg and strangely contradictory of nature. Rumor accredited him with a hard record. He and Keno had once been saddle-mates. They had always since then been firm friends.

The men crossed the square, one swinging easily, the other limping, and without warning dropped into Angela's main room. To Wynne, straight in from the last Apache campaign, it was as is an oasis to a sun-spent camelteer, or as is a painting by Raphael to a vision long seared by the fire of bloody tragedy.



Fiesta gaieties

The day had been over hot; it was still close and sultry. Angela, more beautiful in her rich southland coloring than any woman the cosmopolitan scout had previously met, was bathing her little daughter, whose play had been in the dust of the open behind the house.

Keno laughed. Wynne feasted on the scene. It was not marred by any falsity of pretense on the part of the mother. She rose from the wash-tub, set little Angela over by the stove, dried her own hands, and came forward.

"This is Jeff Wynne, 'Gela," said Keno. "You heard me talk o' Jeff pretty often, I guess. He made a gun play onc't down to San Angelo that gave me another chance with the cards. He's sorter sick now, got hurted some a-fightin' old Geronimo. I want that this shall be his home till he gets squared up again."

Angela smiled a rare sweet smile that made Wynne's heart fairly leap.

"Ah, señor," she said, putting out both hands, "my husband has for a long time spoke the word for you. Señor

Jeff, you are as brother here. You are sick; I will nurse you strong. You are strong; you shall still stay here. This is our home—and yours."

Here Keno's laugh and the child's gurgle of delight became dominant. Angela turned on them with eyes that held a world of passionate love.

Unmindful of the presence of any one, the big gambler had seized his pet, tossed her on high and was smothering her with kisses from head to foot.

"What you think o' this, Jeff?" he cried, retreating from his wife and proudly exhibiting his treasure. "Prettiest kid from here to Maine, ain't she? Clothes be blessed, 'Gela! She's got no need of 'em with such prettiness to back her claim to be without. You go get supper ready; I'll fix her. Jeff? Oh, Jeff, he's a man, he is; you got no need to bother about Jeff. Come here, Jeff, an' kiss the baby. I'd let you kiss Chiquita there, too, if you wa'n't so derved good lookin'. I'm feared you might cut me out. She always did like good lookin' men, did Chiquita."

Angela laughed. "I think you go *loco poco tiempo*, you, Keno. All the time it is kiss, kiss, kiss. The Señor Wynne he laugh at you. Put the child her nighty on, and give the señor the tobacco, so he can smoke. You s'pose he want to see naked baby all night?"

But Wynne did not laugh at his friend assiduously mopping—and alternately kissing—the bit of bare-limbed sweetness on his knee. There in the gambler-gun-fighter's home a sudden peace of soul descended upon him.

"Keno," he said, huskily, "it's out of hell into heaven." And Keno, knowing that he referred to the west which held them both representative, acquiesced with a yearning for continuance of the

heaven as sudden born as it was ruthlessly crushed.

"Yep," he replied, lingering long over the putting on of his darling's night-slip and poking playful fingers into her soft pink flesh; "yep, Wynne, yer right about that, an' it's all the heaven I'll ever rope to. Somewhiles I kinder feel I oughter pull freight an' go east or some'rs an' turn hayseed. They's lots o' comfort back there on a little farm I reckon. But there, Wynne, what's the use o' talkin', an' what'ud I do with a farm? I ain't built that a-way nohow. I'm sorter broncho raised, Wynne, same as you. Shy on the collar an' the stiff pull, eh? I'll just hang on here I s'pose till some ol' tinhorn gets me. What's that?—how? Oh, yep, I guess there always was fools, Wynne, an' always will be, an' you'n me, we kinder naterally run with the bunch."

Keno sighed, a rare thing with him, and looked foolishly across at his companion. "We run with the bunch, Keno," replied the scout with a queer smile. Then in answer to the faint rattle of dishes in the other room, the soft humming of a Mexican love ditty and the closing of baby eyes, gun-fighter and scout took up a quaint "bedding down" hymn of the cow ranges as a lullaby.

It was not long ere the little one slept. When she did so, Wynne rose silently, stepped over and kissed her, and Keno laid her in the spotless bed over which a garish Santa Maria kept holy watch.

Presently a door opened, the odor of frijoles and fragrant coffee filled the air. "Come, Wynne," said Keno, "let's go an' eat. Babies an' smokin's very nice, but Angely's frijoles an' coffee is grub for angels."

(To be continued)



A Fig for a Fortune

By C. A. DICKINSON

SMYRNA PARK is situated in Ceres, Stanislaus county, California, and it enjoys the unique distinction of being the first colony in the state to start, on a large scale, as one of its chief industries; the cultivation of the Calimyrna fig.

The successful establishment of the famous fig in this country is due, as is generally known, to the indefatigable energy and expensive experiments of George C. Roeding, of Fresno. The

celebrated Smyrna fig, which, because of its superior qualities when dried, has practically held the markets of the world.

Many attempts were made, and large sums of money were spent, to introduce the Smyrna fig into this country. There seemed to be no good reason why a state so well adapted to the successful culture of other varieties of figs should not furnish the proper conditions for the growth and fruiting of the fig of commerce; still, failure and repeated



THE TOWN OF CERES

history of his labors and those of his co-workers in this direction reads like a romance.

Fig growing in California dates back to the time of the Mission Fathers, who probably planted the first figs at the same time the vine and olive were started. Many varieties have been successfully grown, and the growers have realized handsome profits from the industry, but none of the varieties could compare in flavor and sweetness with the Smyrna fig of commerce. Consequently the figs raised in California never became very popular in eastern markets, and always were sold at an inferior price; and the desire of every horticulturist interested in this work was to introduce and establish a fig which would equal, in all ways, the

disappointment followed those who devoted themselves to its introduction.

It is now known that these failures were due to the fact that the maturing of the fig of commerce is due to its pollenization from the wild, or capri fig, to a tiny wasp called *Blastophaga grossorum*. This insect had never been introduced into this country, and consequently the Smyrna figs, being unpol-lenized, would never mature, but would fall from the tree when about the size of a marble.

In 1886, F. Roeding, who was then proprietor of the Fancher Creek nurseries, in Fresno, sent an agent to Smyrna to investigate the fig business and to secure cuttings of the Smyrna fig for the purpose of experimenting with them.

This was the beginning of one of the most interesting and expensive horticultural experiments which has ever been made in this state, and it was not till many years afterward that the results were such as to warrant the planting of the Smyrna fig on a commercial scale.

George C. Roeding succeeded his father as proprietor of the Fancher Creek nurseries, and took up on a broad scale the solution of the Smyrna fig problem.

He visited Asa Minor and Syria as a commissioner of the United States to investigate the Smyrna fig industry. He says, in one of the opening chapters of his interesting book on Smyrna figs:

Having become thoroughly convinced after successfully producing the Smyrna fig, on a commercial scale, in the year 1900, that we were on the threshold of a new industry which promised to rival raisin and prune-growing in importance, and run the orange a close race for first place, I decided to go to the very heart of the great fig center of the world, in Smyrna, and by personal investigation clear up many of the doubtful points in connection with the industry. After years devoted to experimental work, and the intense interest which is naturally developed in connection with my investigations, this step at the time seemed fully warranted.

After discovering that it was possible to establish the fig wasp in this country, it only remained to develop a Smyrna fig orchard, and to learn the conditions under which it could be made most profitable from a commercial standpoint. Mr. Roeding had about sixty acres of the genuine commercial fig which had reached a large growth, and this orchard he soon succeeded in making fruitful. The wild, or capri fig, which is a male fig and the habitat of the *Blastophaga*, had been planted in considerable numbers among the Smyrna figs. Having once established the insect in the capri fig, it was not long before it pollenized the entire orchard, and a large crop of luscious Smyrna figs was the result. Thus a new fruit industry was assured for California, the commercial importance of which it would be difficult to estimate.

The Smyrna fig of commerce is incomparably superior to all other figs



RESIDENCE OF C. N. WHITMORE

as a profit-producer. It is so entirely distinct from all other varieties that a man cannot judge of its value from any experiences which he may have had with other figs. Its introduction into the state marks the beginning of a fruit industry as important as that of the navel orange, and within a few years certain sections of California will be as famous because of their production of Smyrna figs, as other sections are as orange, or prune, or raisin districts.

The founders of the Smyrna Park colony, being thoroughly convinced of this fact, took time by the forelock and about two years ago formed plans for the establishment of a large fig center in the very heart of the famous Turlock irrigation district, in Stanislaus county. They had studied pretty thoroughly the history of the colonization movements in California, and they found that one of the most serious difficulties besetting the development of many colonies was the problem of income and support during the first few years after the colonists had taken possession of their lands. This was especially true of those who had been attracted to the state by glowing advertisements of the enormous profits in California fruit-culture, and who practically invested their entire capital in young orchards which, under the most favorable conditions, would hardly produce fruit enough to pay the running expenses till the fourth or fifth year. Some of the originators of the Smyrna Park idea had themselves been through some severe experiences of this kind, and

they felt that they could render a real service to eastern homeseekers by presenting to them a plan whereby they could engage in a profitable line of horticulture and at the same time be assured of a living income soon after their settlement in the state.

Three conditions seemed necessary to a colony proposition of this kind, and first among these was a well-watered district. Water is king in California. It is the key to regular and beautiful harvests. The superiority of the irrigated orchard over one that is unirrigated is so great that the addition of water to the land often increases its value fourfold. The Turlock district, in Stanislaus county has, unquestionably, one of the finest irrigation systems in the state. This system has its source at the headwaters of the Tuolumne, which is one of the largest rivers in California. The La Grande dam, which diverts the river into the main irrigating canal, is the highest dam in the world, being a splendid piece of masonry rising 114 feet above its base.

The system is worked under the Wright law, the water being owned and controlled by the land-holders. The annual tax per acre does not exceed one dollar, being determined by the yearly cost of maintaining the system. C. N. Whitmore, of Ceres, is one of the promoters and earnest advocates of this magnificent irrigation system. He was one of the great ranch owners in the San Joaquin valley who foresaw the advantages of irrigation when many of his neighbors were bitterly opposed to it, and could see nothing but disaster in the proposed scheme of watering one hundred and seventy-six thousand acres from the Tuolumne river. Mr. Whitmore owned about ten thousand acres of the finest wheat-land in the county. This vast tract is finely located in the town of Ceres, four miles from the city of Modesto, the county seat, and between two great railroad lines, the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé; and through the foresight and energy of Mr. Whitmore, it was the first large tract in the district to be covered with a network of broad canals, each one of which carries

a stream of water equal in size to many of the rivers in the state. Here, in the choicest section of Mr. Whitmore's estate, Smyrna Park is located. Its level acres are abundantly watered, and its soil, under the magic touch of the Tuolumne, is wonderfully productive.

After looking the state over, and investigating a score or more of land propositions, the promoters of Smyrna Park decided that from the standpoint of reliable, abundant and cheap irrigation there were few, if any, districts which could compare with that in which Ceres was located. They accordingly chose a large tract of Mr. Whitmore's estate near the Ceres station, whereon to start their colony, and in doing so they secured the valuable co-operation of Mr. Whitmore himself, as well as that of the several hundred colonists who had already made their homes on his ample estate, and who, to an exceptional degree, were happily satisfied with their investments in Ceres.

A second factor which was considered by the park originators was an immediate income for those who came to settle there. They unhesitatingly recommended alfalfa. No crop in the watered districts can compare with this forage plant, and it would be hard to find anywhere a section so well adapted to its growth as the Turlock district. A deep, sandy loam, a semi-tropical climate and abundant water insure immense crops, and the returns begin to come in not many months after the seed is sown. A glance at the thousands of acres in the Turlock district, which the waters of the Tuolumne have transformed into one of the richest dairy sections in the country, is enough to prove, even to the tourist on the flying express-train, that the land owners in that region have found a land flowing with milk and honey, for the lush alfalfa fields are the source, not only of the finest dairy products, but of the most delicately flavored honey.

Alfalfa, in Ceres, yields from four to six crops per acre annually, averaging from one and one-half to two tons each. Ten acres of alfalfa will keep from ten to fifteen cows, each of which, if they

are good cows (and a good cow can be kept as cheaply as a poor one), will bring the owner from \$60 to \$70 annually.

There is an excellent creamery in Ceres where the cream is separated from the milk by the most approved method, after which the milk is returned to the farmer to be fed to the cows and hogs. He receives a check from the creamery every month.

By this arrangement the new settler may be sure of a considerable income within a comparatively short time after he has begun to develop his ranch; and, if he own twenty acres, as most of the Smyrna Park people do, he can derive a substantial living income from ten acres of alfalfa, while on the other ten acres he is developing a fruit orchard which, in time, will bring him a large profit.

This suggests the third factor in the Smyrna Park plan, the cultivation of the Calimyrna fig, as the most desirable fruit for profit. The name Calimyrna, derived from the two words California and Smyrna, was given by Mr. Roeding to the Smyrna fig which he has developed in this country. While it is identical with the oriental product, it is in many ways superior to it. Chemical analysis, made by Professor Hilgard, of the university of California, shows that it contains 1.42 more sugar than the best imported Smyrna figs, and it lacks the slight acidity noticed in those ordinarily bought on the market. Professor L. O. Howard, of the Agricultural Department of Washington, says:

It stands in the same relation to other varieties of figs as the Washington navel orange stands to ordinary varieties of oranges, and its superiority as a dried product over all other varieties which develop without caprification, can no longer be questioned. It seems very probable that in the near future importations of figs will practically be stopped, as our whole country will be supplied with home-grown dried figs. But this feature by no means comprises all the possibilities of the industry. America will compete with the Mediterranean countries in the open markets of the world. At present there are by no means enough trees growing in California to bring about this result, but the right variety will be planted by the thousands during the coming year, and in four or five years will produce substantial crops.

In view of this expert testimony, and the great popularity of the Calimyrna fig as packed and put upon the market by Mr. Roeding,—one large importing firm in the southern part of the state having given up the importation of the Smyrna fig, and substituted the new home product in its place,—the colonizers of Smyrna Park took measures to introduce the Calimyrna fig into the colony, and make it the chief fruit industry of the region. To this end the park was laid out in tracts of twenty acres each, with avenues running east and west, and streets running north and south. The avenues are named mostly after the men who have been prominent in the introduction and development of the commercial fig in California, such as Roeding, Eisen, Maslin, Rixford, and Stanford. The streets are named from certain varieties of figs, such as Calimyrna, San Pedro, and Ladaro.

Nearly all purchasers of the park lots have planted, or intend to plant, a portion of their land with figs. A large acreage has already been covered in this way, and the prospect is most promising for a fig community which will be as famous for its figs as Fresno is for its raisins, or Riverside and Redlands for their oranges, or the Santa Clara valley for its prunes. Two things contribute much to the present contentment of the Smyrna Park people. They are already getting some income from alfalfa, which was sown only last year, and they see their neighbors all about them on the Whitmore lands, who settled there two and three years ago, harvesting enormous crops, increasing their dairy herds, and drawing their monthly checks from the creamery. With alfalfa selling at \$10 a ton at this season, and eggs at forty and forty-five cents a dozen at the Ceres store, and a good market for all products at Modesto, the question of an immediate living income, which is usually a serious one with most colonists who plant orchards, troubles the dwellers in Smyrna Park very little.

Another element of their contentment is the assurance that they will be in on the first wave of a great, popular and successful fruit industry. Calculating

from the data of all the great fruit movements in California, such as the development of the navel orange, the raisin, the prune, and the Tokay grape, which made fortunes for those whose faith enabled them to take the first risks and plant the first orchards and vineyards, the happy owner of a genuine Calimyrna fig orchard can hardly fail to foresee a splendid income during the earlier years of the industry in which he is engaged. When everybody goes into the business, as is usually the case after a few have reaped large profits, the price will go down, as it has done in the orange, grape and prune market. But before that time Smyrna Park will have enjoyed the gilt-edged profits of the inevitable fig boom.

So popular has the combination proposition of the park organizers proved that all of the land of the original tract was speedily disposed of at prices ranging from \$50 to \$60 an acre. Over eight hundred letters from interested

homeseekers in the east came in response to a single advertisement of the plan in an eastern paper. Thousands of pages of information concerning the Calimyrna fig have been sent out from Ceres, and, next to Mr. Roeding's office, in Fresno, the Smyrna Park office in Ceres stands as the most effective propagator in the state of the new fig industry. A fine tract of five hundred acres adjoining the original park on the south has recently been added to it and put upon the market; and another tract from the Whitmore ranch has been added on the north. Homes are springing up all around; hundreds of acres of alfalfa and figs will be put in this season; the entire district in and about Ceres and Modesto is showing marvelous signs of prosperity; land values are increasing rapidly, and everything indicates that this fine irrigation district will be one of the most populous and prosperous fruit and dairy centers in California.



ENTRANCE TO THE THIRTY-ACRE CALIMYRNA FIG ORCHARD IN SMYRNA PARK

The Story of the Pleiades

By KATHERINE CHANDLER



Drawing by Frank Todhunter

IN every corner of the earth, from Siberia to New Zealand, the primitive peoples have fabricated a story of the Pleiades; but among them all there is no myth with such psychological and dramatic interest as the following from the Indians of the south California coast:

Many, many rains ago, when the earth was still in its infancy, seven brothers wedded seven sisters, and they all lived in one little village together. Socoy, the oldest brother, married Fosate, the eldest sister; Vichili, the second brother, married the second sister, Alachu; and so on they mated, according to their ages—

Stapocono and Moquem, Chapac and Yacumu, Sauset² and Ajalis, Canuya and Tacchel—until the youngest brother, Tucay, took unto himself the youngest sister, the radiant Lilote.

In the day time the seven brothers climbed the hills together, hunting game, while the seven sisters went together down to the lake basin to dig roots. Every evening, as the sun withdrew to his council with the Creators, the sisters came home. Their shoulders were bent low with their loads of camass roots. Always they found the seven brothers home before them, lying around the fire, with tongues eager to explain the lack

of game. Night after night the six oldest brothers had nothing for their wives. Tucay alone each sundown produced a rabbit for his Lilote. In silence the sisters roasted their roots and shared them with their husbands.

This experience was repeated daily for eight moons. Then the sisters began to grumble among themselves. Fosate, the oldest, said, "This will not do. My bones are rattling in my skin. I want flesh food. We must think of something to do to save ourselves."

The next morning the seven husbands took their bows and arrows and went to meet the sun. Then Fosate said: "Lilote, you must stay here today. Hide yourself behind the willows. When our husbands come home watch what they do. Then you can tell them you stayed at home because you had a pain in your face."

When the sun was smiling broadest Lilote heard the brothers returning. She hid herself behind the willows. Laughing, each man threw down two rabbits and busied himself renewing the fire. As the flames changed the wood into coals they skinned their prey. Tucay chose the larger of his rabbits and laid it to one side.

Thereon, Socoy, his eldest brother, laughed at him. "O, stupid Tucay! To stint yourself, when your Lilote knows nothing of your success. We men need the flesh to give us great strength. It's woman's place to deny herself for us."

The five other brothers argued in the same strain. Tucay answered only, "You do what you like. I wish to save half of my game for my wife."

"And the better half at that," scoffed Socoy, and all the others joined in teasing their youngest brother.

Lilote behind the willows heard and saw all. Her heart quickened as she listened to Tucay's words. Her mouth watered when the rabbit legs sizzled on the hot coals, but she kept as still as the quail in the thicket.

The brothers licked their lips over the last morsels and hid the bones and skins in the gulch below the village. They settled around the fire again to smoke.

In a little while Lilote came noisily out of her own grass hut. She rubbed her eyes and yawned broadly. Her face was bound up in cascara leaves. As she saw the brothers she stopped in apparent surprise. "Are you home so soon? Or have I slept all day? I had a pain in my face this morning and did not go out. How much game did you get?"

She seemed sleepy and unsuspecting. The brothers asked a few questions, and then believed that she knew nothing of their feast.

When the sisters returned that night there was the same old story of no game. Then in silence they roasted their roots and shared them with their husbands. As Lilote watched the husbands eat, she thought, "These must be gopher snakes. No man could eat a meal so soon after his gorging."

When the brothers settled to smoke again the sisters crept behind the willows. There Lilote whispered the story of their husbands' treachery.

"Let us steal down to the lake," said Fosate, "and there think what to do."

Down along the stream's bank they stole without a word. When they reached the lake's shore they huddled together in the darkness. Fosate declared, "We must do something to get away from these greedy men. What shall we do?"

"Let us change ourselves into water," suggested Alachu, the second sister.

"O, no; they'll drink us," the others answered.

"Let us turn ourselves into stone," said Moquem, the third sister.

"O, no; they'll step on us," came the response.

"Let us change ourselves into trees," recommended Yacumu, the fourth sister.

"O, no; they'll burn us," was the chorus.

"Let us turn ourselves into quails," advised Ajalis, the fifth sister.

"O, no; they'll shoot us," the others replied.

"Let us turn ourselves into stars," said Tacchel, the sixth sister.

"O, no; they'll look at us," rang out five voices. Only Lilote said, "But we will be out of reach."

"And we can watch them hunt for us," added Tacchel. This decided the sisters. Stars they would be.

They said to the tules on the lake's brink, "O, tules, give us your aid. We wish a boat lighter and swifter than any canoe. We want to sail into the very heavens, away from these greedy husbands." They fashioned their tules into a boat. They carried it to a high point of rock. Then they stepped into it and rowed off into space. When they were far enough away they got out and sat in a group together in the heavens. Then they let the tule boat glide back to earth.

From their seat they watched their husbands. The six older brothers looked around a little while and then settled back to smoke by the fire. But Tucay, the youngest, wandered around bewailing. "My wife. My fair Lilote. Come again and warm my heart. No more shall I follow the advice of my brothers. You shall receive all that I slay. Come, Lilote, come, or I perish in this loneliness."

Lilote watched his misery a day and a night. Then she declared, "I shall throw myself back to earth. I cannot leave him so."

"And would you not grieve for us?" inquired Fosate.

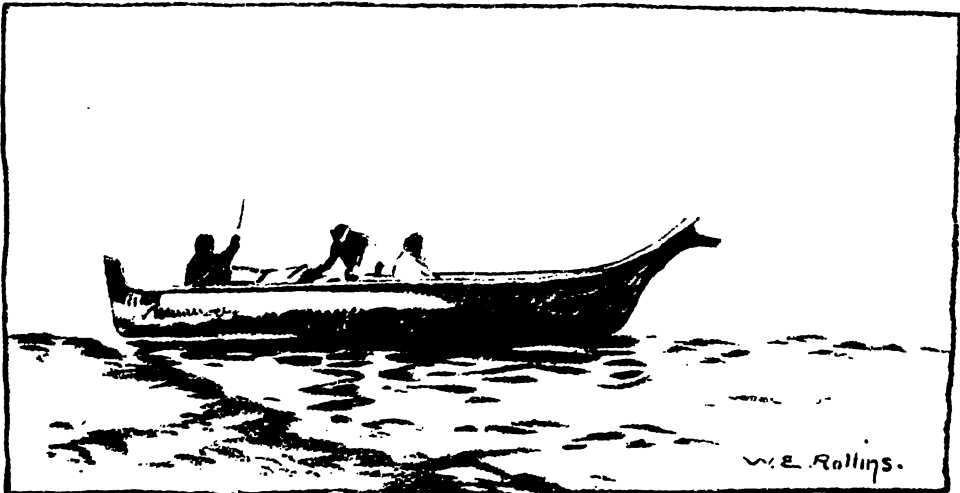
"We will never go back," cried the other sisters. "O, little one, don't you desert us."

Lilote endured her husband's sorrow for another day and night. Then she said, "I must go back, sisters, although I shall ever grieve over your absence."

"No, little one," answered Fosate. "You will stay here and we will bring your beloved to you. He has proved that he is worthy of our companionship."

All the sisters agreed to this, and they told Tucay how to use the tule boat. He came speeding up to them, and they changed him into the constellation Taurus.

You can still see them sitting in the high heavens, the Pleiades and Taurus, always in happy companionship and ever watching over the loyal lovers of this world.



W. E. Rollins.



[Upon the government reservation at Monterey, California, stands a granite monument, erected by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford to the memory of Padre Junipero Serra, leader of the Spanish missionaries of Alta California.]

Padre Junipero Serra

(1713-1784)

By CLARENCE URMY

Brave Heart! How far thou camest over sea
And land, undaunted by despair or dole;
Through what great grieving thou didst reach the goal
Mirage-like set beneath a cypress-tree
At Monterey! So, here upon this knoll
Is set the Cross, a holy, silent plea
That all who read may ask on bended knee
The sweetest comfort for thy sainted soul.
A hallowed haunt this spot shall ever be,
As high on Fame's wide scroll all hearts agree
To write thy name—well-earned thine aureole,
And long as wind and wave together roll,
As rang thy bells their Benedicite,
The bells of memory shall ring for thee!

Fair Monterey

Duet for low Voices.

Monterey, the capital of California in Spanish days, is today the center of an art colony and one of the most attractive winter and summer resorts on the Pacific coast.

Words by MAUD WYMAN.

Music by SHAFER-HOWARD.

Andante.

mf

TENOR

Soft winds are sigh - ing thro' the sil - ent air, Hush'd the sounds of day . . . As near approaching

BARITONE

ritard. *faster.*

star - ry - ey'd and fair, Night wends her way, night wends her way Ah! lit - tle moon - beams id - ly

ritard *faster.*

p *clerly and sustained.* *mf*

play - ing Light well the path where she is stray - ing. No fair - er land than girls this

clerly and sustained.

p *mf*

Copyright, 1902, by Shafer Howard

mf

bay. Oh! Mon - te - rey, Fair - Mon - te - rey, Through-out the trees the winds are sigh - ing. The

slowly. mf

ritard. f a tempo.

moon-light shines up-on the bay. The night is slow - ly dy - ing, Oh! Mon - te - rey, fair Mon - te - rey. Nor

ritard. f a tempo.

Ad lib. f ritard.

time may change or dis-tance sev - er. Thou'rt shrin'd with - in our hearts al - way. Fair Mon - te - rey, fair

f ritard.

Mon - te - rey.

mf

Fair Monterey

The Woman That Talked

By IRENE FRANCIS TAYLOR

I SUPPOSE it is not to be wondered at that I was frightened, being a woman, and not a new one, either; but, then, Kate was not, and she poses only as a summer girl. Well, I was frightened, I make no bones of it, and Kate may wear the laurel crown for undisputed bravery.

Kate would have to talk if all the powers in the world tried to stop her. But only her ability to talk under any and all circumstances saved us that night, I firmly believe. That man might have murdered us—you know burglars are so desperate sometimes—if Kate hadn't kept talking to him, or at him, until he had to retreat in self-defense. Kate says he was a coward, though.

We had arrived at the Springs only in time for dinner that evening, and afterward went out on the porch. There was a full moon and every one stayed up till all hours enjoying the night, an unusually fine one even in California. The walks were beautiful with their patches of light and shade, and not a leaf stirred. The voices of groups on the hillside, half a mile below the hotel, came up to us quite plainly, and the great redwoods on the opposite side of the ravine stood out clearly in the bright light.

We went to our room in high spirits. Kate had been enjoying a lively tilt with Mr. Ralston and Mr. Davies and Jack Lawson, and I don't know how many others, and they were all worsted, of course. We were not long in our preparations for bed, but, once there, were not ready for sleep. The moonlight would not be shut out, and we lay there, wakeful. Kate entertained me with an account of her wordy contest with the men, which had lasted all of the evening. I don't wonder they are all at her feet, she is so bright!

It must have been about two o'clock. We had been quiet for a few minutes when we heard the creak which is made only by an opening door. I started, and we both listened intently. Presently we saw the door between our room and the next, which we had supposed to be securely fastened, swing slowly open. The shades of that room had not been drawn and the moonlight streamed in through the windows. Against this background of light the figure of a man was outlined in the doorway. He paused for a moment, then came in almost noiselessly, closing the door softly behind him, and began feeling along the wall toward the closet.

Our room was a small one, the only one we could get that night, and its closet was a wardrobe which would have been taxed to accommodate a golf suit. So we had taken our swellest frocks out of the trunk and had hung them along the walls on hooks which had been provided for just such emergencies, I suppose. We had brought little jewelry with us, but that and what money we had we thought better to leave in the trunk, intending to keep that locked. I remembered with a sickening sense of loss that neither of us had locked the trunk before retiring.

I felt myself grow clammy, and began to shiver with fright. I thought my heart would never beat again, it stood still so long, and just as it began to flutter it stopped once more, as I heard Kate say in her blandest tones:

"We've taken everything out of our trunk, Mr. Burglar, and you'll find our valuables in the top drawer of the bureau under some gloves in the left-hand corner, back."

I think I must have been unconscious from fright for a few moments after that; anyway, the next thing I remember

was Kate's saying: "It would really save you time if you would light the lamp. If you'll hand me a match I'll do it for you."

"Stop, Kate!" I whispered, shaking her as hard as I could. I was shaking so hard myself I wonder the bed did not rattle. "You'll make him angry, and no telling what he'll do to us."

"You might as well not waste any time investigating those skirts," Kate assured the man. "You won't find anything there, and I'm going to scream pretty soon."

We could hear our skirts rustling on the walls—I suppose they were being searched for possible pockets. When I was steady enough to do so, I shook Kate again and implored her, in whispers the man must have heard, to keep still. In the dim light we saw him cross over to the bureau, and something—it proved afterward to have been the candlestick—fell to the floor.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Kate, "there go my rings and that five-dollar gold piece I laid there. If you're a gentleman you'll leave the rings. My fiancé would feel so badly if I lost his diamond."

I wondered, in all my fright, how Kate's eyes looked when she told such shocking untruths. The only diamond she has father gave her when she was eighteen, and I don't believe she will ever have a fiancé; she is so scornful to every man she meets.

"Kate," I quavered in her ear, "for pity's sake keep still!"

"Haven't you found them yet? You are slower than most men, and they're all slow enough," Kate continued calmly. The man pulled the top drawer open.

"That's right," he was encouraged. "Please try not to disturb the contents of the drawer any more than you can help—left-hand corner, back. Look out for pins in the veil you'll find—"

"Damn!" exclaimed the man.

"Oh, you've found them, have you? I didn't warn you in time. But please don't be profane. It doesn't do any good, and ladies don't like to hear a man swear," Kate expostulated, and I grew clammy and waited for him to come

and smother us under the sheets. Silence for a few minutes, and then Kate again:

"Haven't you rummaged there long enough?" Of course the man did not reply, and she returned to the attack. "I'm accustomed to deference. Please answer me!" Still he rummaged. "You'll never forget my scream if you wait to hear it. Do make haste! It's hard to make conversation with some one I don't know, and can't see. Are you wearing a mask? What did you come to this room for, anyway? Did you think we were the daughters of a millionaire?" she questioned, talking on like a babbling brook. "We are not, you know, and you won't get anything worth the taking if you stay till morning. I believe I'll scream *now!*"

I covered her mouth with my hand, but she pushed it away, and I suppose would have screamed had not the burglar spoken at last.

"Blamed if you ain't got sand!" he exclaimed, and vanished through the door by which he had entered.

Kate was on the floor in a flash, and had the trunk against that door in a hurry. The next moment she had her head out of the door into the hall and was screaming at the top of her voice. "Help! Police! Burglars!" until every guest on that floor was aroused. Several gentlemen ran to our door, and she told them through the crack about our visitor.

After sounding the alarm she locked the door, lighted the lamp and began taking an inventory of stock. I was too weak to move, but she seemed as vigorous as ever. "Here are my rings and the gold piece," she cried joyfully, "just where I laid them when I came in, but you should see the state of the drawer!"

"Oh Kate, suppose he had killed us!" and I began to cry. "How could you talk so, and you actually *lied* to that man."

"Lied is a rough phrase; say he fell from truth!" she quoted as lightly as if nothing dreadful had happened. "Don't you always try to mislead a burglar? He didn't get a thing!"

"I'm going home to Harry tomorrow," I wailed.

"That's right, dear. Run home to hubby and leave your only sister here unchaperoned. I'm not going. This man's gone, but there are others I'd like to know better, and I'm not going to be driven away by a burglar."

"But were you not frightened at all, Kate?" I managed to ask between sobs.

"Well, my heart did beat ragtime for a minute," she replied, "but I don't see what you are crying about now." And that girl actually slept all the rest of the night, while I nearly went mad with a headache.

We learned next morning that Kate's screams had been heard by a party of hunters who had been lost in the woods

and were only then getting back to the hotel. The burglar ran down the path, to find half a dozen guns pointed at him, and was tied and locked up for the night. Ours was not the only room he had entered, for a large sum of money and some rings and things were found on him, and were returned to the guests.

The sheriff was telephoned to and a deputy came to get the burglar. Two or three of the men climbed into the wagon and rode part way down the valley to see him well started. Perhaps they were joking, but they told us when they came back that just as the wagon rounded a bend in the road which hid the hotel from sight the burglar exclaimed softly:

"Gee! but I wisht I could 'a seen the woman that talked."



San Francisco

By PHILIP B. ANSPACHER

How many times have I traversed the bay
 That laps the lovely city of my birth,
 Its waves, its sea-gulls and its rocky girth,
 The background of a childhood's holiday.
 The winged years have swiftly fled their way,
 And I have traveled over all the earth
 Esteeming each great city at its worth,
 The corridors of Venice, the villas of Pompeii;
 But thou O goddess, shine the loveliest
 Of all the city-queens beside the sea,
 Thy figure looms aloft in sunlight dressed,
 Thy face gleams o'er the waves resplendently;
 Thy prophet lips speak wisdom to the West,
 And sing to Asian shores of Liberty!



JOHN H. WISE
A Library Trustee since
Organization.



A. L. MANN
President, Board of Trustees



GEORGE T. CLARK
Librarian, San Francisco
Public Library

San Francisco's Public Library

By JOY LICHTENSTEIN

In this month of June, 1904, the San Francisco public library closes the first quarter century of its existence, it having been opened June 7, 1879, and an article concerning it is therefore particularly appropriate at this time. The following sketch, written by one long associated with the library, relates how the institution has grown, and perhaps indicates in some degree what may be expected of it in the future.

WITHIN a single generation the American public library has made for itself a place in the life of the people as secure as is that of the public school. It has come to be recognized as a co-ordinate link in the system of public education. This exceedingly rapid rise was one of the marvels of our marvelous nineteenth century. During its last quarter there came into existence more than again as many public libraries as had been established in the country up to that time, while the number of books increased fourfold. Over 5,000 public and semi-public libraries, which contain 1,000 or more books each, have been listed, with a total number of volumes exceeding forty millions and a year's home circulation of forty-eight millions. An equally great advance has been made in the methods of distributing these volumes. Books have become literally as free as air. In some localities good books are now freer than good air. What with branch libraries, delivery stations, traveling and home libraries, the meanest hovel now finds free books coming to its very door.

The story of the San Francisco public library's growth to a place with the most active libraries of the large eastern cities is the story of the growth of the public library idea in the United States. Despite the drawback of its position, isolated from the center of inspiration, this library is well abreast of the most enlightened eastern methods. In fact, it is pursuing a policy today to which some of our friends over the mountains have not yet attained. Ranking ninth in size among American cities, San Francisco's public library circulated only 50,000 less books last year than did that of St. Louis, the fourth city in size, and actually more than Baltimore, the sixth.

The American public library dates an era from the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, where met the first national convention of librarians, resulting in the American Library Association. That year, also, the government published a bulky and exhaustive volume, "Public Libraries in the United States." The sparks struck out by these events kindled enthusiasm in many parts of the land, among others in San



THE CITY HALL OF SAN FRANCISCO. IN THE NORTH WING OF WHICH THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY IS LOCATED

TIMMITS, photo



Whigham, photo

GEORGE A. MULLIN
Secretary, San Francisco Public Library

Francisco, where from the earliest days lived many who were not out of touch with the larger life; as witness the establishment of the mercantile library, still in existence, when the city was scarce three years old. Among those who prepared the way were G. H. Rogers, A. S. Hallidie, who took a reconnoitering trip east; Henry George, the first secretary of the Library Board of Trustees; John H. Wise, who has continuously served the library as trustee from its inception to the present time; Judge E. D. Sawyer, C. C. Terrill and others. By 1878 they had secured the passage by the state legislature of a general enabling act permitting cities to levy a tax and in other ways provide for public libraries.

Under this act the city authorities furnished \$24,000 for the organization and first year's expenses of the library. Quarters were secured in Pacific Hall (where the California hotel now stands) and the library was opened June 7, 1879. About 5,000 volumes were on the shelves. During the first year it was not deemed

advisable to issue books for home use from the meager store, but over 200,000 volumes were read inside the library. It was at once apparent that the new institution would not be slighted by the public. By the end of the second year the number of books on the shelves had increased to 30,000, the library had been thrown open for home use, and 10,000 residents had become card holders. The year's work resulted in the circulation of 350,000 books, 137,000 of them for home use. From this time forward the library has expanded steadily notwithstanding an almost continuous handicap of insufficient funds and quarters.

Since its establishment the library has passed under three separate regimes under the librarianship of Frederick B. Perkins (1880-1887), John Vance Cheney (1887-1894), and George T. Clark, the present librarian, who succeeded Mr. Cheney. Each of these has had his appointed task in the upbuilding of the institution. The work of the first two had to be done before that which followed could be taken up. Mr.



From a photograph by William Kesth

DR. EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR
Trustee, Free Public Library of San Francisco. Dean of the Hastings College of Law, a well-known litterateur, author of "Into the Light," "Visions and Other Verse," etc., translator of Heredia's Sonnets.



BRANCH LIBRARY NO. 5, FOURTH AND CLARK STREETS: PRESENTED BY JAMES D. PHELAN Street, photo

Perkins' task was to stock the library with the solid foundation of standard works which forms the backbone of the present collection. It takes something more than money to buy books. They cannot, for instance, be bought in bulk as are bricks. It is particularly difficult to purchase for a public library, where attention must be paid to a proportionate development of diverse lines, and to the peculiar needs of the community. That there are today no gaps of consequence in the collection is due largely to the intelligent buying of the first fifty thousand volumes.

Mr. Cheney's problem was mainly one of adequate cataloging as a step toward putting the public into better possession of the library resources. For librarians then were still gasping in a vain endeavor to maintain printed book catalogs which became out of date before they were off the press. This work, which occupied the energies of most of

Mr. Cheney's regime, was ably superintended by Assistant Librarian Rudolph. The catalog of English prose fiction with subject arrangement, then issued, is still a standard work of reference. Finally a complete catalog of the library under one alphabet was achieved by means of the Rudolph indexers.

Twice during Mr. Cheney's incumbency the library outgrew its quarters. After several years' agitation a move was made in 1888 to the City Hall. In 1893 another followed to the east wing of the same building, where the library still remains, presenting the spectacle of a grown-up, panting in the garments of its adolescence. The establishment of the first four branch libraries, which took place during Mr. Cheney's incumbency, was of far-reaching importance, destined to widen greatly the sphere of the library's activity.

With Mr. Clark's advent was inaugurated that policy of bringing the books

closer to the public, which has resulted in the phenomenal expansion of the library during the past eight years. In this time the circulation and the number of card holders have increased three hundred per cent. The books have been brought closer to the public in two ways. They have been, so far as is practicable in the main library, and entirely in the branches, placed on open shelves for the public to examine and select from, without restraint. And by means of branch libraries and delivery stations scattered throughout the city in localities remote from the main library, the books have been placed within easy reach of the homes where they are read.

As regards the letting down of the bars in the main library, this was first done for the young readers when, in 1895, the juvenile department was established, with a special assistant in charge. This segregation of juvenile books gave opportunity to place before the children many books with which they

formerly were not apt to come in contact. When drawing a book by means of catalog and order slip, without the privilege of examining it beforehand, the child is usually conservative, taking few chances with such as he is not sure are "all right" or "great." Another influence making for better reading in the juvenile department is the elimination of many of the invertebrates of juvenile fiction which delighted the youth of the last generation. As regards the character of children's reading, the present time is transitional, from that when most children were negligently permitted to turn their brains to water through the excessive perusal of drivel, to one in which the school, home and library will all work hand in hand on the proposition that a book may be literature and still be interesting, although not every so-called interesting book is literature; further, that that only is worth while which has literary merit. The library is readily seconding



INTERIOR OF THE PHELAN BRANCH LIBRARY

Street, photo



F. G. Spencer, photo

BRANCH LIBRARY NO. 6, 2027 SACRAMENTO STREET, IN THE HEART OF THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT

every effort to this end, as well as initiating some itself.

The older readers are no less anxious than the youngsters to overstep the barriers of the catalog and order slip. Most people who take books home come under the term "general reader," as opposed to him who is reading for a special purpose. The general reader usually wants merely "a book to read." Him the catalog impedes and does not inspire. To meet his wants there was established the "select library" of about 12,000 books on open shelves. Here the general reader may browse to his heart's content, and, finally selecting his book, have it charged at the desk. Open shelves, moreover, have an educational value in that, while selecting one book,

the reader gets a first hand acquaintance (which may later become intimacy) with many. This select library represents the cream of the library's circulating books. New books are periodically added and unused ones weeded out, to prevent the selection from becoming stagnant. That the people appreciate open shelves is shown by the fact that the select library, representing about one tenth of the total volumes in the main library furnishes more than one half of the total circulation. In this and other ways that cannot here be gone into, the bars have been let down as far as is practicable, and we may look for a still further lowering in the future.

When it was realized that some of the people would not or could not come to

the main library, the library went to the people, throwing out branches and delivery stations here and there where most needed among the outside districts of the city. The six branch libraries already in operation form an irregular circle around the main library, each situated outside the other's zone of use. Each branch has a permanent collection (varying in size from 2,500 to 8,000 volumes) of standard books and periodicals, circulating and reference, with such current books as seem to possess durable qualities. The entire collection is on open shelves. The branch patron is, however, not restricted to the books that he finds there. While retaining the use of his card, he may order from the main library any book that circulates. There is a daily delivery for this purpose. Besides the advantage of providing books close to the home from which the main library is not readily accessible, the branch library offers the further advantage of a neighborly atmosphere, not possible at the large and bustling main. There is acquaintance between the librarian and her patrons which renders the service more personal. Besides, the near-by branch with its illustrated papers, proves a strong attraction for taking children off the street.

The delivery stations are designed to supply the wants of those little, isolated communities in the outlying districts of the city which are not populous enough to support a branch. There are already six of these, and there is hardly a limit but lack of funds to their future multiplication. A delivery station is composed of a few hundred live books (changed from time to time), placed in a store and circulated by the storekeeper for a small monthly consideration. There is an exchange thrice weekly between the delivery stations and the main library on the same lines as for the branches. Before their establishment probably not a tenth of their patrons were able to use the library's books. Thus is tapped a practically virgin field.

It must not be inferred that in his zeal to get the books themselves before the public, Mr. Clark has lost sight of

the value of good catalogs. Under his direction the work has reached a higher point of utility than ever before. The monthly bulletin, with its timely reading lists on selected topics, is in demand from all parts of the country. In Mr. Clark are most happily balanced the conservative and the progressive qualities. He is willing, but not too eager, to take up a new thing. He is a first-rate executive and a hard worker who sets a good pace that he expects his subordinates to follow.

Not so very long ago the librarian was regarded as the watch-dog of his collection, which he had been called to guard against the inroads of a careless, not to say dishonest, public. Today he is thought of as the custodian of the people's books, to the use of which he is bound to help them in every way possible; and not alone to help them to what they want, but to what they need. In this latter phase of his work lie boundless possibilities. Our library is being operated consistently toward this ideal.

A few words as to the library's administration. This is in the hands of a

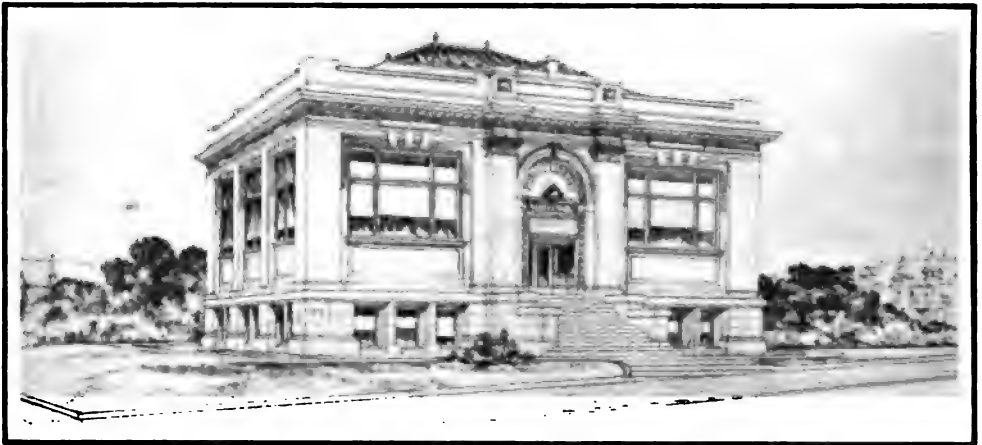


JAMES D. PHELAN

Donor of Branch Library, No. 5; Mayor of San Francisco, 1896-1902; President of the Bohemian Club.

board of trustees, twelve in number. The board, originally appointed by the governor, is self-perpetuating, its members holding office for life. Here is an instance that shows how the spirit of the law may exceed the letter thereof. Perpetual commissions have proved so unsatisfactory that the framers of the present city charter abolished all that were in existence save the library board. That has the reputation of always

earned for itself the respect of the people of San Francisco. Then there is more civic pride in the city than there used to be, and it is increasing. Mayor Phelan's administration, led by the mayor himself, took a more pronounced interest in the library than the city government had previously manifested. From his private purse Mr. Phelan has housed one of the branches in a handsome and adequate building of brick and stone.



From drawing by Wm. Curlett, Architect

BRANCH LIBRARY NO. 2, SIXTEENTH STREET, NEAR MARKET; PRESENTED TO SAN FRANCISCO
BY ANDREW D. M'CREERY

having so scrupulously guarded the best interests of its trust and it was deemed desirable not to tamper with it. The gentlemen who compose the board are representatives of the highest types of citizenship, leaders in their several callings. In no department of the city government—indeed in no private business—is a dollar made to do more work than in the library. Much of this is the result of Secretary Mullin's efficient management.

The library's fortunes never looked so bright as at present. By enlightened management and good service it has

And now comes Mr. Andrew McCreery with \$42,500 for another branch building, which sum will completely furnish a large and beautiful structure, destined to be the pride of its neighborhood.

Now, too, it would seem that the long deferred hope for a suitable building for the main library is about to be consummated. At the recent bond election it was voted to incur a debt of \$1,647,000 for the purchase of a site and the erection of a useful and beautiful library building in keeping with the spirit of the "New San Francisco."





The Flower Festival Among the Prune Trees of California's Santa Clara Valley

THE three-day blossom festival held during April in California's famed Santa Clara valley, was so exquisite in conception and so splendid in execution that it must become another of the significant annual events of this flower-worshipping state. Here's the story of it:

Five years ago the Rev. Dr. S. E. Williams, of Saratoga, first suggested this festival. He gave the word to his neighbors, ready through the cumulative influence of a succession of valley spring-tides to put into form the feeling born of their orchards; and the orchardists, whose prune trees, except for ten days of bloom, meant to them simply so many pounds of fruit apiece, for five years have celebrated the advent of the blossoms.

Below the gracious, wooded curves of the foothills among which lies the town, the valley, reclaimed from the sea, again becomes a sea, foam-white for

the fortnight of blossom time. Extending over 125 square miles, the prune orchards, which after the winter rains enshroud themselves all in a day with a white cloud of bloom, make a scene of wonder.

Saratoga's first blossom festival was a success. The following year it was repeated, and the neighbors drove to the foothill town from miles around and brought their friends. An informal program of speaking and music was held among the blossoms, and the guests carried away with them memories of a day of pastoral sweetness.

So the blossom festival became an institution of Saratoga. Put into the hands of a committee of the town improvement association, it assumed larger proportions. Arrangements had to be made for the reception of crowds numbering thousands. Visitors came from San Jose and Santa Clara and Los Gatos, and other valley towns; they



*—the white-clouded prune trees extending across the valley in a surface unbroken to the
of the Santa Cruz range even to the primitive*

came from the bay cities and from the interior. And there were among them many who could tell in the east of the big, white sea of the prune trees in bloom, covering the floor of the valley to the mountains beyond.

Much of the entertainment offered to visitors was this view of the white-clouded prune trees extending across the valley in a surface unbroken to the eye, or following the curves of the hills in rectangular patches of bloom, and climbing the bold slopes of the Santa Cruz range even to the primitive growth which darkens the upper ridges. No need of formal entertainment when walks and drives through the blossoming orchards bring to the senses the full sweetness of the fruit-bloom. For the collective charm of these flowers of promise fills the spirit to the exclusion of all alien

thought. This year the city of San Jose in the heart of the valley, instituted its first blossom festival.

The Woman's Club arranged for the festival, and it became a fact. The sentiment of the fruit bloom, as at Saratoga, was the ruling conception of the blossom tournament in San Jose. On the second day there was a general visiting of the prune orchards, through which run miles of excellent roads. On the third day San Jose presented to her thousands of guests the climax of the event begun in Saratoga. And here, too, in spite of the pomp of the display, which consisted chiefly in a great parade of society and various organizations in flower-bedecked vehicles, the blossoms of the fruit trees to which the county owes its claim to prosperity were still predominant. The exhibition was of a magnificence



Following the curves of the hills in rectangular patches of bloom, and climbing the bold slopes with which darkens the upper ridges Haley,
photo

worthy of the civic dignity of the city. Troops of flower-garlanded horsemen splendidly mounted; automobiles and stylish carriages and traps, wreathed and banked with all the flowers of the season, cultivated and wild, wistaria, lilac, geranium, callas, carnations, roses, glowing California poppies, and even the wild mustard, fragrant and dainty; a brigade of bicycles which were revolving circles of color; cleverly designed floats which were exponents of all the floral wealth of the valley, the pageant moving to its goal to music, through streets lined with an eye-hungry multitude, made a display typical in its generous brilliance of a California holiday.

But here and there through the glow of the poppies and the colder beauty of lilac and wistaria, one saw the chaste white of the prune bloom, and caught

its fragrance, clearer and lighter than that of the garden flowers. And in the park, where cavaliers on rose-garlanded steeds splintered rose-wreathed lances in tilt, and dashing riders played the old Spanish game of spearing flower-wreaths from aloft at the full speed of their horses, the thousands in the grand stand, watching these equestrian events with all the interest of true Californians, found their eyes wandering again and again to the orchard blossoms. For looking out over the valley from this elevation, they saw the level surface of the mist-white prune orchards stretching to the base of the mountains which shut in the valley dwellers.

Santa Clara valley's blossom blow-out is now as much a fixed feast of California as the Los Angeles fiesta, or the New Year rose tournament of Pasadena.



TWO OF THE PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE BLOSSOM TOURNAMENT OF SAN JOSE

Tilbitts, photo

A world of blossoms; a world ashine
With a myriad snowy graces;
And the breath of their fragrance inspires like wine,
And a promise is on their faces,
The promise of all that the autumns yield
When the summers are dying, dying,
When the fruit turns red in the furrowed field
And the winds of the north are sighing.



Haley, photo

A world of blossoms; a world of bloom;
A world of a grace untarnished,
As here in creation were set a room
That a god in his love had garnished.
But fairer than all—Now grant your grace
If the notion be error-laden—
Is the roseate bloom on the winsome face
Of a California maiden.



Far Western Sport

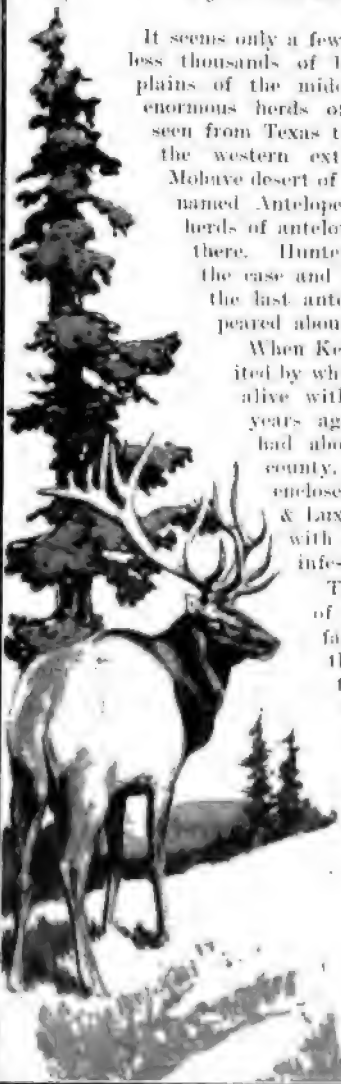
By W. H. HOLABIRD

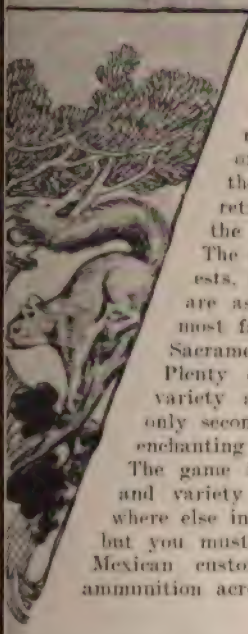
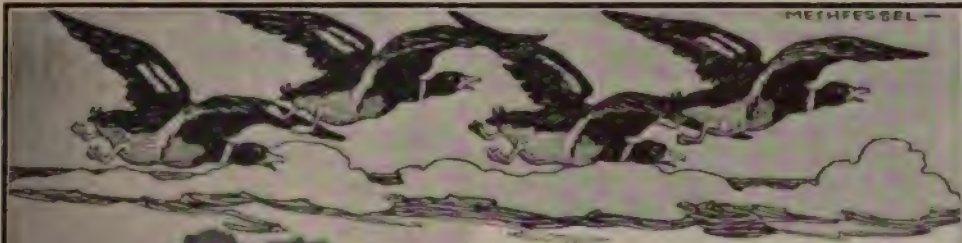
It seems only a few years since countless thousands of buffalo covered the plains of the middle west, while the enormous herds of antelope could be seen from Texas to California. In fact the western extremity of the great Mohave desert of California was properly named Antelope valley, because of the herds of antelope that were to be found there. Hunters carried cartridges by the case and hunted for the hides, and the last antelope in that region disappeared about ten years ago.

When Kern River valley was first visited by white men, the tule swamps were alive with elk, and as late as thirty years ago good elk shooting could be had about Buena Vista lake in Kern county. A small herd still survives enclosed by the fence forming a Miller & Lux pasture. The foothills were alive with deer, and the higher mountains infested with bear.

The sloughs and creeks were the resort of myriads of water fowl, and wheat farmers had to keep armed guards in their wheat fields to prevent the destruction of the young growth by wild geese. Quail were so numerous as to be annoying to the vineyardist, while curlew and sandhill cranes by thousands annually visited the interior valleys in migratorial flights.

With this résumé of the game and birds of a few years ago, let me tell you where good shooting can be had today. Mendocino, Shasta and Trinity counties in California afford most excellent trout fishing and deer shooting; the coast counties splendid quail shooting. The best quail shooting the writer ever had



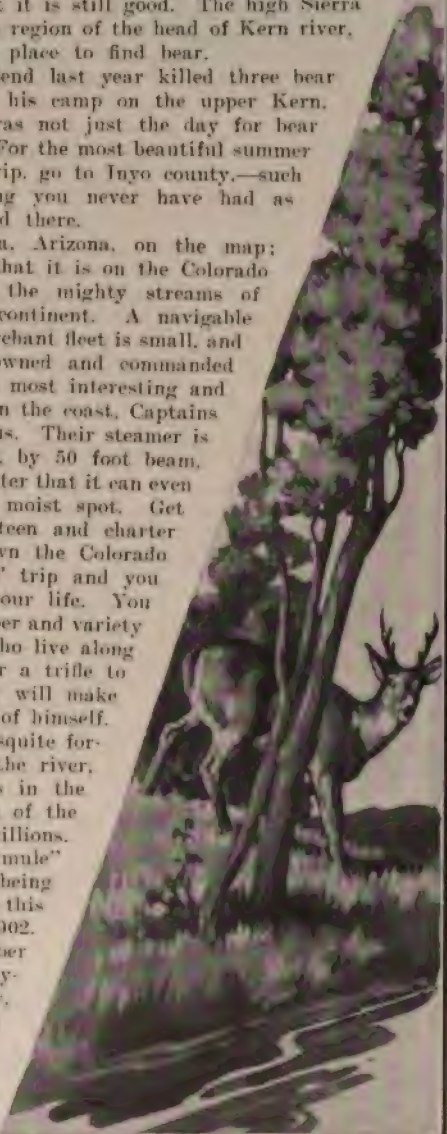


in California was in the foothills of the Coast Range, west of Baker-field,—no doubt it is still good. The high Sierra in the region of the head of Kern river, is the place to find bear.

A friend last year killed three bear close to his camp on the upper Kern, and it was not just the day for bear neither. For the most beautiful summer camping trip, go to Inyo county,—such trout fishing you never have had as can be found there.

Find Yuma, Arizona, on the map; you will see that it is on the Colorado river, one of the mighty streams of the American continent. A navigable stream,—the merchant fleet is small, and the flagship is owned and commanded by a brace of the most interesting and capable mariners on the coast, Captains Mellen and Polhemus. Their steamer is about 150 feet long, by 50 foot beam, and draws so little water that it can even run on a reasonably moist spot. Get a party of ten or fifteen and charter this steamer to go down the Colorado river for a three weeks' trip and you will have the hunt of your life. You never dreamed of the number and variety of water fowl. Indians, who live along the banks, can be hired for a trifle to retrieve the birds, and they will make the average spaniel ashamed of himself. The quail that inhabit the mesquite forests, a little way back from the river, are as numerous as blackbirds in the most favored blackbird districts of the Sacramento. They are there by millions. Plenty of deer of the large "mule" variety are here—their antlers being only second to the elk. I visited this enchanting region in November, 1902.

The game is there in greater number and variety than probably exist anywhere else in the west. No game law, but you must get a permit from the Mexican customs to take guns and ammunition across the line.





The Course of Empire

Devoted to Facts of Material Progress in the West

Snowballing Among Roses

Although California is the land of flowers to which snowballing, except in the mountains, generally is forbidden, exceptions to the rule may be compelled. Such an exception, during the past winter, or rainy season, was witnessed in San Jose. One of the stage-drivers to and from Mount Hamilton brought from there a barrel carefully packed with snow, and presented it to the pupils of the Grant school in the Garden City. Then the fun began.

Most of the children had not seen snow before except on the distant mountain-summits. They wanted to snowball, but they didn't know how, and they approached the problem tentatively. And—here is the crowning absurdity of the situation—some of their teachers didn't know how to teach them; although they were adults, never before had they come in contact with snow. Some of the little chaps, after cautious investigation, declared that the strange white stuff burned their fingers, it was so hot, and others, who had read or been told about it, feared that their hands would be frozen by the first contact with it.

The experimental stage soon was passed, however, and then the fun was fast and furious. It was such ecstasy as eastern children know, with the zest of novelty added to it. For a brief time school traditions and the proprieties maintained between teachers and pupils were thrown to the winds, and there was none so high or so low that a snowball might not batter him when least expected. The white missiles whizzed through bushes laden with roses or clipped the stately calla lilies from their stems as a knife might have done. It was a touch of winter introduced into a garden of bloom and beauty, and, ah, but the boys, big and little, enjoyed it.

For all of which some sort of reverence might be done to the Mount Hamilton stage-driver—he has not forgotten that he once was a boy.

Largest Irrigation System Completed

On the 22d and 23d of April, about all the people of Stanislaus county and vicinity celebrated the completion of the Modesto and Turlock irrigation systems. They were enthusiastic in jubilation, and they had much right to be, for the completion of this, the largest irrigation system in America, means millions of dollars on the right side of the ledger for the people of the affected district. The outlay on this enterprise has been great—no less than \$2,500,000,—but the ultimate returns will be vastly greater, and the whole state will in some degree be a beneficiary of the public spirit displayed by the people of Stanislaus.

Unique Exhibits by Women

Exhibits demonstrating the fact that women are entering fresh fields of endeavor are now in evidence at the St. Louis Exposition. Women who run stock farms in Ohio and Colorado show blooded cattle; a feminine mining magnate displays specimens of ore, and a southern cotton planter emphasizes the fact that a woman can manage a plantation. From the middle west comes a successful foundrywoman with her exhibit, while the head of a great wagon factory hails from New York. As raisers of small fruits and in dairying and poultry-keeping, women also compete for recognition.

The Knights Templar Conclave

The twenty-ninth triennial conclave of Knights Templar, which convenes in San Francisco on September fifth and sixth, will be largely attended, and already there are many indications that the event will be notable in the annals of the western metropolis. It is anticipated that many thousands of people will be in San Francisco during the encampment, coming westward from the St. Louis Exposition. Arrangements have been made for enjoyable excursions about the bay while the templars are in the city, and their visit will be made one to be remembered. Striking posters, prepared by the Louis Roesch Company, have been scattered throughout the United States, and, taking it for all in all, the conclave will be memorable in the annals of the Knights Templar.

Launching the Cruiser California

What would Paul Jones—he of the Bon Homme Richard—have said about the magnificent first-class armored cruiser California, could he have seen her as she took to the water on April 28th last? The California would have suited Paul Jones. Armored and fast, the second in point of speed of all the warships in the world, the California is in this year, 1904, the finest model of a vessel that men have made. Without disparaging the Bon Homme Richard, or the Constitution, or the Kearsarge, the California is the type of vessel that is best suited to defend the colors that for the first time in history were run to the fore on Paul Jones' ship at Philadelphia in the old strenuous days.

With something of the dash that characterized the advent of California into the Union half a century or more ago, the great man-of-war that bears her name was launched into the harbor from the Union Iron Works. The time fixed for the event was 10:43 o'clock in the morning. For an hour prior to that time ten thousand people had their eyes on the gigantic hull of the cruiser, which was in readiness to plunge from her cradle into the sea and begin her history. The daughter of the governor was at hand to christen the vessel, and the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" were sounding, when the California began to move. This was five minutes before the schedule time. Slowly at first, but with increasing speed, the namesake of the Golden State went down into the waves, and the cheers of the ten thousand answered the booming of guns and deafening salutes of the mighty fleet that stood off in the channel and welcomed her birth. Thus was the California christened—the finest cruiser of the navy, and when she lay at anchor a moment later, slightly astir on the swell, ten thousand tongues spoke her praise, for she rode well.



THE BIG CRUISER CALIFORNIA JUST AFTER SHE SLID FROM THE WAYS AT THE UNION IRON WORKS, SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 28TH, 1904. TILGNER, photo

The California is long for a ship of war—502 feet. Her breadth is proportionately great being 65 feet, or more than that of the big merchantmen, the Korea and Siberia. But there is no indication of her great width when she is viewed from the bow. Sharp and shapely the lines run aft, and there is no suggestion of bulge or heaviness, even though armor plates encase her sides. The California's engines will drive her at a speed of twenty-three knots. A year will elapse, however, before the vessel can be given her trial trip.

It is interesting to note how large a part of the new United States Navy has been built on the Pacific coast. Twenty-one war vessels of all classes have been laid down in San Francisco and five in other coast cities.

Pure Food and Health

Doubtless the influence of the Pure Food Exposition, which recently closed in San Francisco, could not be estimated, and were the attempt made it probably would result in under-estimation, for the good accomplished by such an enterprise is in its very nature invisible and intangible. In a general way, men recognize that their health, the welfare that hinges upon health and life itself, are dependent upon the food they eat, but, when it comes to specific appreciation of the fact, they—well, they eat what happens to come their way. To teach them to know and eat better food, and to see that it comes their way; this was the mission of the exposition, and there can be no doubt that it accomplished much in this line. It was among the insufficiently recognized factors that make for the good of the people.

Plant Experiment Station at Chico

The United States Department of Agriculture has selected at Chico, California, a site for a plant introduction garden and experiment station that will be the principal institution of its kind in this country and will probably become the greatest in the world. It will be devoted to experimental culture of plants introduced from all parts of the world and of those already grown here, to testing new agricultural and horticultural crops and the improvement of those already grown. It will be the great experimental farm of the United States, and the work carried on there will be of vast importance to the agricultural and horticultural industries of the country and of the world.

The greatest immediate benefit no doubt will be felt in this state, and particularly in the great Sacramento valley where the institution will be located. The presence of such an institution cannot fail to stimulate agricultural and horticultural effort.

Demonstrations of new possibilities of soil and climate will result in the development of new avenues of profitable employment, with beneficial results not only to the particular industries directly affected, but, through them, to all the interests of the state.

The selection of the Chico site is an important official recognition of the advantages of the northern portion of the state for the successful cultivation of the widest possible range of products, including tender plants from the tropical regions. Chico is situated in the Sacramento valley, seventy-five miles north of Sacramento, the state capital. This was the most northerly site considered by the gentlemen who made the selection. P. H. Dorsett, who will have charge of the institution, spent several months in a close study of the conditions of soil and climate in all the districts of California likely to prove suitable. He was assisted by Professor A. V. Stubenrauch of the University of California. The department decided to locate the plant in this state on account of the climate, which admits of the cultivation of tender plants in the open air, but to these experts was left the task of selecting the best spot in the state.

Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows

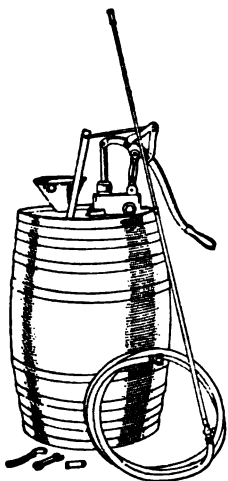
The Independent Order of Odd Fellows will hold its Sovereign Grand Lodge in San Francisco, September 19th to 24th, inclusive. The members of the order will gather at St. Louis for Odd Fellows' Day, on September 9th, and will then journey westward to the Pacific slope. The official train, bearing the Grand Sire, Deputy Grand Sire and other officers and members of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, will be made up at St. Louis, with a section from Chicago which will join it at Kansas City. The official train will leave St. Louis for California in the afternoon and evening of September 10th, and will be composed of from four to six sections. It will contain special cars for committees, and will have other special cars fitted up for reception, observation and entertainment. The Odd Fellows believe in carrying good things with them, so these special cars will contain pianos and everything else that might be needed to make the long journey pleasant. There will be six or eight sleepers attached to each section.

Reduced rates for the round trip have been made by the different railroads, based on one regular fare for the territory east of the Mississippi river, and from one cent down to three fourths of a cent per mile for through travel, with stop-overs, at and west of the trancontinental gateways of Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans; and one regular fare and less, with stop-over privileges in the Rocky mountain section, etc., according to distance from San Francisco; and special rates throughout Pacific slope territory.

The eastern Odd Fellows who take this journey to the far west to attend the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge and partake of the hospitality of California will be afforded many fine side trips en route. The famous Georgetown loop will be seen; there will be trips into the canyons of the Rocky mountains; a day will be spent at Colorado Springs, giving those who desire it a chance to ascend Pike's Peak; there will be trolley rides to Manitou and the Garden of the Gods; and a day and night stop at Salt Lake city, affording an opportunity to see the great Mormon tabernacle and to enjoy bathing in Salt Lake.

In California are more wonders to be seen, and hundreds of attractive side trips have been arranged.

Useful Machine for Farmers



Modern methods on the farm are bringing dollars to the owners, where a few years ago cents were received. This is not due to accident. A first-class farm and truck-garden is now run like a factory. The leakages are being stopped; machinery, with its strong arm, is helping the farmers. By guarding the result of their labor, it prevents the great loss which they have hitherto sustained through lack of proper facilities.

The illustration shows the Climax spray pump made by the Dayton Supply Company. This is a double-acting pump, with spraying apparatus for destroying insects and fungi growth on fruit trees. It may also be used for whitewashing fences and tree trunks, for washing wagons and windows, and for a great number of other useful purposes which the Californian orchardist should appreciate.

California's Wine Industry

The wine industry of California has assumed enormous proportions in the last twenty years, and France, the home of wine making, "the very vineyard of the earth," has taken fright at the formidable competition which this country has engendered, says the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. If there were any doubt of this attitude before, it has been dispelled by the action of the jury at the recent Paris Exposition, which barred from competition all California wines bearing labels in imitation of celebrated

French vintages. Medals were awarded for California wines in the first exposition in which they were entered, namely, the Vienna Exposition of 1876. Since then the finer varieties of grapes, such as the Zinfandel, the Mataros and the Carignans, have been introduced, and it is now possible to equal and even surpass the finest imported brands of wines. The making of wine in California has been taken up in the characteristic American fashion and developed along scientific lines.

Money in Hens

The man of small means who is thinking of settling in California, probably could find no investment promising more immediate, assured and excellent returns than result from the poultry business. Instances demonstrating the truth of this assertion are many, and the following cases are cited not because they are more striking than others, but merely because the data relating to them chances to be at hand.

Near Hollister, B. B. Mansfield has forty acres of land valued at \$40 an acre, on which he carries 2,000 hens. Half the necessary feed is raised on the land. During the season of 1902, 2,975 chicks were hatched. During the hatching season five men are employed, but at other times three do the necessary work. From January 1, 1902, to May 31, 1902, a period of five months, the eggs marketed by Mr. Mansfield brought in cash returns, \$1,767.50; poultry, \$147.95, making a total of \$1,960.45.

Another case is that of R. E. Bryant, who has a five-acre poultry farm within three quarters of a mile of the Hollister postoffice. This is not what would be termed a princely domain, but from the hens raised on this bit of land Mr. Bryant is clearing \$150 a month. Evidently there is money in the unpretentious hen, and San Benito county residents are evidently bearing this truth in mind.

California's Oil Industry

The growth of the oil industry in California in recent years has been phenomenal. From a position of little or no importance it has sprung to that of one of the leading wealth-producers of the state. In his recent annual report to the State Board of Trade, General Chipman announced that there are in the state 2,500 oil-producing wells in fourteen districts. These wells produced 20,000,000 barrels of oil in 1903, but it is estimated that the yield will be increased by fifty per cent during the current year, and that the total in 1905 will reach 50,000,000 barrels. When it is remembered that there practically was no oil industry in this state seven years ago, the significance of these figures will be understood.



Plays and the Players

Theatrical managers claim that the public is responsible for the class of plays that is presented to it. This is but another way of saying that the theatrical manager, being a merchant in his line, keeps on his shelves and sells to his patrons just such goods as they want to buy.

Something About Theatrical Hodgepodge

In a sense, the manager is right: He is as much a merchant as is the proprietor of a department store, or the vender of flowers on a street corner; and, as much as they, he endeavors to keep in stock such articles as will sell. But it sometimes happens that the merchant, whether of the great store, the flower-stand, or the theater, finds himself with a stock of goods on his shelves that will not sell. What then? Are the goods still fair samples of what the people want? Is the merchant's claim that his stock is an evidence of popular taste yet valid? And, if so, what ails the public, that it will not invest?

It is universally admitted that last winter was a hard season for managers of theaters. The fact cannot be doubted, for the managers themselves set the very earth amouan with their doleful proclamation of the fact. From east to west, and from north to south, great managers suffered and smaller ones went to the financial wall. It appears, then, that the dramatic merchants have found themselves with a stock of unsalable goods on their shelves. Why?

With profound respect for the gentlemen who hold the present destinies of the drama in their keeping, it is suggested that the answer to the foregoing question is found in the fact that they are not at all times offering such goods as the people wish to buy.

For a series of years, rapidly becoming painful in the retrospect, the theater-going public has been dosed with a species of theatrical flub-dub and tinsel flim-flam which at its best is Weber and Fields or Rogers

Brothers, and at its worst is—Heaven alone knows what thing of histrionic agony. You go to a theater hoping to see something of at least fair merit, and what you really see is a plotless, pointless, idealess jumble that is no more related to legitimate drama than it is to a Georgia camp meeting. Into an incongruous and shapeless whole has been introduced an indefinite proportion of Bowery humor and Coney Island wit, all leading through nothing tangible to nowhere in particular. If you laugh at the meaningless jumble, you are ashamed of yourself; if you do not laugh, you are none the less ashamed.

When this vapid and plotless melange first was presented to the public as some sort of deformed child of the drama, people were attracted to it by its very absurdity; they wanted to see if they could give the thing a name. They went, as they might go to observe a clown in a circus, wishing to see human folly at its most foolish. But, as an exclusive diet of clown would prove nauseating, so has the meaningless and no-whither hodgepodge of many of the theaters; the public are weary of it.

As for the proof of the latter statement—well, if the managers do not notice it in the condition of their exchequers, perhaps there is none. And the hopeful say a change for the better is already apparent on the theatrical horizon. Is it? A. J. W.

A Strong Stock Company

The new Neill-Morosco Company, now at the California theater for the summer, is one of the strongest stock organizations that has visited San Francisco. Howard Gould, the new leading man, was the successor to James K. Hackett in the Frohman productions of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentsau." Last season he was leading man

with Blanche Walsh during the long New York run of "Resurrection." Amelia Gardner, the new leading woman, occupied a similar position with Faversham last season in "Imprudence"; George Woodward, the comedian, was William H. Crane's successor with Stuart Robson after the dissolution of the Robson-Crane partnership. He was out here three years ago at the Columbia theater in the leading role of "Sag Harbor." Harry Mestayer, the juvenile, has been leading man



MELBOURNE MACDOWELL.

with Chauncey Olcott for the past two years. He is one of the best juvenile actors in the profession. Theresa Maxwell was leading woman with Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Earl of Pawtucket" last season. The balance of the company includes the favorites of last year's organization—Thomas Oberle, Frank MacVicars, Wilfred Rogers, H. S. Duffield, Robert Morris, H. D. Ginn, Elsie Esmond and Phosa McAllister. The repertoire includes "When We Were Twenty-One," "Imprudence," "The Cavalier," "Secret Service," and possibly "The Sign of the Four."

Melbourne MacDowell

Melbourne MacDowell at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, recently, relates a very amusing story of the days when he was playing general utility at the Boston Museum. This theater contained the strongest dramatic company in the United States. Its roster included William Warren, the elder Wallack, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, Mary Cary, E. L. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett and Fanny Davenport. One night when "Julius Cæsar" was the program with Barrett as Cassius, and MacDowell in the subordinate role of Pindus, an incident occurred which threatened to cut short MacDowell's stage career. It was his duty, in the last act, to hold up a sword so that Barrett, as Cassius, might impale himself upon it. Just before the start of the act, George Wilson, Charlie Barron, and four or five other wags induced MacDowell to cover his bare arms with a dark powder known as "gypsy setting." When the moment arrived, and Barrett rushed against MacDowell's sword, there came from the audience shrieks and roars of laughter. The coloring from MacDowell's arms had come off on Barrett's snow-white tunic, and the print of MacDowell's arms and fingers was unmistakably apparent. Barrett was terribly disconcerted, and it was not till he confronted himself in his dressing-room mirror that he understood the cause of the mirth of the audience. He was furious and threatened MacDowell with vengeance. The young actor realized that he was permanently out of the great actor's good books, and wisely sent in his resignation. It was not until many years after that Barrett gave any indication of having forgotten the unintentional affront.

Atkins, photo.

Fischer's theater, the popular playhouse in San Francisco, has been greatly enlarged and improved, and now is one of the better-class opera-houses of the Pacific Coast. It is claimed for it that the new arrangements will permit of the building being emptied of an audience of over 1,600 people in less than two and one-half minutes. At the opening an entire new company will appear in the burlesque, "U. S.," which is declared to be funnier than "Fiddle Dee Dee." Among the new members of the stock company are Yorke and Adams, Edwin Clark, the leading man of the "Chinese Honeymoon" Company,

A. Fields, Caroline Hull, leading comedienne, who is both a splendid actress and singer. Edna Aug. and two great dancers. Ben Dillon and Roy Alton, of the old company, will remain.

In the Majestic theater San Francisco has a new and magnificent playhouse. Its location, on Market street between Eighth and Ninth, is one among many indications of the growth of the western metropolis toward the Pacific ocean.



Gentle, photo.

PAULINE LORD, A SAN FRANCISCO GIRL WHO SEEKS FOR STAGE HONORS

The latest San Francisco aspirant for histrionic honors is Miss Pauline Lord, who is well and favorably known in the western metropolis. Miss Lord will make her debut in a three-act play which has been written for her by a well-known playwright. Although but seventeen years of age, she is a graduate of the Jennie Morrow Long College of Voice and Action, and, as she is a young lady of more than ordinary charms, her many friends prophesy a successful future for her.

The Alcazar now is presenting many plays of New York, London and Paris repute that are new to San Francisco. Frederic Belasco and E. D. Price, of its management, have been in the east for the past six weeks securing more novelties, and looking over the eastern stock organizations. The summer engagement of White Whittlesey, a young romantic actor, will be of interest to theatergoers. He will be supported by Marie Rawson and the Alcazar stock company, and will first appear, June 27th, in Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," as dramatized by Augustus Thomas.

The Orpheum theater, in San Francisco, has secured a long list of attractions which will be presented at that playhouse during the present summer. Among the rest will be Helen Bertram, Foster and Foster, and the Romain trio. Few theaters maintain as consistently excellent a line of vaudeville productions as does the Orpheum. Of course the quality varies, but it does not often deserve to be designated as bad, while not infrequently it is very good.

In the course of a powerful analysis of the acting of Richard Mansfield, who recently appeared in San Francisco in **Mansfield** "Ivan, the Terrible," Peter Robert-**as an** son used the following language: **Actor** "It would be hard to say where Mansfield was at his greatest. The scene in the fourth act was, from an artistic point of view, perhaps the finest of his work; it was so carefully and discreetly managed that the audience, who expected to be led up to a strong dramatic climax, only realized its value after the curtain had fallen. But the truth is that the performance was so full of an art which we have very seldom had a chance to see that the audience were too intent in the enjoyment of it to feel that impulse which a mere dramatic situation can always arouse to break into excited applause. It is not an exciting performance; it is one which tells by virtue of the artistic power of the actor."

The coming of Maude Adams to the Columbia theater, in San Francisco, is a dramatic event of an interest second only to the recent appearance of Richard Mansfield in that city. Indeed, it need not be doubted that many people are more interested in the wonderful little actress than they were in the great actor, for hers is a personality that allures more, perhaps, than that of any modern player. Not often do two such people as Mansfield and Miss Adams succeed each other on one stage, either in the east or the west.



Books and Writers

An eastern review welcomes with a song of rejoicing Robert Barr's new book, "Over the Border," and in the exuberance of its enthusiasm declares the erstwhile westerner to be the prince of American story writers. This is nice, and must tickle Mr. Barr's sense of humor. There was a time—but, as Kipling says, that is another story.

Robert Barr, novelist and journalist, who recently purchased the London *Idler*, which for some years he edited with Jerome K. Jerome, will vouch for the truth of the old adage that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country"—at least, until distance lends enchantment.

Mr. Barr can now see the humorous side of his past struggles, but there was a time when the element of humor was conspicuous by its absence.

Robert Barr still is an American, although as a species of mild entertainment he flings a merry gibe at us now and then from the other side of the water. But American critics can not well lay it up against him, for the laugh is decidedly upon his side and he exercises it as his prerogative. He laughs because he considers it timely; broad smiles seem besfitting and in excellent taste to the adopted Londoner.

Mr. Barr was a Detroit man—"just a westerner with literary aspirations," according to obtuse eastern publishers—and they would have none of him. But western genius refuses to recognize defeat. As fast as young Barr's book manuscript came back, it was again started out to find a publisher. He was frowned upon, wet-blanketed, ignored, but he worked doggedly away with a will that was as indomitable as his courage was dauntless.

After he had submitted his book to every well-known publisher in America and had it refused by each, he did not sit down and gird himself in sack-cloth and ashes; not Mr. Barr. On the contrary, after the fashion of the west, he arose to the occasion,

squared a pair of very sturdy shoulders, and shaking the dust of his native land from his feet hied him to London and proceeded to start the much-despised fledgling of his brain on its rounds among the London publishing houses.

His surprise and gratification may be imagined when he was summoned by the first publisher to whom he had submitted it—one of the best-known publishers in London—and was informed that his book was accepted and the London firm would arrange at once with a well-known American publisher to have it issued simultaneously in America.

Mr. Barr was master of the situation. He signed the contract with business-like promptness, and then, as a man who likes to be as honest as circumstances will permit, and who also relishes his little joke now and then, he informed his publishers that the book had already been refused by every publisher in America and its publication at home was doubtful. He was not a little surprised to be told suavely by the Londoner that the fact mentioned by him made not the slightest difference, as there was not a publisher in America but would esteem it a privilege to handle any book which bore the imprint of their house, or of any well-known London publishing house.

Mr. Barr soon discovered the truth of this. His book, with the approval of the London publisher, came to an American publisher who had refused it some months before. "Why——!" said that power behind the throne; but what he said was not intended for publication. He accepted the book with great alacrity; it was a rare opportunity.

There have been other books since by Robert Barr, and American publishers have displayed a cheerful promptness in regard to handling them. "Over the Border" is the latest; an entertaining tale of the English civil war. It has been hailed with a delight that is touching; and that is the reason the one-time "westerner with literary aspirations," is smiling broadly at us.

ELIZABETH VORE.

Omar, in the potter's shop, "stood surrounded by the shapes of clay," and marveled much. He that would not marvel, admire and enjoy much when surrounded by the riches contained in "Shapes of Clay," a new book of verses by Ambrose Bierce, knows not by taste Falernian of the rarest, knows not by sight the face and form of Poesy, nor by ear the voice of Thought, nor by touch the gold of Wit or the steel of Satire, and to sum up the senses five, possesses a pitifully poor scent for true Humor, Greek or Gothic. If there be any who may care to attempt to refute this, let them read the book and be refuted themselves. To promote the reading of the book this review is written.

"Shapes of Clay" is a collection of Mr. Bierce's miscellaneous poetry and verse. The pieces are diverse in subject and treatment, serious, sentimental, satiric and humorous; some of his greatest work is here, some of his best and some of his minor. In all, however, the master-touch is visible and palpable, whether it towers and thrills in impressive architectonics of the majestic, the "Invocation," whether it looses thunder not less loud and deep than Swift's or Pope's, or whether it lightens and laughs like the flashing satire and wit of that other, yet older, modern Aristophanes, the satiric-lyric poet Heine.

The first place be to Bierce's poetry, which is true and noble poetry none the less because it is quite raptureless, because it is spoken and not sung. The "Invocation," aside from its length, is, or should be, sufficiently well known to warrant its omission here. The "Death of Grant" likewise has been extolled and partly republished by recent notice-writers, so stern is it, so august, so reverently humble. It is not possible in confined space to quote any of the longer poems; to quote from them would mean to mutilate. Yet these lines, complete, under the title, "Creation," may be reproduced:

God dreamed—the suns sprang
flaming into space
And sailing worlds with many
a venturesome race!
He woke—His smile alone illumined space.

With the simpler and sentimental poetry of this author, a direct appeal for the repeal of the *lex talionis* urged against him by so many of the fair, yet so

unfair, sex may be powerfully presented. What the rule of the distaff of Omphale may mean in the way of standards, shall not be discussed here. Let us rather invite our fair readers to bestow their attention upon two exquisitely tender and pathetic poems:

NANINE

We heard a song-bird trilling—
'Twas but a night ago.
Such rapture he was rilling
As only we could know.

This morning he is flinging
His music from the tree,
But something in the singing
Is not the same to me.

His inspiration fails him,
Or he has lost his skill.
Nanine, Nanine, what ails him
That he should sing so ill?



Prince, photo, Washington, D. C.

AMBROSE BIERCE

Satirist and Philosopher, author of "Shapes of Clay," "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," and other books

Nanine is not replying—
 She hears no earthly song.
 The sun and bird are lying
 And the night is, O, so long!

Equal in simple grace, equal in saddened
 beauty is:

PRESENTIMENT

With saintly grace and reverent tread,
 She walked among the graves with me:
 Her every footfall seemed to be
 A benediction on the dead.

The guardian spirit of the place
 She seemed, and I some ghost forlorn
 Surprised in the untimely morn
 She made with her resplendent face.

Moved by some waywardness of will,
 Three paces from the path apart
 She stepped and stood—my prescient heart
 Was stricken with a passing chill.

The folk-lore of the years ago
 Remembering, I smiled and thought:
 "Who shudders suddenly at naught,
 His grave is being trod upon."

But now I know that it was more
 Than idle fancy, O, my sweet,
 I did not think such little feet
 Could make a buried heart so sore!

"Reminded." "Another Way." are almost
 as pure and fine. Lastly, let there be a final
 couplet added, two lines that say in epigram
 all that Schiller's "Ehret die Frauen" says
 in a poem:

WOMAN

Study good women and ignore the rest,
 For he best knows the sex who knows the best.

When one endeavors to quote some of the
 satire in the book, a rich profusion makes
 difficult the choice. It is in satire that the
 rare strain of Bierce's genius is most highly
 perfected and productive. To quote where
 quoting seems almost trivial:

POESY

Successive bards pursue ambitious fire
 That shines, Oblivion, above thy mire.
 The latest mounts his predecessor's trunk,
 And sinks his brother ere himself is sunk.
 So die ingloriously Fame's *elite*,
 But dams of dunces keep the line complete.

In view of the weight and dignity of the
 volume whence they are taken, these extracts
 appear like sculptured, individual stones
 torn from some splendid edifice. A satan-
 ically ironical translation of that solemn
 medieval hymn, the "Dies Irae" will interest
 and amuse all classicists. Of the humorous
 and comic pieces, nothing more, nothing
 better could be said than that they are
 truly humorous, truly comic.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Constance Hill, whose "Jane Austen; Her
 Home and Her Friends" furnished such inter-
 esting reading, has a new
 book, "Juniper Hall," which
 will delight those who take
 interest in the life and
 thought of the past. Juniper
 Hall stands in Surrey, England, and there,
 while the reign of terror devastated France,
 met a group of singularly interesting per-
 sons, most of whom were French emigrants
 who journeyed to England to avoid the guil-
 lotine and other unpleasantnesses. Among
 them were Madame de Staël, Talleyrand,
 Narbonne, Montmorenci, Jaucourt Girardin,
 Madame de la Chatre, the Princesse d' Henin
 and a score of others. It is of the intercourse
 of these brilliant personages, under the
 stirring circumstances bred of the Revolution,
 that Miss Hill writes, and writes interest-
 ingly. The illustrations are by Ellen G. Hill,
 and there are numerous reproductions of
 portraits. The book is published by John
 Lane, New York and London.

Mary Austin, the California novelist, who
 first won fame in "The Land of Little Rain,"
 is much interested in the Indian legends
 of the people about her home in Inyo county.
 One of them concerning "Winnedumah," she
 has put into verse for SUNSET, and it is
 given leading place in this June number.
 The strange, natural monument, around
 which the legend centers, is on the crest of
 the Inyo range. Mrs. Austin is at present
 at work on a novel dealing with the romance
 of the desert.

"Fremont in California" is the title of a
 handsomely illustrated brochure by George
 Wharton James. It is issued with the com-
 pliments of the Fremont hotel, Los Angeles.
 It consists of an interesting sketch of the
 general's life in this western land, and will
 attract all who are deeply interested in the
 men and events of the days when the history
 of California scarcely had begun to be
 written. Profuse and dainty illustrations
 add to the attraction of a very neat
 brochure.

Western Literature in the Orient

From far-off Yokohama, in that flowery
 kingdom over which now hangs the dark
 cloud of war, comes a copy of the Japan
Gazette; and a feature of its first page is
 a half-column review of Californian and
 western scenes and the literature pertaining
 thereto, as both are exemplified in brochures
 and handbooks issued by the railway lines
 of the west. The review most forcibly indi-
 cates the charm which our occidental scenery
 bears even for the people who dwell beneath
 the shadow of holy Fuji Yama, and it makes
 clear the fact that literature relating to it



Guthe, photo

WILL IRWIN



Reed, photo

GELETT BURGESS

is eagerly read by the dwellers in distant lands who may there chance upon it. The wide-reaching effect of such publications cannot well be estimated, yet it is safe to say that it puts us in closer touch with a multitude of people, finally resulting in increase of traffic with many countries. In the case under consideration, the dissemination of this literature must in some degree add to the commerce between ourselves and the Orientals, thereby helping the port of San Francisco, California, the trans-continental railway lines, and the entire west.

Once in every ten years or so, the real San Francisco gets into literature. Each time it appears, it is a different city, inhabited by different people. It is a long way from the old Bret Harte town to the San Francisco of "The Picaroons," the latest work of Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. And theirs, indeed, is only a corner of the new city, but a corner which could exist in no other town on the face of the globe. It is a tale of the loafers and tramps of the water-front, the men who have seen better days; the human flotsam which has drifted out to this, the jumping-off place of the Caucasian world, and been caught in the back eddy. Of such were the men who used to lie with Stevenson on the grass of old

Portsmouth Square and tell him the tales from which he made "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide."

It is a frank study of these people through the glass of romance, this book. It takes them in their gayer moments; it omits the squalor and sin and unpleasantness of their lives. The romance which hedges Chinatown about with mystery—that is the theme. And so cheerfully is it worked out, so humorously withal, that the reader forgets what kind of men these are and is ready to laugh and wonder with the authors.

As in that sprightly little romance of California, "The Reign of Queen Isyl," the form is the long-lost one of the early novelists, a collection of short stories bound together, mosaic-like, to make a long tale. These stories are various in merit, from "The Hero of Pago Bridge" and "Big Becky," which are very good, down to the "Story of the Philippine Deserter," which is most passing bad. But they all have distinction, and they all have interest, which is the chief value of a story. One or two of them are as good as we get in these days of the over-worked short story.

Best of all to a San Franciscan is the truth and vividness of the local color. It is San Francisco all the way through—the city of many adventures, the city which sees more strange and romantic things in the course of twenty-four hours than all the Londons and New Yorks that ever were.



Sunset Rays

(Conducted by ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE)

Little Willie's Essay on Politics

Politix is where one feller gits up on a rosturm an' says, "My b'loved country must be saved! It shall be saved by votin' the Demercrat ticket!" and another feller he gits up an' says, "My b'loved country must be saved! It shall be saved by votin' the Republicern ticket!" So the country gits saved anyway; which is why I say, Halle-luyer!



Politix is where a man votes for a party 'cause his pa allers voted for it, an' when his little boy asks him why his gran'pa voted that way he says, "You be quiet, William! You can't understand such intercate subjex now."



Once when my pa was marchin' in a percession a man yelled to him an' says, "I'll give you \$5 if you can tell me w'at principle you're repersentin' now," an' my pa offered to lick him but he didn't try to git the \$5, which is why I say w'at a supprisin' world this is.



It must be fun to be a orator, but I would ruther be a bass-drummer which makes more noise an' nobody yells out, "You're a dum-lyre!" jus' when he don't want to be interrupted, like they do to orators, but a clown in a cirkis is better yet.



Men votes, but little boys an' women an' others that has weak minds don't, which is why I say I am glad that little boys grows up an' their minds improves, for, that is why they become sufferin' voters an' the others can't, an' this is enuff 'bout politix for football is more fun an' less fatal, so good by.

—A. J. W.

A Sunset

(Written by a child of ten years.)

'Twas sunset just before the storm,
And cloudlets filled the heavens—
Some dark, some tinted by the sun's last ray.
How grand! How glorious! A sunset on
a stormy day!

Hark! A peal of thunder! The skies a-glow
As if some magic artist had climbed its
heights

And with a brush of beauty had tinted
Each cloudlet in its glory.

'Twas as if it were Heaven's autumn!

But now a more gloomy sight:

Sunset had passed—'twas a stormy night!

—Mary Louise Young.

Indio

Indio! the place of palm trees,
By the burning desert sand,
Cool and purple lie the shadows
In the tinkling water-land.

Ah, to see it when the journey
Of the dreary desert done,
All its plummy green is stirring
At the coming of the sun!

When from off the circling mountains,
In the golden morning light,
Azure mists, like flocks of bluebirds,
Fill the heaven in their flight!

Till the rosy peaks, like flowers,
Break to blossom, while the rare
Subtle essence of the dawning
Tinctures all the crystal air!

For I tarried but so briefly
That, alas, I only know
Of the glory of the morning
By the palms of Indio.

—Evalcen Stein.



Drawing by E. L. Borein

The Cowboy to His Horse

Whoa! Dern yer, Belshazzar, git down on the groun'!
 Quit snortin' an' puffin' an' blowin' eroun'!
 A feller w'ud s'pose, on a cowpuncher's word,
 You think you're some kind of a new-fangled
 bird.
 Git down here, goldern you! you pesky ole
 brute!
 D'you s'pose you're an airship thet's out on
 a toot?
 I know you, you varmint, an' each monkey-
 shine;
 An' with me on your back, you bet you are
 mine!

You are mine, you are mine! And rebellion
 is vain,
 As we ride, as we glide, o'er the wide-reach-
 ing plain;
 And the hillocks come running to greet us
 always,
 And the air stings the face like the storm-
 driven spray,
 And your hoofs beat the ground in the
 rhythm of power
 As we ride, as we glide, as the leagues we
 devour.
 Then, ho, my Belshazzar! sleek, supple divine,
 In the end, oh, my friend, you are mine, you
 are mine!

Whoa! Blast yer, Belshazzar! You think
 you are boss,
 But I reckon I'll teach you you're on'y a hoss.
 You're on'y a hoss—or—I'm off the track,
 Fer you're also a devil—till I'm on your back,
 An' then you're an angel—Whoa! Dern
 you!—of grace,
 An' I'd back you my pile in a life or death
 race!
 Now snort till yer nostrils are red as red
 wine,
 But be sure in the end you are mine, you are
 mine!

You are mine, you are mine! Ho, away and
 away,
 Swift springing, hoofs ringing, your muscles
 in play!
 And the skulking coyote has fled to his lair,
 Lest we pass him, o'erpass him, and throttle
 him there;
 And the phantom of wind is about and
 around
 As we ride, as we glide, o'er the billowy
 ground,
 Through a world with the blossoms and sun-
 light ashine—
 Then, ho, my Belshazzar, you're mine, you
 are mine!

Don't Borrow Trouble

Don't borrow trouble; it comes of itself,
 Or if it does not, all the better for you.
 The care of tomorrow let's lay on the shelf.
 For Worry's an ugly and petulant shrew.
 Don't borrow trouble; the debt must be paid.
 And, oh, but the payment is heartache and
 wreck.
 After all, when the cards have been shuffled
 and played,
 Four aces, you'll find, were allowed to
 your deck.

Don't borrow trouble; the care of today
 Is easy to meet and easy to rout;
 It's only the trouble from over the way
 That leaves us the victims of terror and
 doubt.
 It's as easy to say "Tomorrow 'twill shine."
 As to moaningly mutter, "I'm sure it will
 rain;"
 It's as easy to smile as to weep and repine,
 And the former, you'll find, is an infinite
 gain.

Don't borrow trouble. We worry and fret,
 Then find in the end that we've worried
 for naught.
 We build mighty hills in our pathway to set,
 Then find the obstruction was child of our
 thought.
 You'll find on reflection that half of your care
 Is a son of tomorrow that merely has
 strayed.
 The load of today is sufficient to bear;
 So don't borrow trouble—the debt must be
 paid.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse.

Brother Boggs' Brevities

Some folks claim that I hain't no 'preciation of art, but I notice that I'm mighty fond of the picter of an eagle—when it's onto a gold coin.



Blamed if I think much of this here religion that you put on with your Sunday clothes. It might be all right ef 'twan't so easy tew take off the clothes.



Sometimes it's a good thing that children don't know 'bout their pas and mas. F'rinstance, it would be mighty tryin' to lick a boy fer doin' what you've often done yourself ef the kid could realize.



I've noticed middlin' often that the feller that's most spishus of others is the feller that has good reason to suspect that others orto be spishus of him.



When I notice how many of the world's cherished amusements the Evil One has captured fer his own—well, o' course, I don't approve of him, but I can't help admirin' his ability more or less.



The sayin' that fine feathers ne'er can make fine birds must have been written by a man. No woman would have suspected it.



The honesty that has to be bragged of fore you notice it is too much like a phonograph machine—take away its horn, an' 'tain't much good.



Every man must o' noticed that it's easier for a woman to be good than it is for a man. Why? Well, she's a woman—ain't that enough?

—A. J. W.

The Courage of War

Far, far in the East where the brown men dwell,
And all but the brave have fled,
The missiles of death in that murky hell
Are claiming their countless dead.

The screaming shells on the left and right
Are crying their doleful lay,
And many there are who slay tonight
That never again shall slay.

But, the man who is fighting for the Bear,
Or the man with the almond eye.—
I say there are none but brave men there,
And none who do fear to die.

—William W. Torc.

Until We Meet Again

Across the farthest sunset seas,
To some fair island of the main,
I send this shadow of myself,
To bide until we meet again.

And if within it you can find
Behind the face the artist knew,
The vision of the love that turns
Its shining eyes alone to you,

Then shall you be not quite alone
In your long exile, but shall know
Across some thousand leagues of space
My presence with you as you go.

And if some day you sail alone
Across that nameless, greater sea,
Whence only love's sublimest faith
Can bear your silent thought to me,

So shall you keep past time and tide
Some perfect picture of the past,
And know that when the years are done,
My love shall greet you at the last;

And through the farthest deeps of space
To where the Blessed Islands reign,
Bear in your heart a dream of me
To bide until we meet again.

—Mary Page Greenleaf.

The Observations of Hiram

Talkin' don't prove so blame much. 'Tain't allers a bellerin' caow that gives the most milk.



Fer that matter, blowin' eraound ain't ever satisfactory evidence. The rooster cackles, but he don't lay the eggs.



Kickin' against natur' is apt to wear out your shoes, without much compensatin' satisfaction. The hen that hatched ducklin's an' tried to keep 'em from goin' in the water never stopped 'em, but she give herself heart disease.



The diff'rence 'tween my Uncle Joel Medders' religion an' his best clothes was that he allers kep' the last in the spare closet 'tween Sundays, an' a feller knew where to lay his hands on 'em if they was needed. Still, Joel wan't so dum lonesome.



Looks frequently is deceevin'. That time we thought the gray mule was dyin' he perked up an' kicked the hired man plumb through the side of the barn an' into the cistern.



When religion an' a bulky horse can be made to travel together, derved ef I don't respect their driver.



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EARTH, sea and sky have conspired to build at San Diego a mighty metropolis. Two elements are absolutely essential to the upbuilding of a great city: A deep water harbor and natural advantages. Two other elements enter somewhat into the proposition: Transportation and climatic conditions. There are but three great natural harbors on the Pacific coast: Seattle, San Francisco and San Diego. The commercial supremacy of the United States is shifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The Government's foreign policy of an open door in the Orient means millions to San Diego; the Panama Canal means more millions. San Diego is the first American harbor north of the Panama canal, and she is to be the greatest coaling station in the United States. The government is spending one million dollars on her marine hospital and coaling station. San Diego is five hundred miles nearer Chicago and New York than any other Pacific coast city. Three great transcontinental railway systems are now fighting for terminal facilities at San Diego. San Diego has a one hundred million dollar steel corporation; she has a twenty million dollar coal and fuel company. The federal government is spending six million dollars on the Colorado and Imperial valley irrigation system, giving San Diego the most fertile tributary agricultural territory of any city in the world. San Diego has the finest all-the-year-round climate in the world; average daily variation of temperature two degrees. San Diego gained twenty-five per cent in population last year. She built six hundred new homes in 1903. San Diego has five thousand tourists each month, and she has the finest suburban beach property on the Pacific coast at Pacific Beach.

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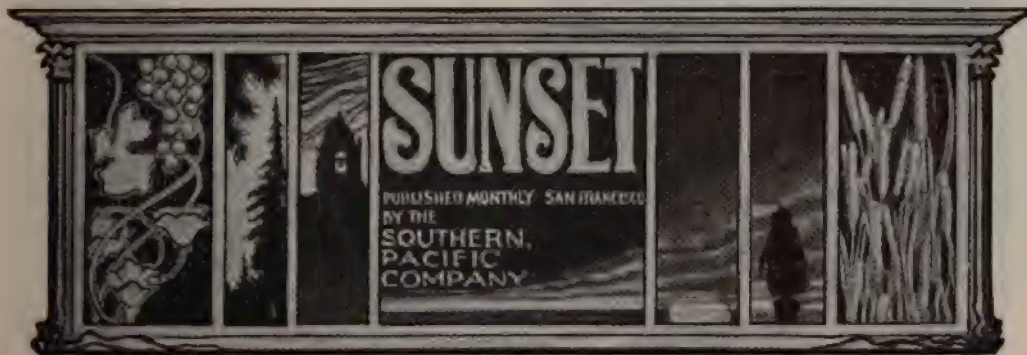
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EDITED BY CHARLES SEDGWICK AIKEN

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No. 3

Fighting for News in Manchuria

By GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Late War Correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle

Photographs by the author

SEVERAL months before the war-cloud burst over Manchuria and Korea, certain of those who sit in the high places of the newspaper world's greatest centers—New York and London—certain that war was only a question of a short space of time, despatched some of their ablest men to the east to await the outbreak of hostilities; but it was not until that eventful day in February when the Japanese created havoc among the Russian fleet in Port Arthur's harbor, that the editors were fully aware of the importance of the situation. Immediately they wired to the more adventurous free-lances who had gone to the Orient "on their own," engaging them, mostly at their own prices; and from that time on, every steamer leaving San Francisco, Vancouver and London, had a fair percentage of newspaper men among the passengers.

Upon us, who were near-present at the beginning of the war, the brunt of early press proceedings fell. In company with several other newspaper men, I decided that Newchwang was the best point of vantage for several reasons: first, there was an uncensored wire running from Yinkow, immediately across the Liao-ho river; second, it was the only open port near Port Arthur with which cable communication had not been severed; third, it placed us within the Russian lines, yet under the protection of our consulates; fourth, the situation there was one of great interest, for at that time Russia was endeavoring to have its neutrality recognized by the powers.

Several of the press-men with whom I discussed the situation left us at Chefoo, being of the opinion that more news was to be obtained there. As a matter of fact, Chefoo, while great in



MR. BRONSON-HOWARD AT NEWCHWANG—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY HIS FELLOW-CORRESPONDENT, JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

promise in the early part of the campaign, proved to be the most barren place for news in the whole circuit after the cable had been cut between it and Port Arthur; and the last merchant vessel left the former harbor. But, about that time, it was looked upon as being very promising, owing to the fact that it is only seventy-seven miles from Port Arthur. For all the news obtainable therefrom, it might as well be seven hundred and seventy. Indeed so generally is this recognized that the stories circulated from that point, are dubbed "Chefooleries" and take equal rank with the famous "Bunders" of Shanghai, notoriously the best city on the globe for untruthful news.

It was the intention of my companions and myself to become attached to the Russian Army if possible. We were told by United States Consul-general Rags-

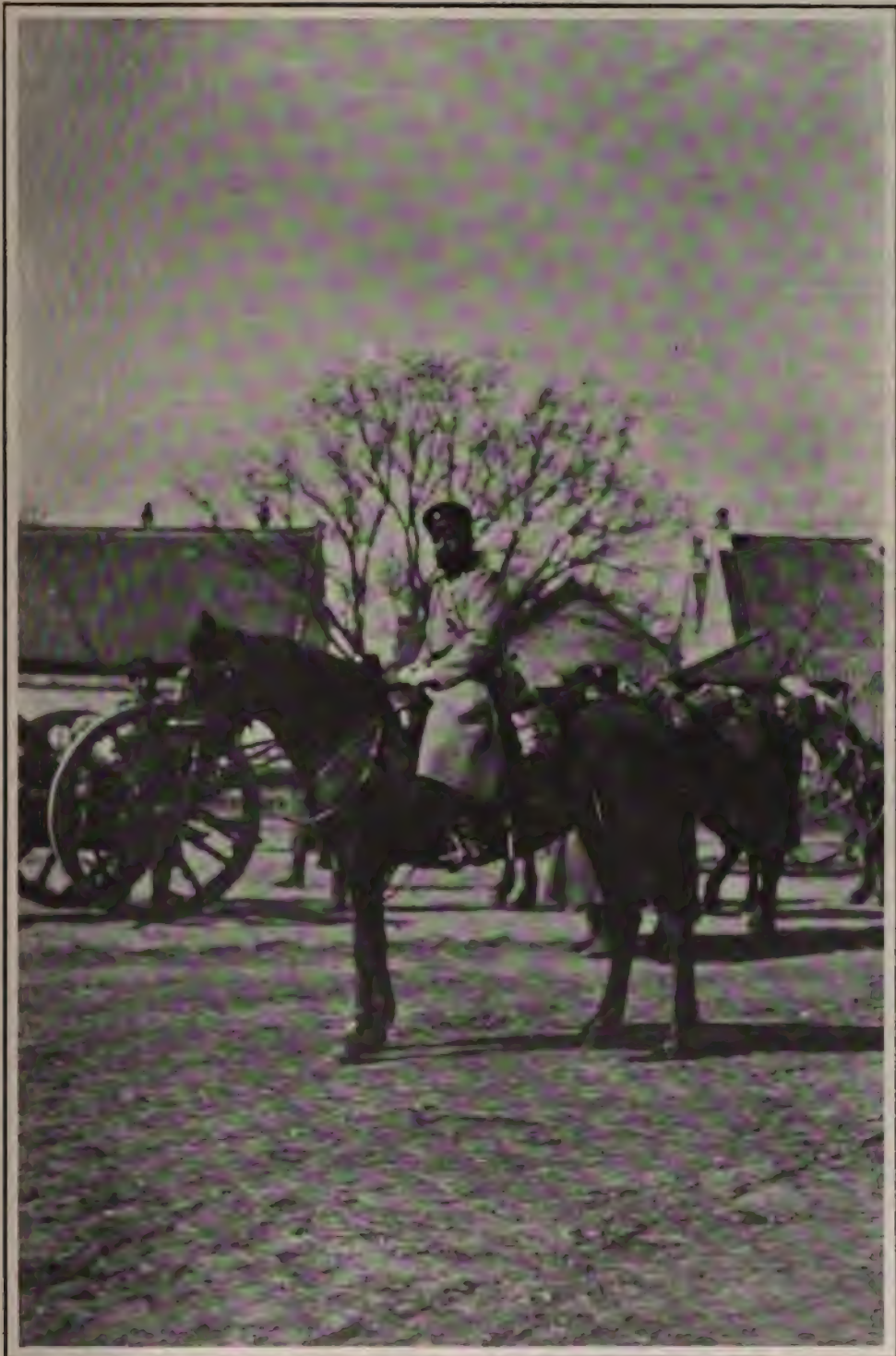
dale in Tientsin, that in order to accomplish this, we must obtain letters of identification from Minister Conger; the British Consul-general, Hopkins, conveyed the same information to the English correspondents.

Accordingly we went to Peking, and there obtained the necessary papers. In order to be on the safe side, I procured letters from both Minister Conger and Sir Ernest Satow, the British Minister, the latter for the reason that, though an American citizen, I represented a London paper.

We then endeavored to see M. Paul Lessar, the Russian Minister, but, in calling at the legation, were informed that he was too ill to receive us. Accordingly I asked M. Rogestvensky, the first secretary of legation, whom I had known while detailed at Washington, to *visé* our passports for Manchurian travel. Here we received our first check. M. Rogestvensky was exceedingly courteous, but he was unable to comply with our request: "St. Petersburg had instructed the legation to the effect that no passports for Manchuria should be *viséd*, except on official business."

We returned to Tientsin where we secured our campaign kits, and took the train for Shan-hai-kuan. This, as is well known, is the last town in China proper, and is just inside the great wall. The next morning we took another train for Yinkow, and a few moments after embarking, we were within the lines of recognized belligerency—Manchuria.

I shall not attempt to give any description of our journey, as this country has been written about to such an extent as to make repetition tedious. However, a word regarding railroad accommodations comes rightly within the scope of this story. The train upon which we traveled had three classes, the second being for Chinese of the middle classes, and the third, open box-cars for the coolie class. To term our own accommodations "first class" (for which our tickets called) would be unnecessarily ironical. We were given an unheated compartment with hardwood seats on both sides. The temperature outside was about fifteen degrees above



GENERAL KRASTOLINSKI IN CHARGE OF THE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY AT NEWCHWANG, APRIL, 1904

zero. There was no dining-car attached, so we made our eleven-hour journey cold and miserable and without a meal from seven A. M. to six P. M.

At the latter hour we arrived at Yankow, and obtained a meal and a bed at a wrecked little structure called the Railway Hotel, paying therefor about the same price we would have done for the same articles at the London Carlton or the Waldorf-Astoria.

The river Liao-ho, which separates Yankow from Newchwang, was at that time a solid sheet of ice some eight feet thick; and in order to reach the latter point it was necessary to embark on a "pisa"—a wooden sled. The passenger sits in the center of this structure; and a Manchu coolie stands erect on the runners, driving it along with a long, steel-pointed pole which is stuck in the ice at intervals, and sends the light craft skimming over the glassy surface.

It was a very cold trip, and we arrived in Newchwang half frozen. Here we made inquiries and discovered that several other correspondents were already there, having been sent out of Port Arthur. We found they had rented a Chinese inn, and were living there. They hailed our advent with joy; and we formed the Correspondents' Mess.

From what they told us, we felt rather discouraged; but nevertheless we determined to try for ourselves. We called on Mr. Grossé, the Russian Civil Administrator, and endeavored to ascertain some details of the third Port Arthur bombardment. He was very polite; but told us nothing whatever. The same results were obtained from a visit to General Kondatoravitch, commanding the Russian troops at that place.

That there had been a third bombardment, we knew, but that was all the reliable information at hand. Some American and Australian women came to town that day, driven out of Port Arthur, and gave us wild tales of tremendous losses, which we were wise enough not to wire.

It would only be wearisome to detail the various ways in which the Russians

kept us from obtaining any reliable information. One of them was the non-allowance of going outside the city. At that time they were building forts, and bringing down heavy guns from Moukden, in order to repel a Japanese attack which was then believed imminent. Great numbers of troops also came down from Moukden, and were stationed within ten miles of Newchwang. All these things we knew, but if we attempted to ride through the gates for the purpose of verifying hearsay news, we were halted by a Russian sentinel and marched back again. Upon this, we would go to General Kondatoravitch and ask him as to the truth of certain items we had heard. He would reply neither negatively nor affirmatively; the same manner of treatment was pursued by the Civil Administrator, but the interview always ended with the assurance from him that, within a few weeks, we would be attached to the Russian Army. With this in view, we were careful to avoid wiring anything inimical to the Russians, although there were many and various things occurring each week which would have made good "copy" for the average American or British paper. However, our duty was to pursue the plan of conduct best suited to admit us within the Russian lines, and for this reason we were very careful to say nothing at which they could take offense, knowing as we did that every telegram filed by us in the Yinkow telegraph office was read ten minutes later by the Russian authorities.

A word as to this gross violation of trust on the part of the Chinese Imperial Telegraph Administration would not come amiss. The fact that a copy of any message sent over this line can be obtained for a few dollars is certainly hardly credible to western ears, accustomed as we are to regard anything confided to the wire as strictly confidential as the secrets of the confessional. But it is nevertheless the fact all through China and in all offices possessing Chinese clerks and operators. I have been offered copies of state messages by a Chinese operator in Peking.

The selling of our messages to the Russians is not the only grudge we bear against the Imperial Telegraph. The wire was again tapped at Tientsin, and, oftentimes, the news that had taken us many days of ferreting and scheming to obtain was published in the local Chinese papers before it was received in London and New York. Thus, local correspondents in Shanghai, were often able to wire the same news to New York and London before ours were received.

To return to Newchwang: After two weeks of patient waiting for permission to go to Russian headquarters at Moukden; two weeks in which we wired nothing which we thought offensive to the Muscovites, our papers meanwhile frantically expostulating as to dearth of news; M. Grossé calmly told us that we would not be permitted to go to Moukden until April 15th; and that before the permission was granted our govern-

ments must guarantee us to the foreign office in St. Petersburg, upon which our applications would be *considered*—not granted as we had supposed would be done on the strength of letters from our ministers at Peking.

In order that the reader may understand these conditions, I must be explicit: We were to be placed on practically the same footing as a military attaché. Before our applications would be filed, the government of the United States or of Great Britain must hold itself responsible for any action committed by any one of us, just the same as though we were officials of the government. After this was done, the foreign office in St. Petersburg would endeavor to discover whether or not any of us had at any time written anything unfavorable about Russia. If so, we would be barred.

As most of the original lot of newspapermen in Newchwang had traveled



RUSSIAN ARTILLERY BIVOUAC NEAR MOUKDEN, APRIL, 1904

through that country before, and had written about what they saw in pretty plain terms, it is easily seen that none of us could hope for any favor. In the second place, very few of us were known at all to our State Department (or foreign office), and doubted as to whether we would be accredited. The representative of the London *Times* was plainly told by the Russians that no one connected with his paper would be allowed with the army; and several other correspondents were given like hints, if it happened that their papers had been unfavorable in their criticism of Muscovite procedure; while the representative of the New York *Herald* which for some reason has been siding with the Czar's cause, was told that he needed no accrediting, but would be allowed to go as soon as preparations had been made for him.

A few days later, martial law was declared in the town, and the authority of the British and American consuls lapsed as soon as their respective governments recognized it.

The U. S. S. *Helena* and H. M. S. *Espiegle* left for Shanghai, and we were as much under Russian laws as we would have been in Irkutsk. We were not allowed on the streets after ten o'clock; not allowed to take photographs; not allowed to cross the river after dark; and numerous other little privileges were denied us. The American flag, which was flying over the Correspondents' Mess, and the British flag which waved over our stables, were hauled down by agents of Russian police.

When we came to Newchwang, it was with the impression that the Japanese would attack that town in a short space of time; further, as before stated, we expected attachment to the Russian forces. We were denied both these things; we were drawing salaries from our newspapers; many things were happening which our papers desired to hear. About the middle of March, there were some twenty correspondents in Manchuria, among which may be mentioned Douglas Story, formerly

editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, Captain James F. J. Archibald, F. R. G. S., who is responsible for "Blue Shirt and Khaki," etc., H. J. Whigham, an author of many books, Thomas D. Mallard, who was the chief of staff of the *Herald's* correspondents during the Spanish-American War, and many others who had been through various wars and uprisings.

Then occurred the unfortunate incident of the *Fawan*. This steamer was chartered by a Chicago evening paper, and was in charge of Stanley Washburne, a son of former United States Senator Washburne; there was also on board Richard H. Little, who had been commissioned by his paper to join the Russians. Washburne had two Japanese boys, one an interpreter and one a servant. These Japanese had been very useful on the coasts of Japan and Korea; but it was in spite of the protests of Little that they were brought to Newchwang. As a consequence, the boat was placed in charge of marines, and the correspondents and their servants arrested. I was told at the time that Little was on board, and immediately got into a sampan, and went aboard, but not finding Little there, I sought to disembark, but was prevented by the marines. I endeavored to push by them, but one of them prodded me with his bayonet, and seeing the force of the argument, I remained their prisoner for several hours until a captain of marines came aboard having with him Little and Washburne. Little explained to me that they had been ordered to take their departure immediately, but the Japanese were held as spies. I prevailed on the Russian captain to take me ashore, and watched the *Fawan* steam out of the Liao-ho river from the shore.

About March 25th, tired of inaction, and anxious to procure some news for my paper, I propounded a scheme to a fellow correspondent, Loftin E. Johnson (son of Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, fame), whereby we might possibly circumvent the Russians, and, though perhaps be made prisoners,



WAR CORRESPONDENTS AT NEUCHWANG, MANCHURIA, APRIL 5, 1904—LAST PICTURE TAKEN OF ETZEL OF THE LONDON "TELEGRAPH," KILLED BY CHINESE, NEAR SHWANTAITZE, JUNE 7TH

Reading left to right here are: Top row—Thomas D. Mallard, *New York World*; Francis McCullagh, *New York Herald*; H. J. Middleton, *Associated Press*. Middle row—George Bronson-Howard, *London Chronicle*; James F. J. Archibald (of San Francisco), *Collier's Weekly*; H. J. Whigham, *London Post*; Charles L. Norris-Newman, *London Mail*; Ernest Brindie, *London Mail*; Edwin H. Clough (of San Francisco), *San Francisco Examiner* and *New York Journal*; Louis G. Etzel, *London Daily Telegraph*; Lotlin E. Johnson, *Scripps-McRae Press Association*. Bottom row—W. Byron Colver, *Scripps-McRae Press Association*; Ralph Barlow, *South China Morning Post*; Douglas Story, *London Daily Express*.



MANCHU RAILWAY GUARDS—MANY OF THEM REFORMED BANDITS HIRED BY THE RUSSIANS—
ON THE ROAD TO MOURDEN

be at least within the fighting zone. He agreed to try it with me, and, accordingly, we hired an Eurasian, who spoke both Chinese and Russian fluently, bought several additional Chinese ponies, and told our interpreter to make a bargain with the master of some Chinese junk to take us some ten miles up the Liao-ho river.

We finally arranged matters, and on the night of the 4th of April, we managed to get our horses and provisions aboard the junk, and, as there was a good brisk wind, we made our ten miles before 3 o'clock in the morning, and landed. We then dismissed the junk and, having strapped our saddle-bags securely to our ponies, set forth to cross Manchuria—a little cavalcade of five horses—one ridden by Johnson, another by myself, and the third by our interpreter, the remaining two being pack-horses.

We rode until nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and were then within a mile of the Russian railroad station of

Hai-ching-t sien. As we had no desire to be taken back by the Russians at this early stage of the game, we put up at a dirty little Manchu inn for the rest of the evening, leaving there about ten o'clock at night, and crossing the railroad at a point where it ran through a small forest of scrub oaks and weeping willows. We saw no Russian guards in sight, and having no desire to do so, rode as hastily as possible in the direction of the Yalu, making a somewhat southwesterly course in order to reach our objective point—Antung.

For the rest of that night we rode in peace. It was bitterly cold, however, and as the roads were as nature and the feet of horses had made them, it was rather rough riding in some places. However, we were warmly clothed, and by alternately galloping and trotting our ponies we managed to pass the time without any great discomfort.

We reached a little village known as Bang-Yuen, about sunrise, and discovered

another inn almost as filthy and uncomfortable as the previous one. The windows were puttied up, and the only entrance a single door which was seldom entered. A fire burned in an American stove in the center of the main room, and as six Chinese were squatted about it smoking vile Chinese tobacco, the atmosphere may be well imagined.

We were given some wretched tea and rice; as a great treat, the landlord brought us some black bread; but we declined those luxuries and brought out our tinned meats and biscuits.

We needed sleep very badly, as we had been without it for two days, but at the sight of the solid wood bunks built into the walls, and covered with filthy blankets, we experienced a revulsion of feeling. However, sleep was necessary, and throwing off the provided bedclothes we brought in our sleeping bags, and having crawled into them did not awake until the next morning. We arose, and started away about six o'clock.

It was perhaps five hours later that we saw a body of horsemen approaching from behind some hills from the fore. Not knowing whom they might be, we were in a quandary and were unable to make up our minds exactly what was best to do. We finally decided that if they were Russians, there was no chance of escaping from them, and if we tried to do so would undoubtedly fare worse than if we waited to receive them. So we adopted the latter plan. But, unfortunately, the Russians did not appreciate our action, and began to fire upon us, for what reason I am as yet unable to say. One of the bullets struck my pony in the side, he reared up and dashed off.

A Chinese pony is a disagreeable animal when frightened; this one was frightened badly, and neither curb bit nor spurs held him back a particle.

Johnson's pony followed his mate, and was close behind me. Our interpreter wisely dismounted, and gave himself up.

The majority of the Russian patrol—some fifty in number—came down on our heels, firing all the while, as they would naturally do at the sight of Europeans endeavoring to escape from them.

However, at the rate of speed accomplished by my pony, they might have been pursuing me yet were perpetual motion possible in horses. Both Johnson and myself were in a rather bad predicament for a while, but Johnson managed to pull up his pony after a short time, and I saw him surrounded by the Russians. I would have been very glad to do the same, but all my pulling at the curb had as much effect upon my mount as the same action with the snaffle would have had under ordinary circumstances.

However, there is an end to all things, and my wild ride came to a more sudden



TYPICAL RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN MANCHURIA

one than I anticipated. By this time I had relinquished my stirrups and was holding on by my knees. Suddenly the pony came to a sudden stop, and I described a parabola in the air, coming up to my neck in mud and water. He had gone unawares into a bog and was floundering savagely about, by each effort making his position more secure.

About ten of the Russians rode up and pointed their carbines at me, and I scraped together enough Russian to tell them I was an American, a correspondent, and wished the Great White Czar no ill. After a short consultation one of them tossed me a rope and backed his horse in such a way as to extricate me from my difficulty. Then they managed to noose my pony and bring him out of the Slough of Despond, also.

These Cossacks and Siberians are wonderful hands with horses. Within a few minutes they had my refractory steed in such a condition that I was able to mount him again, and they told me to do so.

My position is not easy to imagine. Here was I, a citizen of a country supposed to be Russia's enemy, found in the heart of Manchuria, and caught trying to escape from Russian soldiers. I was absolutely at their mercy, and if they had chosen to shoot me then and there, no one would have been a bit the wiser; that they were justified in their own minds was perfectly evident from the way they talked among one another. There was not one who did not believe both Johnson and myself Japanese spies.

Fortunately the officer in command, who had remained behind with the interpreter and who had been joined by the four who had charge of Johnson, listened to the voice of the interpreter in so far that he did not decide to end our careers then and there. He gave us in charge of eight men, and told them to take us to Newchwang. We were then about six miles from Feng-Wang-Cheng.

They turned us about, and we rode until dark. In the meantime, the mud and water had frozen on me, and I

was enveloped in a sheet of ice. When it came time to sleep the horses were picketed, and our interpreter asked leave to get our sleeping bags. When this was done the Russians took them from us, and drew lots as to which of them were to use them. We were forced to be content with our saddle-blankets.

I pass over the discomfort of lying on the ground, hands bound together, in wet clothes; also over the next day and night, the latter spent in another Chinese inn, lying on the floor amid filth, dirt and vermin. We arrived in Newchwang on the afternoon of the second day, and were consigned to cells in the fort.

The next morning an officer visited us and we poured out our tale of woe indignantly. He was profusely apologetic:

"Ah! ze igno-rant pea-sant—ze brutal sol-diery. Ah! pardon! pardon!"

We were released and allowed to return to our quarters, where we took hot baths and had our heads shaved; the latter for reasons connected with Russian uncleanness and unmentionable to Anglo-Saxon ears.

The following day we were informed that owing to the fact of our having broken martial law, we would not be allowed attachment to the Russian forces. We were furthermore politely requested to leave Newchwang. As we were fully aware of the fact that this courteous request would be changed to a command and backed up by bayonet should we not comply, we left Newchwang the next day.

No doubt we might have appealed to H. B. Miller, United States Consul at Newchwang, and he would have assuredly done all in his power to compass our remaining in Newchwang if we so desired, but it would have been merely asking him to attempt the impossible, so we said nothing to him on the subject. Our career of usefulness at that port was ended for the time. A Japanese attack was considered improbable, and now that we had been definitely refused permission to

go with the Russian Army, we decided the best thing to do was to leave quietly.

We reached Tientsin several days later, and took boat for Chefoo with a half-formed idea of going to Korea. Here we heard of Ernest Brindle, a London newspaper correspondent who had hired a boat, and attempted to procure news from the Korean coast, failing utterly in the attempt. We heard also of the ill-fated attempts of Jack London and R. L. Dunn to anticipate the Japanese Army; their arrest at Ping-Yang and return to Seoul. From what we gathered from correspondents who had returned from Korea, the newspaper men were simply gnawing their nails in rage in hotels at Seoul and Chemulpho. We were furthermore told that unless authorized as correspondents by the Japanese government we would be wasting time in going to Korea.

In Shanghai we met other correspondents who told the same tale. We spent little time here, embarking on the Empress of India several days after arrival, and going to Yokohama upon her. From Yokohama to Tokyo by the railroad is only the matter of an hour's journey which we made the same afternoon.

In Tokyo we found waiting correspondents who had been in this state for several months, among whom were John Fox, Jr., Richard Harding Davis, Frederick Palmer, and others, not so well known to the literary world, but whose names are those to conjure with among newspaper men.

Two days' stay in Tokyo convinced me of the futility of hoping to see the war from the Japanese viewpoint, and I embarked on the Pacific Mail steamer Athenian for Vancouver. Mr. Johnson followed the next week on the steamer Siberia.

Kuropatkin in Japan

By ERNEST WILLIAMS HEWSON

FOR the space of several months preceding the outbreak of hostilities, the diplomatic gods of Russia were so deeply concerned over the menacing attitude of the Tokio government that it was deemed advisable to hasten a personal representative of the Czar to Japan purposely to give the Japanese diplomats a clearer definition of Russia's intentions regarding the Far East. These facts were laid before the Czar who, without hesitancy, named General A. D. Kuropatkin, then Minister of War, as special envoy to treat with Japan. General Kuropatkin, accompanied by his staff and a retinue of attendants, arrived at Vladivostock over the Trans-Siberian railway in the early fall, and was conveyed to the Yokohama breakwater on the fast protected cruiser Askold. Representatives

of the Japanese Emperor received the general at Yokohama and escorted him to Tokio where preparations had already matured for his reception.

The visit of Russia's war chief to the capitol of the Island Empire was heralded by the optimistic Japanese press as a precursor of brighter days to come in the political wrangle between the two nations. The presence of a personal representative of the Czar lent a fairer aspect to Russia's heretofore absolute indifference, and dispelled somewhat the suspicions on the part of the Japanese that the Russians were not acting in good faith. During Kuropatkin's short tenure of residence in Tokio he was greeted deferentially by both the government and the press. On his presentation to the Emperor he was treated with chivalric kindness by that



*Kuropatkin * * * came down the gangway,
and was met by Alexieff with a military salute and a cordial shake of the hand*

semi-sacred personage, who expressed a wish that the amicable relations of the two countries might not become disrupted. Prince and nobleman of the empire vied with one another to show the Czar's plenipotentiary that the sentiment of the Japanese people was not for war as long as a sign of peace remained above the horizon. Kuropatkin and his officers were feted, wined and dined by the first diplomats of the nation. Nothing was left undone to make their stay in the country as pleasant as possible in spite of the spirit of animosity against Russia then first coming to the surface. Special police protection was accorded the party to protect it from contumacious demonstrations on the part of irrational subjects.

His mission concluded, General Kuropatkin left Tokio for Kobe, remaining a fortnight at Suma, a suburb of Kobe, during which time he made frequent trips into the country sight-seeing. He

finally re-embarked on the Askold for Port Arthur.

Notwithstanding the friendliness manifested during the Russians' sojourn in Japan, a strict, secret police surveillance was maintained over the party. Every move made, city or temple visited, was recorded in the archives of the police department and reported to the Tokio authorities. The Askold remained three days off Kobe with the distinguished party aboard awaiting the pilot, an Englishman who, several days before, had piloted a French liner through the treacherous inland sea. There were other foreign pilots in Kobe who possibly were as well informed in the navigating of Japanese waters as this particular Englishman, but the Russian commander insisted on awaiting the arrival of the English pilot. The pilot returned and took the cruiser through in safety, but this deference shown him by the Russians focused the attention of the Tokio

authorities upon him, and nearly cost him his license. He was requested to explain. The matter was dropped when the pilot produced an autograph photograph of the Grand Duke of Russia who had been in Japan several years before on a Russian warship. The adaptability of the English pilot to his vocation so impressed the Duke that he gave a promise that all Russian ships of war in Japanese seas in the future would seek him as pilot.

Admiral Alexieff, Viceroy of Russian interests in the Far East, had been aware for some time of Kuropatkin's intended and first visit to Port Arthur, and accordingly, made arrangements for his reception. It was a fact well known in Slav circles that the two representatives of militant Russia did not pull well together, and much conjecture was current as to whether or not the two grizzled veterans would take pleasure at the meeting. The day

of the reception arrived. The Askold, with the flag of the Minister of War floating from the peak, entered the harbor of Port Arthur at 1 P. M., amid the deafening salutes of the big guns of the fortifications and the ships in the roadstead. The big, five-funneled cruiser drew up at the new dock, where Viceroy Alexieff and staff, and a detachment of Cossacks headed by a magnificent band awaited the war minister.

It was a splendid spectacle to see these servants of military Russia, all big, well-proportioned men, standing motionless, their immaculate white blouses contrasting strongly with the loose dark pantaloons. The ship's gangway was let down and then occurred an event which nearly marred the day's festivities. The Viceroy remained on the dock awaiting the War Minister, who refused to leave the deck of the ship until after the Viceroy had come aboard



Kuropatkin was visited by a deputation of Chinese merchants who presented him with salt and rice as a token of the everlasting friendship of the Chinese of Port Arthur

and paid his respects. It was a question purely of precedence in rank. Each maintained that he ranked the other. An embarrassing silence ensued. The Cossack band struck up the "Alexieff March," composed by a Russian musician, to relieve the tension of the moment. The reception must surely have ended disastrously had not Kuropatkin pocketed his pride, he came down the gangway, and was met by Alexieff with a military salute and a cordial shaking of hands. To all outside appearances the meeting was friendly and cordial, as though nothing had occurred to jar the ceremony.

During the several days General Kuropatkin remained at Port Arthur he was shown the fortifications and conducted over the Russian warships personally by Viceroy Alexieff. As special envoy of the Czar he was visited

by a deputation of representative Chinese merchants who presented him with salt and rice as a token of the everlasting friendship of the Chinese of Port Arthur. After reviewing the troops of the Russian stronghold he took his leave and returned overland to St. Petersburg.

Today Japan and Russia are in the throes of a long, cruel war. General Kuropatkin has again returned to the Far East in the capacity of commander-in-chief of the army, acting independently of Alexieff who still retains his vice-royal prestige. It remains to be seen whether these two great Russian strategists who are responsible for the success or failure of Russian arms, will act in concert to repel the enemy, or allow their petty jealousies to overbalance patriotism to the detriment of the empire.

Up Mount Tallac

By ARCHIBALD TREAT

Photographs by the author

IF it be true that man is the descendant of a lower order of animal, then I claim for my ancestor a mountain goat rather than the chimpanzee of the forest. For I dearly love the pull, the strain, the final struggle, and then the feeling of exhilaration that are inseparably connected with the successful ascent of any eminence worthy the dignity of being called a mountain.

Mt. Tallac is best seen—in fact, it may be said that, with the exception of a bit of meadow-land at its feet, it can only be seen—from the water. It rises abruptly from the shores of Fallen Leaf lake, until it towers sentinel-like, dominating all the southwestern end of Lake Tahoe. It is not so tall as some of its neighbors; but, because of the abruptness, ruggedness and inaccessibility of its eastern face, it is far more picturesque, and apparently of greater

elevation. No one can row over the fishing banks in its vicinity, and watch the play of light upon its snow-clad top, without feeling within him the tingle of desire to test his muscles upon its steep sides. Small wonder, therefore, that I, who had known and loved Tallac from a distance since boyhood, should take early advantage of the chance to make the ascent.

I know of no mountain that can be so easily and so luxuriously conquered. A lady may sit her saddle from the hotel at Tallac to within one hundred yards of the summit without dismounting. But this is best only for the hardened equestrienne, as eight hours in all are required for the trip, and a change from horse to foot from time to time is more comfortable in the end.

The start is made about seven in the morning. For four miles the road



*Through the forest of pines . . . passing a fisherman,
rod, basket and all, on his way to some pet pool*

skirts the edge of Fallen Leaf lake, one of the loveliest of the mountain lakes of California. As with all such scenery, if you would see it at its best you must come either early or late in the day, for then only in California does nature show her full beauty and give you her best colors. In the morning you have the tints of the pearl; in the evening the glow of the ruby. In the morning nature takes from her palette blues and grays and a touch of pink; in the evening she gives you ultramarine blue, dull greens, the colors of the topaz, and a dash of crimson which gives fire to it all.

In our early morning trip the air was cool and bracing. The trees had hardly awakened, for they had not yet begun to murmur. The lake was a mirror, and, borrowing color from the sky, returned it with interest compounded. Mount Tallac looked down upon us benignly. Rounding the end of the lake, we entered a glacier-made gorge and began the ascent which ends with Tallac itself. The first climb in the road took us within a few steps of the falls of the stream that flows through this picturesque and rugged pathway of ancient ice rivers. The waters pour down some forty feet of



MT. TALLAC FROM TAYLOR CREEK, SHOWING THE CROSS

rock in noisy profusion, and a short distance away are swallowed up in Fallen Leaf lake. We stopped here for a moment and then galloped up the road through a forest of pines, for sufficient earth has lodged at the lower end of this rocky gorge to give them nourishment in plenty, passing in our rush a fisherman, rod, basket and all, on his way to some pet pool.

It was not long before we reached the springs, from which point the climbing actually commences, for there the road ends and the trail begins. Getting up above the country just traversed, the first rewards of climbing are visible. The scenery becomes rougher, the trees less high, and fern-covered boulders line the path. The wild flowers make up for lack of forests, for they are found on the road to Tallac in endless profusion and variety, the brilliant red of the Indian pink predominating.

While there are wild flowers for each season of the year in California, the

greatest number, and I think by far the most beautiful, are those that appear close upon the heels of the retreating snows. Nowhere in the mountains can a greater variety be found than here. One hundred and fifty different kinds have been picked by one person during the spare hours of a short vacation. Many of the choicest specimens nestle under the protecting shadows of the rocks, content to give in exchange for a handful of earth, the springtime sun and the waters of the melting snows, flowers so fair that all the skill of all the gardeners of the world can never hope to equal them.

We reached Lake Gilmore, a spot of blue in an amphitheater of bluffs, about an hour before noon. From here on the trail ascends steeply over ground soaked with water from the snows above. A stiff bit of climbing, and in a short time we reached a little grove of storm-beaten pines, where we hitched our horses and took the lunch from the bags. Then

came a climb of about a hundred yards, when presto! without warning there burst upon us one of the finest panoramas of the Sierra. It was as if a drop curtain had been suddenly raised, exposing a fourth of all the world. Lake Tahoe in all its length and breadth was below us, a huge sapphire in a chaplet of purple mountains. Urged by the wind its waters may have been heaving and swelling and churning in the endless profusion of wave motion; but, three thousand feet below us, it looked peaceful and calm, with no task save that of reflecting the blue sky above.

Extending in a half moon behind us were many of the spires of the Sierra; but even they, in all their extent and distance, with miles upon miles and leagues upon leagues of forests and canyons and ridges, sank into minor beauty when compared with the unrivaled blue waters of Tahoe below us, spreading out like a vast sheet of cathedral glass.

It is some time before the visitor to the mountain ceases to study his surroundings in the abstract, and begins to search out the details of familiar objects. Beneath, and under the very precipice on which we stood, was Fallen Leaf lake, closed in to the east by the moraine of the glacier that gouged out its basin. Beyond the latter is Tahoe or Lake valley, the extent of which would never have been appreciated had it not been seen from such a height. Rising from its southeastern edge is Freel peak, 1,000 feet higher than Tallac. To the north is Cascade lake, so called from the beautiful falls at its inlet; then comes the outlet of Emerald bay, with Rubicon peak standing guard above it—a lofty eminence when seen from below, but now its summit is 662 feet beneath us. Beyond is Tahoe city, to the eastward Brockway Point and the high peaks beyond; then Glenbrook, Lakeside, and so around until the eye has completed



Mt. Tallac is best seen from the water. It rises abruptly from the shore of Fallen Leaf lake, until it towers sentinel-like, dominating all the southwestern end of Lake Tahoe

the oval and is back to glimpses of the red roof of the hotel from which we had started four hours ago. It is five miles as the crow flies, but fifteen to us poor wingless mortals.

But we were not as yet actually upon the summit, and what has been said concerns only that which is to be seen from the point where the view of the lake so dramatically burst upon us. A trifle over a stone's throw away was the summit of Tallac, a tousled lot of rock piled in wild profusion into a cone. A short climb, and we stood upon the top. The view again changes, for now the region to the west has opened up to view, exposing a stretch of snow-covered

country, with many lakes to break the monotony of forest and canyon. Nine of them may easily be counted with the naked eye—Tahoe, Fallen Leaf and Cascade; in the glacial gorge that begins with Jack's Peak and ends at Fallen Leaf, Heather, Gilmore, Suzy, Grass, and Lucile, and Echo, a dim patch of blue in a forest of pines six miles away to the south.

And what a change from the scene of the morning. Thirty-eight hundred feet above, Tallac loomed dark and purple. And over all were the glamour of evening, the hum of insects, the last chirp of the birds, and the gathering darkness.



CASCADE FALLS, AT THE INLET TO CASCADE LAKE



Oregon roses that equal any of the prize-winners of England

Mrs. W. S. Gibson, photo

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."
Each Morn a thousand roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where lives the Rose of Yesterday?

OMAR KHAYYAM.

IT is sometimes said that time in Portland is reckoned only in terms of the deluge. There is, however, a certain well-to-do Portland business man who is known to rise at dawn on summer mornings to place parasols—not umbrellas mind you!—over his specimen roses in order that they may not be scorched by the sun. At such times his garden appears to grow only gay Japanese sunshades. Surely the solicitude of this man alone is answer enough to the charge.

A short time ago a rosarian whose name is a byword for rose-wisdom all over America,—E. G. Hill, of Indiana,—dropped into Portland at the tag-end of a tour about the world. A visit to the above-mentioned garden made him exclaim in astonishment—wary conservative though he is—that he had

not seen elsewhere such extraordinary perfection of roses, although he had traveled through England and France when roses were in their prime, and had come through Southern California on his way to Oregon. A hedge of La France roses in this Portland garden, he declared, was beyond anything he knew of, even in the motherland, France; and as for Caroline Testout, the French florist who created her never had any such roses on his place.

Photographs and measurements sent by this Portland amateur, W. S. Gibson, to Dean Hole, president of the National Rose Society of England, whose "Book about Roses" has made him the mentor of two continents, won from him the acknowledgment that these Oregon roses are equal to any of the prize beauties of England; and this opinion

has been corroborated by all who have visited the famous rose-shows of London and the smaller but no less wonderful rose-shows of Oregon.

Connoisseurs ascribe this perfection in texture and tint of petal, fragrance, and unusual size of flower in the hybrid perpetuals and hybrid teas, to the moist air, kindly cloud-shadows, even spring and summer temperature, and riches of vegetable mould stored in the yellow clay-soil. Now this discovery is yet very new indeed, but the rose-fever is doing its work, and Oregon has entered into compact with the wind, the sun, and the mist, that Portland is to be known to all men henceforth as the Rose City of America.

What mad riot of bloom is found here in June, or, later, in the echo-season of October. These are the top notches of rose-beauty, but there are really four good months of rose-weather each year. Look at that Fortune's Double Yellow, sometimes called the Beauty of Glazenwood. It is only about eight years old, yet the vine is eighteen feet high, covers a space of fifteen feet square, and had over 5,000 roses on it June 5th. It was grown by an amateur, Frederick V. Holman, who has done much to educate the people to an appreciation of the possibilities of rose-culture in Oregon.

Looking down upon the street with the proud, unabashed air of prize beauties quite accustomed to be stared at by the rabble, are decorous rows of Merveille de Lyons and Baroness Rothschilds. A certain prim dignity rests upon them as though they could never quite forget their past honors at the rose-shows. Further back in the garden, where the vision of the casual passer-by can not reach, there is less decorum, for into this seclusion only the privileged guest penetrates. Here golden-hearted roses tumble over one another in most unmannerly fashion in their efforts to catch the brightest sunbeam.

Was there ever such a mingling of modesty and audacity? What a bundle of pretty contradictions is here! Brave Captain Christy blushes like a school-girl if you but look him intently in the face. Caroline Testout hangs her head

as humbly as a country maid in a cotton dress, quite unconscious of her beauty and worth. Her Majesty near by holds herself proudly erect, concerned with her own self-importance, but the bourgeoisie around care not a whit for the splendor of her presence, and, truth to tell, like many another royal personage, she is a bit too stiff.

A rose-garden is Plato's republic in miniature. Patrician and plebeian are there sharply differentiated one from another, but they share alike, having all things in common. Tea-roses, the aristocrats, mingle freely with the red roses, the peasants whose coarse habit of growth, aggressive thorns, and untamed exuberance of color, mark their low lineage, and Duchesse de Brabant is found in company with Bessie Brown.

Symmetrical perfection of beauty may win all the prizes of the rose-show, but it cannot, after all, win the hearts of ordinary humanity, prone to love roses as they love people, quite as much for their faults as for their virtues. A rose of capricious beauty, like the Viscountess Folkestone, with ruffled petals, now wan, now pink, that are constantly falling into rebellious disorder, is more dear to the uncultured rose-lover than the proud prize-winner of the garden, the all too-perfect Baroness Rothschild.

"There are as many kinds of garden-
ing as of poetry," says the Englishman who above all his countrymen dealt in naivete; and indeed every man presumptive who creates a garden ought to have a bit of both the poet and the artist in his composition; then will he be able to read the subtle affinities and antipathies that roses have toward one another. How Mrs. John Laing clashes with the whole tribe of pink roses! On the other hand there is the curious bond of friendship that exists between La France and General Jacqueminot. His brilliant crimson warms La France to the heart, heightened her glory to tender moonshine pink.

There is one garden in Portland where cream-white melts into shell-pink, that into deep rose, which merges into crimson, while in the very heart of the garden one sees a vivid splash of intense

EARLY MORNING
AMONG THE ROSES
ON KING STREET
H. M. Smith, photo



FROM THE DOORYARDS
ONE SEES DELICATE
TRACERY OF LEAF
AND LIMB



"SPRING'S GREEN
WITCHERY IS
WEAVING BRAID AND
BORDER" OVER THE
BROAD VERANDAS





WHAT MAD RIOT OF
BLOOM IS FOUND
HERE IN JUNE, OR
LATER IN THE
ECHO-SEASON OF
OCTOBER

Smith, photo.



A TRETWORK OF
LOCUST LEAVES
AGAINST THE
WINTER SKY



ALL THE HOMES
ARE VINE EMBOWERED
* * * LUMINOUS
GREEN OF SUN-
FLECKED SHADOWS

INTERLACING BOUGHS
WHICH CAST OUT
SPRAWLING GREEN-
LEAVED ARMS

Smith, photo



GLIMMERING SHAFTS
OF SUNLIGHT FALL
ATHWART THE
TREES, LIGHTING
UP THE ROSE
TINTS BELOW

Shogren, photo



ALLURING VISTAS
AND PARK-LIKE
REACHES * * *
A PICTURESQUE
SETTING FOR
EVERY GARDEN

Smith, photo





Shogren, photo

Portland is a city of trees • • • bits of the forests run down into the streets

scarlet, Gloire de Bourg la Reine; so glowing is its flame that all other roses pale beside it. Its brightness fairly hurts the eye. Away off to the outskirts, Madame Alfred Carriere, climbing skyward over a trellis, drops a shower of snowy petals on the earth below, while to the south are clambering La Marque vines, the brilliant orange tints of William Allen Richardson brightening the mass of white bloom.

Interlacing boughs which cast out sprawling green-leaved arms to the earth, make a picturesque setting for

every garden. Glimmering shafts of sunlight fall athwart the trees, lighting up the thousand tender rose-tints below. For Portland is a city of trees; bits of the primeval forest run down from the canyons into the streets; all the homes are vine-embowered; even the back doors have alluring vistas and park-like reaches. The streets of no other city in America show quite the same luminous green of sun-flecked shadows,

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.



Mrs. W. S. Gibson, photo

Here golden-hearted roses tumble over one another in most unmannerly fashion • • • to catch the brightest sunbeam

The Story of a Great Tunnel

By ROBERT CHARLTON

Photographs by the author

The Santa Susana tunnel, which was begun July 16, 1900, completed August 18, 1903, and through which the first train ran March 20, 1904, is nearly a mile and a half long, and is by considerable odds the longest tunnel on the Pacific coast. Indeed, there are but three or four tunnels in the world which exceed it in length. By means of this tunnel a considerable saving is made in distance, grades and time on the Southern Pacific coast line between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

THE traveler on a railroad on a pleasant, sunshiny day sees a brakeman passing through the car, pausing as he goes to light the lamps. "Long tunnel coming," he says to himself, and awaits with languid interest the temporary extinction of the outer light. Some moments later the train hurls itself into

the engulfing blackness, and the anticipatory languid interest of the traveler is increased or diminished according as the tunnel is longer or shorter. Right there, or, at any rate, as the train rushes from the blackness into the white glare of the sunlight, the interest of the average traveler in the matter ceases.



—where one of the longest tunnels in the west has just been completed

It ceases, but it should not, for, had the traveler but known it, he has in that longer or shorter underground passage opened and closed the book wherein is written a story of deepest interest, a story of man's combat with nature and his victory in the contest; the story of the construction of a great tunnel.

we are fond of walking, or go through it, if we are able.

Some such problem as the foregoing confronted the Southern Pacific Company and its engineers but a few years ago. In the path of their progress stood the Santa Susanas. Already they had gone around the obstacle; now, regard-



—the heading of the two holes meet in a dead check

Come with me to a point some thirty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles, California, and we are precisely where the longest tunnel in the west has just been completed. Here the gray, rocky pile of the Santa Susana mountains looms directly in our path; we may climb over it, if we are aspiring; go around it, if

less of labor and cost, should they go through it? It was decided that they should—and all, or primarily, because a great reduction in grade, and six miles of space could be gained; that meant this much of easier and quicker transportation for the people. Over the old line the distance between Montalvo and

Burbank, via Saugus, was sixty-seven miles; over the proposed line (now in operation) it would be but sixty-one miles, divided as follows: Between Montalvo and Santa Susana, thirty-four miles; Santa Susana and Chatsworth Park, eight miles; Chatsworth Park and Burbank, nineteen miles. Six miles could be saved.

by night, before their gigantic task was accomplished, and one might pass on level ground from one side of the Santa Susanas to the other.

The hole that finally was pierced is about 7,500 feet, or almost a mile and a half in length, and practically every foot of this distance was dug and drilled



—every • • • precaution known to the engineering art was taken

That six miles meant the construction of the Santa Susana tunnel.

And here perhaps begins the real interest of a story that tells how a hole was pierced through the very heart of the mountain, and how through more than three years a small army of men labored unceasingly, both by day and

and blasted through solid rock, and the hardest of rock at that. The great labor began in July, 1900; it was completed but recently.

In an undertaking of this sort, and of this immensity particularly, it is advisable to work from both ends at once, thereby halving the time of labor. And

so, behold a miniature tent city on each side of the Santa Susanas where no city had been before. They were cities of masculines, these two, cities wherein big, raw-boned men came and went and did their daily or nightly work. Withal, they were to no small extent cities of enterprise and modern invention. For instance, these tent cities contained both electric and compressed-air plants.

and from the beginning they were confronted by a serious obstacle in their work on the west side of the mountain. The seams in the hard rock of the Susanas run from east to west; in working from the east the skilled workmen who handled the tools were drilling with the seams; in working from the west they were drilling against them. Only a person who is acquainted with such



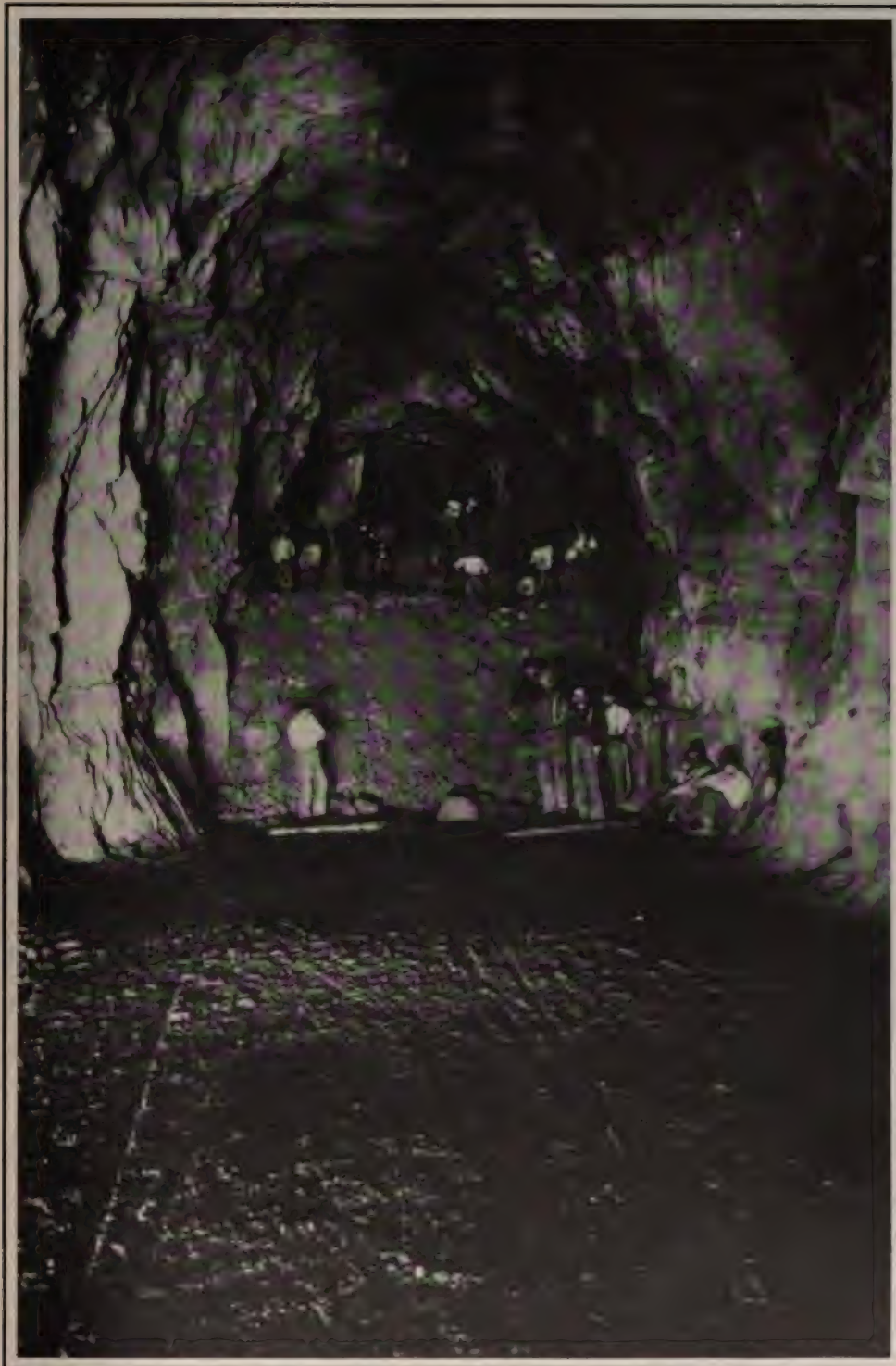
Soon . . . the train will hurry into and through the great opening which so lately was a part of Santa Susana's massive pile.

The latter was used for a double purpose; first, to supply air for the air drills, with which all of the drilling was done, and, second, to supply fresh air to the men who toiled deep within the tunnel, by whom it was much needed. As for the electric plant, in these progressive days electricity is used for lighting tunnels as well as the outside world.

The contractors who were responsible for the successful execution of this great enterprise were Erickson & Petterson,

work could estimate the effect of such varying conditions, but in the end it was indicated by the much greater length of tunnel that was completed from the east side of the mountain, although the same number of workers was employed at each end.

Slowly the work progressed—drilling, all of the time through solid rock, followed by blasts that sometimes shook the mountain, this again followed by the removal of debris; then again the drilling, the blasting and the rest, till



—through more than three years a small army of men labored unceasingly

days and nights of labor, without an hour's intermission, had grown into more than three years. Not infrequently water was encountered in great quantity, and it was less acceptable to the soaked and mud-bespattered men than it would have been but a little distance away on the Mojave desert.

It might have seemed that the solidity of the rock through which a way was slowly worked was in itself a sufficient safeguard against accidents, but the contractors did not think it so, and every additional precaution known to the engineering art was taken. Chief among these was the false timbering shown in one of the illustrations accompanying this article. This false timbering characterized the work from beginning to end. A foot or two of rock beyond the heading was drilled and blasted; then the timbering was at once brought forward to this temporary end of the hole. Doubtless it was due to this and other precautions that the notable fact may be recorded that from the beginning to the end of this work there were but few accidents of a serious nature.

At last the years of labor were almost ended; the voices of the men could be faintly heard from their adjoining chambers deep beneath the gray surface of the mountain; the final effort was to demonstrate how accurately the work had been done. The last drill was worked; the last blast was fired; where there had been solid rock a gaping, jagged hole showed the electric lights that glimmered in the cavern beyond. Now

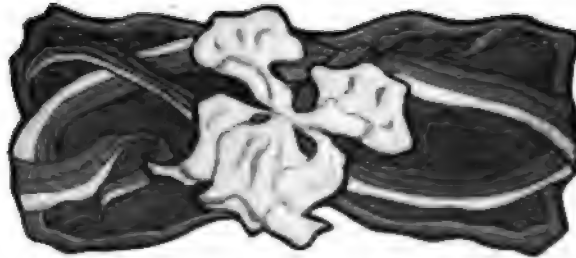
note this fact, reported by B. Wheeler, the assistant engineer in charge:

The heading of the two holes met in a dead check; if the tunnel had been worked from one end its floor could have been no more level throughout.

Think, if you will, what a triumph of the engineering science was this, what a tribute to the skill of the engineer. Here were the two holes dug through the heart of a mountain; the labor involved enduring through more than three years, and at the end of this long delving in the blackness the two holes exactly meet simply because an engineer had willed it to be so; because he had so exactly computed directions and distances that it could not be otherwise. Rare, indeed, is the instance in which an engineer has scored so great a triumph.

Well, the long labor is ended, and successfully so. The last stroke of a drill has sounded, the last blast has been heard in that man-made cavern. Soon the brakeman will shuffle through the trains and light the lamps; the traveler will murmur, "Long tunnel coming," and the train will hurry into and through the great opening which so lately was a part of Santa Susana's massive pile.

But the story of the herculean task that preceded this culmination has not been told, for this is but such dim outline as may serve to give some shadowy conception of the energy, the force and the skill that recorded their triumph in the completion of Santa Susana tunnel.





Crossing the Continent by the Central Overland Route Today
Contrasted with Before-Railroad Days by One Who
First Came West in a Prairie Schooner

THE sun shines dazzlingly outside the car window, wilting the bannered livery of vast armies of corn patrolling the track. An opulent landscape, with now and again a glimpse of running streams—a silvered length or loop between lush, gradual banks. Flocks of blackbirds whirl up from the fields, and robber crows, gorged with the milk-sweet maize, wing cumbrously to the cool shade of cottonwoods beside the water. Upon either hand great province farms are mapped on the rich, parturient prairie—Iowa, that child of kindly fortune. As our train whizzes past, a blowzy, flap-eared donkey trots jerkily down a wayside path, led by a crop-headed lad who stares at us round eyed. Stop is made at cities and towns, and the passengers crowd to the platforms and windows when we cross the immense double-track steel viaduct spanning the Des Moines and its marginal stretch of broken bottom-lands. The young gentleman on my left answers the questioning of his companion:

“Yes, it’s quite a trestle,” he drawls. “They say it cost nearly a million. It’s over a half mile in length—longer than the Kinzua bridge in Pennsylvania, the Pecos river bridge in Texas, or the Loa viaduct in Bolivia.”

The man addressed, whose broad accent hints of braes and heather, is elderly, but fresh-faced, and appears to be touring America for the first time. He continues to gaze out of the window, remarking interestedly upon the superb structure of the bridge and the massive masonry built at either end to protect the embankment. Meanwhile the younger of the two settles his slim shoulders to the cushioned seat, stretches his well-dressed legs, and after whisking a speck of cinder from his starched cuff, observes with the blasé air of one long traveled (I learned afterward that he had twice before made the trip between Chicago and Denver):

“This sort of thing is deuced tiresome, don’t you think? The first day out about uses me up.”



ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL—FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES NAHL

This painting formerly hung in the capitol at Sacramento and now is in Mrs. Stanford's collection. Charles Nahl was one of the best known of early western artists, and doubtless did more than any other one man to preserve in picture form the customs, manners and costumes of the picturesque pioneer days.

The Scotchman's reply shows good-natured raillery:

"Tiresome for ane yoong like you, I doot not, an' slow traveling for America!" There is a shrewd twinkle of eye my way over the limp figure by his side; I fear my face had betrayed to him my amusement. The very young gentleman gives an apathetic shrug without change of expression, and the elder resumes more seriously:

"But min' the auld days, mon!" emphasizing with wag of head. "I hear tell o' the pioneers o' this great west—bauld men, they maun hae been—gang sax moonths o'er the same road wi' beast an' burthen. Think o' thot, noo! Sax moonths o' slow wheelin', wi' bleezin' sun or chitterin' cauld, hoonger, dool an' death to face, an' far frae hame in a hostile land! A poet could sing o' sic braw men an' women."

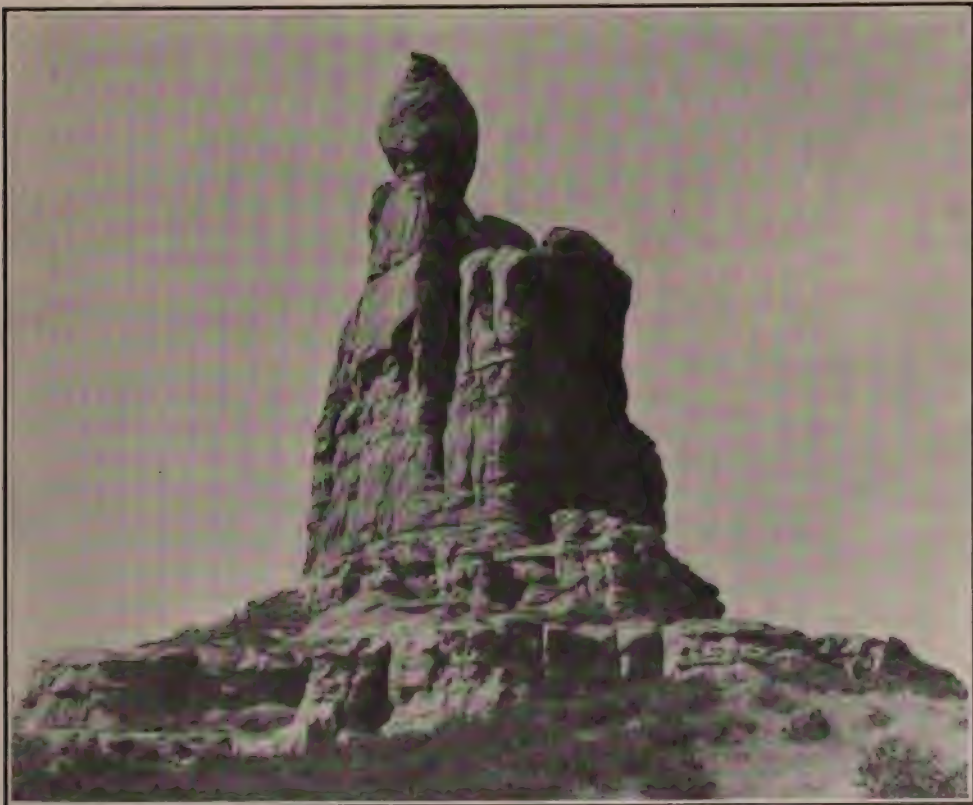
Aye—songs reminiscent! Chant, "minstrels latent of the prairies," of the great sierras, of the mighty forests and high plateaus; chant for the world's grateful your immortal lays of the

pioneers, that restless, resistless race of heroes who blazed the trails to hitherto unnamed regions of the continent! Sing of men with the far look in their eyes, pushing out from the edge of civilization into the unknown wildernesses of the setting sun, and winning for themselves bread-fields in salt-rimmed desert and mountain fastness. Sing of a time and humanity veined with the deep-dyed colors of life—all that is richest and most vital in feeling and action.

A flash of memory, and I am no longer the tourist of today; I am carried backward over a generation of eventful years. The luxurious furnishings of the Pullman—plush upholstery, polished wood, plate glass, carpeted floor, fans electrically revolving, the latest books and papers, the unobtrusive service of trained attendants—all realities of the present utterly fade and vanish. Even the voices at my elbow lose distinct articulation, soothed into murmurous nothings by my drowse-lapsing thought.

Surely fancy plays me no trick. I recall with vivid definiteness this Iowa landscape in the long ago. The same wide, broken bottom-lands banked by a windrow drift of bluffs, the river sliding through their midst, the grouping trees, and beyond, a measureless pasturage billowing to the sun. But in the pictorial recall no steel trestle bears aloft its ribboned track for a shrieking train; no troops of tasseled grain marshal the indistinct trail westward; there are no prosperous cities, only a few far-scattered hamlets whose herds, sleek with content, tramp down the tall, heading grass. Of the migrating hosts crossing to seek gold or homes in some talked-of El Dorado, who dreams of the cereal wealth to come, a score of years hence, from these leagues of primal green? Certainly not the Child trudging behind hooded wagons, her gipsy-clad figure

half-hid by a mane of curls, and her bare feet pressing lightly the springy turf. So joy-inspired she looks, and so gay is the color of her frock, that one half thinks her a human bird or bee astir in the nodding prairie pinks. Ever and again she laughs gleefully at some prank of her companion, a small chestnut dog. Grand times they have nest-hunting, these two, for prairie chickens abound! The dog steals upon the wild biddies while they brood their eggs in the concealing grass, and his little mistress tiptoes after. Often the escape from capture is a narrow one and only effected by the opportune shedding of the bird's tail plumage. Such frantic shaking and pawing on the dog's part to rid his mouth of the feathers, and such peals of laughter from the Child! And the exulting excitement of both when the eggs are discovered!—often



CHIMNEY ROCK, A LANDMARK ON THE WYOMING TRAIL

J. E. Stimson, photo

from one to two dozen in a single nest, and each half or two thirds the size of the egg of the domestic fowl.

An idyllic life—no work, no school, no tiresome restrictions of dress or deportment, and all this sun-drenched, bloom-beaconed wilderness for playground! And the nights! The blissful unreality of the dark half of the day spent under a whole heavenful of stars, her body thrillingly close to the cool, perfumed earth, and the winged part of herself adventuring the mazes of the milky way.

Thus living and dreaming who can wonder at the Child's unrepressed joyance, which is manifestly shared by the dog, if one takes into account his sportive barks and waggles. Camp is usually set up beside one of the coursing streams, and Child and dog—she would scoff at the supposition that her canine favorite does not share in full her appreciative sense—yield to the infinite soothing of nature; the orchard scent of Indian apple overhanging the banks, and fragrance of sweetbrier and currant; the monotone of home-winged bees floating in from the sunlight; birds chirruping in breeze-buffed linden and elm; the sluggish flapping of water fowl in distant shady pools, and the

creek smothering its shouting under a briery coverlet. Later on belated sun-grains filter through an enchanting network of wild grape and cherry, touching to gold mingled curls and fur, for the dog pillows the Child's head. The crackling of the camp-fire is followed by the tantalizing odor of supper—frying grouse and omelet, hot biscuits baked in Dutch ovens, and the steaming of freshly made tea. Nothing in all this spacious castle of outdoors so mightily entertains as eating. The pillow stirs uneasily and whips its chops with anticipatory tongue, whereat the head bobs up and the instant after the two are skipping to the laden board—literally a board, in this instance supported on boxes.

And when the evening meal is over songs are sung in the circled firelight, and afterward sleep, the deep, delicious oblivion that comes only to those whose beds are spread afield.

"Third and last call for dinner!"

I stare in bewildered awakening at the white-aproned individual who makes the announcement, and then bethinking me of the risk of missing altogether the first courses, I make a flurried rush for the dining car. To my relief I find others late besides myself, quite a company in fact sitting in twos and fours



PLATTE RIVER AT FORT STEELE, TO WHICH THE WESTWARD-REACHING TRAVELERS OF EARLY DAYS WERE WONT TO LOOK FORWARD AS A HAVEN OF TEMPORARY REST



—upon either hand great province farms are mapped on the rich, parturient prairie

at the tastefully laid tables. I am shown to the nearest vacant seat and recognize in my companions the two fellow travelers whose conversation had lured me into reverie. They are occupying themselves with a dessert of iced sherbet, cakes and coffee; at least, the very young gentleman is sipping his cup, the Scotchman pushing his aside with derogatory remarks on American dietetics in general and coffee drinking in particular.

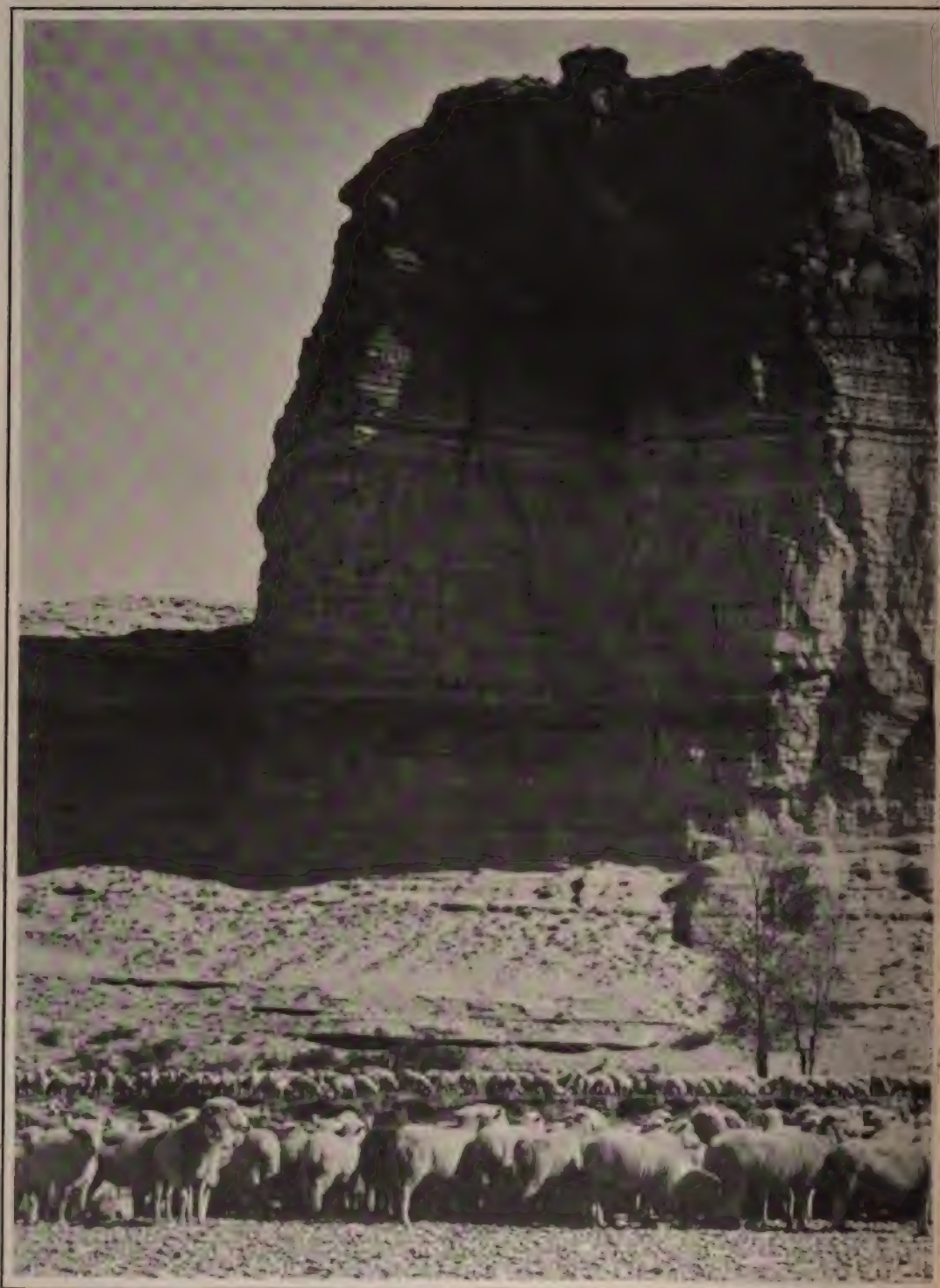
"Takken every meal; bra-akfast, dinner an' supper. But it's eneuch to droon a mon's insides!" he declares, ruffling his eyebrows at his companion, who twirls his spoon with so self-satisfied a smile as to provoke a fresh outburst.

"No wonner you are deespeptics, every mither's son o' ye!" his tone one of vigorous protest. "Meat three times a day an' hot bra-ad an' pasthry! It's a feckless race thot cooms frae sic proven-der—nae strength o' bane an' muscle! For mysel', gie me a bowl o' parritch or a healsom soup wi' bannock an' cheese an' you're weelcume to a' thot, which do naught but tease a mon's appetite!" snapping a thumb and forefinger at the elaborate bill of fare spread before me.

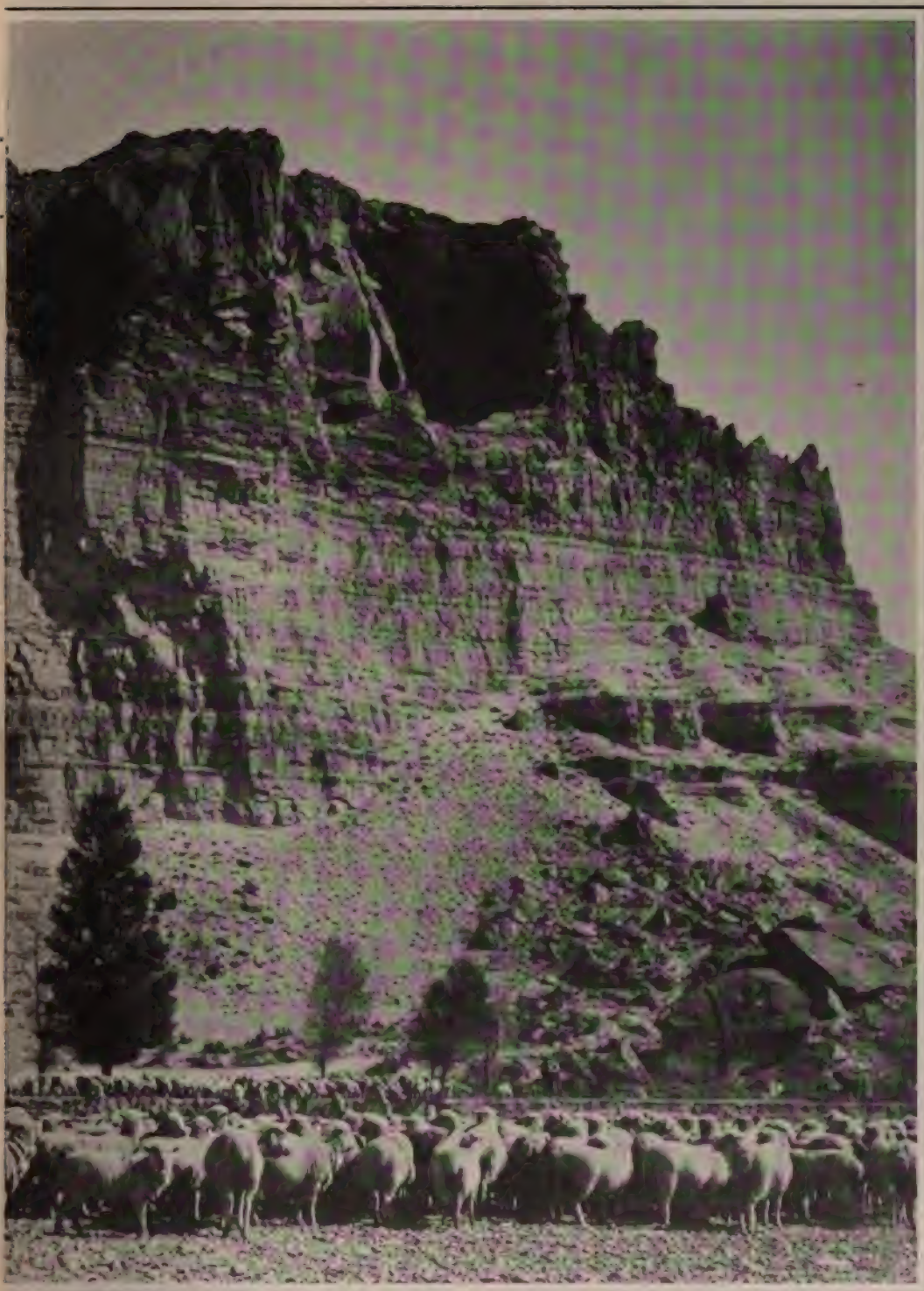
The other only laughs in response, and a moment later the two leave me in

the midst of a relishing onslaught upon my salad. I eat slowly as becomes a somewhat epicurean habit and due regard for the economy of digestion, dipping the crisp leaves into mayonnaise and letting my thoughts meanwhile revert to that list of homely dishes rolled out in Scotch brogue. Soup with bannock and cheese may satisfy Gaelic imagination and appetite, but my more cosmopolite taste demands greater variety and delicacy of choice. And for a warm day what could be more inviting than the repast before me!—this bleached, crinkled lettuce eaten with alternate morsels of French crust spread with cool, sweet butter; tomatoes thinly sliced and garnished with cress and lemon; creamed potatoes and succulent green-tipped asparagus; iced or hot tea, served in sprigged china along with a dessert of fresh peaches and cream—real cream, mind you! and all these dishes so painstakingly prepared as to provoke a gustatory peace nothing short of that of a gastronomic Nirvana.

Mayhap my appreciation of the meal with its leisured elegance is enhanced by the persisting recollection of the Child—alas! a joy picture no longer. Down the vista of the past she gazes at me with the mournful fixity of one dumbly



IN THE SHELTER OF THE GREEN RIVER PALISADES OF WYOMING ON THE LINE OF THE UNION



PACIFIC—CLOSE TO THESE MIGHTY ROCKS RAN ONE OF THE OLD OVERLAND TRAILS

J. E. Stimson, photo



THE DEVIL'S SLIDE IN WEBER CANYON

proclaiming her wretchedness. The little figure in its faded dress looks strangely shrunken, and the pinched face, despite the dust and tan, shows the chalky hue that denotes insufficient nourishment. All the lightsome effervescence of childhood is gone, her feet dragging painfully along a sun-baked plain, for she still follows the sheeted wagons, although the summer is now far advanced. Behind her crawls a wobbly line of covered vehicles similar to those her father and brothers drive; for notwithstanding the lateness of the season hundreds of emigrants, with the "prairie schooners" of the freighters, are moving ponderously up the great trail to the Rocky mountains.

To walk at will over spring-painted prairies is an exhilaration; but here on this sage waste bordering the tawny Platte, where the sparse bunch-grass is nibbled close by earlier passing herds, one is forced to keep afoot to lessen the load for the starving stock. She is but light weight, this Child pioneer; lighter because of exhaustion and scant food, for the supply of flour and bacon runs perilously low, and the way still stretches far into the sun-hot horizon. Sometimes the train makes ten miles a day, but oftener it is half that distance, and when camp is reached the stock is driven off miles into the bluffs to find grazing. Already one of the oxen has fallen by the roadside, a feast for the wolves. In one of the pockets of the Child's brain is stored something she once heard about this "great American desert"—that it is the oldest exposed portion of the continent, and that certain astonishing fossils have been found here—the bones of a colossal turtle and a six-horned rhinoceros; but if she knew these paeleozoic marvels were to be seen a step or two from the beaten track, she would not be tempted to seek them, so mortal is her weariness.

By the Child's side, panting hoarsely, limps the dog. The hairlike needles of the prickly-pear fester in his feet, the gloss is gone from his chestnut coat, and the hide on his skeleton frame hangs



J. E. Sims, photo

WHERE THE TRAIL OF THE PAST HAS GIVEN PLACE TO THE IRON TRACK OF TODAY



F. A. Strough, photo

"If a mon doesn't joy hissel' noo days traveling he's a coof"



Detroit Photographic Co., photo

NORTHWESTERN DEPOT, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, WHERE IN THE PRAIRIE-SHOONER DAYS WAS ONLY A BOUNDLESS PRAIRIE

in empty folds. The white incrustations of alkali rimming his eyes give him the absurd appearance of wearing spectacles, while his tail—a mute telltale of canine mood—has the hopeless droop of utter disheartenment. The look he casts at his mistress entreats her to help, and she carries him staggering for a little, he meanwhile whimpering his gratitude and slaving the hand pressed nearest.

Nor are hunger and weariness the worst there is to face. A danger far more formidable threatens by day and night. Savage foes lurk in ambush awaiting an unguarded moment to fall upon the emigrants with bullet and tomahawk. Week follows week of dread anticipation—the lying down at night with the awful sense of impending massacre; the ever present, solemn question as to where the dawn is to break. During this period of sinister menace, the Child grows diaphanous, her spirit straining at its frail fleshy bars. The dog, too, shares the expectation of dire calamity. He bristles with suspicion at sight of strangers, every nerve tense, and eyes them furtively, growling and showing his teeth while keeping close to his mistress.

Will she ever forget the appalling horror of that first surprise?—the demoniac whoop, the sunshine blurred by death-speeding arrows and bullets; hideous, fantastic figures brandishing war weapons, the blood-freezing shrieks and struggles of helpless victims, the piercing realization of life ruthlessly destroyed before her eyes! And then the awed, momentary lull consequent upon attack and repulse, and the heart-wrenching denouement—the sickening spectacle of

the gashed, scalpless corpses of those familiar and dear, the dry-lipped earth drinking their warm life-blood.

And God over all! The shock of first doubt troubles the pool of childhood faith and she raises a stricken face from the dead. What new meaning does the child-soul gather to itself from the out-rolled heavens and earth? Who but the Reader of Hearts can tell? The sun, mounting a brassy sky, lights to untold brilliance plain, river and bluff, touching to tenderest green a thicketed island off shore where a mocking-bird sings to its mate. Never thereafter does she hear this bird without a vivid re-living of that tragedy beside the Platte.

Picture the foregoing vicissitudes of pioneer venture, you who today traverse a civilized continent in four circling suns:

“If a mon doesn't 'joy hissel' noo days traveling he's a coof!” as the Scotchman forcibly puts it, when, smiling

and hearty, he with his companion take leave of us.

Toward morning I run up my shade to look out. Our engine is coughing ahead at a uniform speed, a lulling motion that should have prolonged my restful sleep. Often it is thus; this voiceless summons of the dawn awakening the children of men to watch the ineffable shifting of darkness into day. A half moon swings its coppery bowl over the inky ridge on our left, peopling the desert spaces with ghostly shadows. The desert of Bitter Creek this must be, that “abomination of desolation” to the pioneer. Here again memory recalls the Child, stumbling light-headedly over the dust-clouded trail, and often hugging to her breast the dog in an extremity of protective love. A heart-sore picture to



THE WELLS-STREET STATION, CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY, WHERE ONCE WAS THE FRONTIER STATION AND NOW IS THE GREAT CITY OF CHICAGO



J. E. Stimson, photo

WHERE THE TRAIL ONCE RAN AND THE TRACK NOW LIES IN NEBRASKA

face, though nigh two score years intervene! The unsheathed sun sucks at the very marrow of her bones. Under foot is the blistering sand. Her eyeballs are scorched, her lips cracked and swollen. There is no water save these fetid alkali pools and this creeping stream which is nauseous to drink. At last with a gasp of relief she sees the day go out in a final blaze, and night comes down apace, scattering a faint coolness as of invisible dews. Still she toils on, her fancy dully taking note of stellar radiance abroad—the flash of great stars overhead and flash of drowned stars in the bitter waters, and in the wayside brush yet smaller stars, twin-born, the eyes of wolves whose blood-thirsting howls rend the stillness of the desert. Two hours after nightfall halt is made at Rock Springs. The Child waits neither to sup nor undress, but half dead with fatigue, drops on the blankets which older hands have spread under the wagon-bed.

But there comes a happier time. The Child, with the rest of the train that escaped Indian butchery, finds her way into verdant pastures where weary human and beast rest beside sweet waters.

Her feet feel again the delicious impact of green grass, and she is glad with the sight of plashy flats and lake-eyes twinkling through the shimmer of willow and aspen. For days the emigrants stay here, the needs of the stock being great, but one morn of gold and green they make the ascent from the meadows and wind on and up a cloven path of the Wasatch, until from a gateway of splendid granite they behold a widespread vision—the basin of the Great Salt Lake. It was from this steeped gap that the Mormon pioneers for the first time saw the valley of their dream—this prayed-for Palestine wherein, as their prophets foretold, should be built the New Jerusalem for God's chosen people. This was nearly twenty years earlier, when no human token was traceable in the landscape; no warm, cognate touch as yet added to its divine wildness and sequestration.

The Child has often heard the story beside the camp-fire, and now gazes spell-bound. Never has she seen aught so wonderful! The great shining sea in the west, half-ringed by unearthly, snow-streaked mountains, the wide valley in the foreground with its three rivers joined to the lake like blue ribbons

bunched in a silver brooch! And, marvel of all marvels, that white gardened city—the "New Zion," brooding at the foot of the hills!

Nor do we of today wonder less at the splendid achievement of these empire-building "Saints" who, in the short space of fifty years, have turned an arid desert into a veritable Canaan—a land flowing with milk and honey. We leave Salt Lake reluctantly, as all lovers of romance, beauty and industrial order must, and speed westward across the deserts of Nevada to the snow-capped Sierra. Thence on, a boundless exhilaration thrills me. At every turn, some high-hung picture in Nature's gallery—an Arctic summit, a lofty wall smoothed out of rugged feature by sweeps of forest, steepes housed under living towers of green, and streams outflung like banners from battlement and peak.

It is not till late in the fall that the crown is set to all this mountain magnificence. At this season the year abandons itself to color, trimming the cascading fountains with gorgeous reds and gold, massing whole canyons with the vivid crimson of azalea and maple, the flaunting yellow of buckeye and rich terra cotta of dogwood, all banked against the unflinching green of cedar and pine. Thus it looked to the Child in that long ago—this Sierra wonderland—as, rehabilitated with joy, she waded the rustling leaf furrows, the

faithful dog at her heels. I take her hand, and so joining time and time, we go journeying together down the warmer western slopes to the uttermost goal of the pioneer.

"You remember the old," I say to her, "but let me show you the new, the California of today."

We see here no longer the dominance of mining camp and stock-range, but the reign of widespread agriculture; the planting and nurturing of the largest, most productive farms, orchards and vineyards in the world; wheat plains stretching unbroken to the horizon line, the meridian sun flooding them without fleck of shadow, and other grain domains equally vast, with white oaks grouped pictorially about. We look abroad on unfenced, level miles of choicest wine grapes, or upon vine-striped foothills running together, with room between for streams and knolls awave with trees; bronzing oaks, the spiced foliage of the laurel, and that wood beauty, the madroño, her scarlet berries aflame in the landscape. See the great stone wineries—splashes of mottled grays framed in the rich shades of pomegranate and fig trees! And climbing the sun-gilded hills, lines of olives, their wan tints in contrast with the glossy emerald of the orange and lemon orchards crowding the river. Inhale deep breaths, for the air is sweet with the balm of citrus blooms and



Brown photo

THE NORTHWESTERN LINE, THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROAD BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE MISSOURI RIVER, NOW RUNS WHERE THE EARLY OVERLAND PARTIES SLOWLY TRAILED TOWARD THE SETTING SUN

oleanders banking snug homes canopied by nut groves and vines. And always we see the blending of beauty and utility; a landscape of generous husbandry, with wild borders of chaparral, and hills shaggy with forests and cut by river trenches, the whole sentineled by pinnaled ranges. A climate sun-kissed by day and sea-cooled by night! A land

of prodigal plenty; grain, fruits and flowers, gold and silver in the mountains, perennial pasture for herds and flocks. and in vales remote, brooks of honey flowing from the lavish stores of the wild bee! A land where—

The sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row.



Drawing by P. V. Ivory

A Prairie Moonrise

By PERCY F. MONTGOMERY

Naught save the barren prairie, straight as the raven's flight,
Not a cloud upon the heavens mars the coming of the night:
Not a tree to break the skyline, where the sunset bands of red
Half across the Western border tell that the Summer day is dead.

Twenty thousand shining starbeams, clustered round a crescent moon,
Stealing out the purple Eastland in the waning twilight's gloom.
In a stillness deep, primeval, in a mist-light like the morn,
Out upon the trackless prairie one more Summer night is born.





Hill, photo

ROSE-EMBOWERED HOME (THE CRAGIN RESIDENCE NEAR SAN JOSE) OF A PROSPEROUS CALIFORNIA FRUIT-GROWER

California's Fruit Industry

By E. P. CLARKE

THE census statistics of 1900 on agriculture are more complete than those of any previous census. The investigations on which they were based were more thorough, and the compilation has evidently been made with greater accuracy and discrimination than ever before. One of the most interesting features of the bulletins on agriculture in the various states, the publication of which has only recently been completed, is the important showing made by the fruit industry. It is certain that no branch of agriculture made the gains in the last decade that fruit-growing did. There are over 3,700,000 acres in orchard fruits reported by the census enumerators,

and these figures are likely to be below rather than above the total. At the present time there must be fully 4,000,000 acres in orchards in the country—enough for 400,000 ten-acre or 200,000 twenty-acre farms.

The following is the acreage reported for the different varieties of deciduous fruit, the figures being given in round numbers, with the percentage of gain in the last decade:

VARIETY	PERCENTAGE	
	ACRES	OF GAIN
Apples	2,000,000	68
Peaches	1,000,000	217
Prunes and Plums....	307,800	334
Pears	177,000	246
Cherries	119,400	112
Apricots	50,000	217

In value the fruit crop now ranks as one of the eight most important agricultural products of the country. The figures on the annual crop for the year preceding the census are as follows:

Corn, \$828,258,326; Hay, \$484,256,846; Cotton (including cotton seed), \$370,708,746; Wheat, \$369,945,320; Oats, \$217,098,584; Potatoes, \$118,263,814; Vegetables, \$113,871,842; Fruit, \$92,301,703.

In the year referred to there was a light apple crop, and a rather light peach crop. Under normal conditions the value of the fruit crop must exceed \$100,000,000.

The following states report a fruit crop exceeding \$1,000,000 in annual value, the figures being given in round numbers:

California	\$21,700,000
New York	10,500,000
Pennsylvania	8,000,000
Ohio	6,000,000
Illinois	3,800,000
Michigan	3,600,000
Indiana	3,100,000
Missouri	3,000,000
New Jersey	2,600,000
Virginia	2,600,000
West Virginia	2,200,000
Kentucky	1,900,000
Iowa	1,850,000
Kansas	1,700,000
Tennessee	1,500,000
Texas	1,350,000
Maryland	1,300,000
North Carolina	1,300,000
Arkansas	1,250,000
Massachusetts	1,200,000
Florida	1,100,000
Washington	1,000,000
Oregon	1,000,000
Connecticut	1,000,000

We really ought to add Maine and Delaware to this list, as, under ordinary conditions, the apple crop of the first state and the peach crop of the second exceed \$1,000,000 in value; but short crops in the year preceding the census caused them to drop a little below the million-dollar mark. Georgia reported over \$500,000 worth of fruit, and the growing importance of its peach industry will soon bring its annual output up to \$1,000,000. The low rank of Florida will be a surprise to many, but since

the series of freezes struck such a terrible blow to the orange industry the state has lost its prestige as an important factor in fruit production.

The apple is the most widely distributed fruit grown in the country; it is found in every state—in the cold North and in the sunny South. The following table gives the acreage in apple trees in every state in the Union in round numbers, with the gain per cent for the last decade:

STATE	ACRES	GAIN PER
		CENT
Missouri	200,000	146
New York	150,000	4
Illinois	134,000	100
Ohio	130,000	19
Pennsylvania	117,750	29
Kansas	118,400	95
Michigan	109,000	25
Kentucky	87,500	53
Indiana	86,200	42
Virginia	82,000	93
Tennessee	77,100	54
Arkansas	74,300	300
Iowa	68,600	89
North Carolina	64,300	51
West Virginia	54,000	90
Maine	42,000	39
Nebraska	38,700	300
California	29,000	127
Oregon	28,200	100
Washington	27,300	900
Wisconsin	25,000	85
Georgia	23,500	75
Oklahoma	20,500	...
Alabama	20,000	250
New Hampshire	20,000	16
Colorado	20,000	2500
Massachusetts	18,500	9
New Jersey	18,000	38
Maryland	18,000	41
Vermont	16,700	3
Texas	14,800	138
Connecticut	11,600	5
Idaho	9,800	1000
Minnesota	8,700	500
Nevada	8,300	300
Utah	7,000	700
South Carolina	7,000	116
Mississippi	7,000	98
Indian Territory	6,700	...
Delaware	5,600	66
Montana	5,000	5000
New Mexico	4,800	1200
Rhode Island	2,000	3
South Dakota	1,600	1000
Louisiana	1,400	36
Wyoming	92	2500
Florida	82	17
North Dakota	23	...

There was no apple report from Arizona. In Vermont the percentage is of

loss instead of gain. It is the only state reporting a loss in apple acreage.

Perhaps the greatest surprise is to find Missouri at the head of the list, and the next greatest is to find the prairie state of Kansas following close after the great apple-producing states of New York, Illinois and Ohio. North Dakota at one climatic extreme and Florida at the other, come at the bottom of the list. In the first state it is too cold, and in the second too warm for apples.

The following states make an important showing on one or more of three varieties of fruits—peaches, cherries and pears. The figures are for acres given in round numbers:

STATE	PEACHES	CHERRIES	PEARS
Michigan	81,000	8,900	13,700
Georgia	76,000	3,800
California	75,000	6,800	25,000
Texas	72,500	10,400
Ohio	63,000	7,000	9,200
Oklahoma	55,100	4,000
Kansas	51,000	11,000
Missouri	45,500	7,000	5,500
Arkansas	40,900	2,000
Maryland	40,000
Pennsylvania	35,000	9,500	8,000
Indiana	29,200	8,900	8,700
Kentucky	28,800	2,300	3,200
Tennessee	27,500	2,000	2,600
North Carolina	27,700
New Jersey	27,000
Alabama	26,900	2,000
New York	25,200	5,400	22,000
Illinois	25,000	7,300	8,000
Delaware	24,400	4,000
Virginia	20,000	2,700	3,000
Mississippi	18,500
West Virginia	17,000	3,000
New Mexico	11,700
South Carolina	11,300
Nebraska	10,000	6,000
Louisiana	7,600
Connecticut	5,200
Iowa	5,100	7,900
Utah	4,000	2,200
Florida	3,500	2,000
Indian Territory	3,300
Colorado	3,100	2,600
Oregon	2,800	2,300	3,700
Washington	2,200	2,100	3,100
Wisconsin	2,800
Massachusetts	3,000
Montana	2,000	3,000

Kansas reports the greatest acreage in cherries, Pennsylvania second, and Michigan third. California has the lead in pears, New York second, and Michigan

third. No state not listed above reports as much as 2,000 acres of any one of these three varieties of fruits.

The states reporting 2,000 acres or more in prunes and plums are as follows:

STATE	ACREAGE
California	98,000
Oregon	25,000
Michigan	13,700
Iowa	13,000
Washington	12,900
Arkansas	10,000
New York	9,800
Ohio	9,000
Kansas	8,500
Missouri	7,500
Indiana	7,200
Mississippi	7,000
Tennessee	7,000
Pennsylvania	7,000
Georgia	6,800
Idaho	5,800
Illinois	5,700
Nebraska	5,400
Alabama	4,000
Oklahoma	4,000
Utah	3,000
Colorado	2,600

Apricot trees are reported as grown in nearly every state in the Union, but with few exceptions the acreage is not sufficient to produce fruit in any commercial quantities; the trees are grown more as a curiosity than anything else. California is the only state that can really be counted as a producer of apricots; so that this fruit is really more limited in the region where it is successfully grown than the orange even. California has 42,000 acres in apricots; Oklahoma has 2,300 acres, and Kansas 1,700, but the latter 4,000 acres do not yet produce fruit enough to cut much figure even in local consumption.

Pennsylvania, New Mexico, Nebraska, Colorado, Washington, New York, Idaho and Oregon report over 100 acres in apricots, but this is the aggregate of many small lots. It is claimed, however, that some sheltered valleys in eastern Washington and Idaho produce apricots as fine as California's.

California and Florida are the only two states reporting olives, and Florida only reports eighty acres—too small an amount to be considered. The California acreage is put at 15,000.

The following states report figs: California, 1,900 acres; Mississippi, 130; Georgia, 120; Florida, 100; South Carolina, 70; North Carolina, 50. Here again California is practically the only producer.

The census bulletins made a detailed report on oranges and lemons from only two states, California and Florida. Arizona is credited with about 1,200 acres of semi-tropic fruits, probably mostly oranges and lemons. Some oranges are grown in Louisiana, but the acreage is so small as to be regarded as not worth enumeration by the census bureau.

According to the census of 1890 California had 10,500 acres of oranges and 825 acres of lemons; the census of 1900 gave us 56,500 acres of oranges and 15,000 acres of lemons. This is considerably more than the total reported by the county assessors, but it is believed to be more correct than the assessors' reports as in many cases non-bearing trees are not listed by the assessors. There has been no extensive planting of citrus orchards in California since the census was taken, and the present total probably does not exceed 60,000 acres of oranges and 15,000 of lemons. Of the acreage in oranges about 50,000 are in Southern California, 5,000 in Central California (almost all in Tulare county), and 5,000 in Northern California (mostly in the counties of Butte, Placer and Sacramento).

The acreage in oranges in Florida has diminished in ten years from 27,000 to 25,500. The lemon acreage is unimportant; it was put at 850 acres in 1890

and only 225 acres in 1900. These figures will indicate how California has outstripped Florida as a producer of citrus fruits. Last year the entire crop of Florida was less than 2,000 cars; less than the total crop of Redlands; less than half the crop of Riverside. There were 1,200 cars shipped from north of Tehachapi, and the northern citrus belt will soon equal Florida's product.

This season's Florida crop will be larger, but will hardly reach 5,000 cars, while the estimated output of the Riverside district alone is 5,500 cars of oranges (not counting probably 300 cars of lemons).

The estimated output of oranges for California, north and south, is 25,000 cars for the season of 1903-1904, the largest and finest crop in the history of the state. The lemon output will be about 3,000 cars. This makes a grand total of 28,000 cars. The railroads will be paid over \$9,000,000 in freight on this crop, which gives a good idea of its magnitude.

The Californian hardly needs to have his pride stimulated; he has plenty of it already. But these figures on fruit production and fruit acreage certainly demonstrate California's pre-eminence as a fruit state, a prominence the state seems destined to hold, for not only do we produce a greater quantity of fruit than any other state, but a much greater variety. A state that leads not only in oranges, lemons, figs and olives, but also in apricots, pears, prunes and plums, and ranks among the first in the production of peaches and apples, is certainly entitled to be called an all-round fruit state.



Drawing by W. S. Rice



The Forts in the Meadow

By ALBERTA BANCROFT

Eleven forts in the meadow,
Tall and strong and grand,
And built in a mysterious way,
Begun and finished in a day—
Like towns in fairy-land.

And Indians down in the meadow,
Wild and fierce and red,
With tomahawks and bowie knives,
Ahungering for White Skin lives
And scalps and blood to shed.

And but for forts in the meadow—
Refuge for our need—
We'd all be dead and lying 'round
In piles of ashes on the ground.
And that is true, indeed.

And yet the forts in the meadow,
So the teamsters say,
Will all be shortly tumbled down,
And then be carted off to town
And sold as bales of hay.

F.C.

Drawing by Florence Clayton



Borin. 04

Encarnacion Seljas, smooth and soft of tongue, but hot of heart

THE LOVE OF KENO McKEOWN

By Gifford Hall



A Story Drama of the Border-land

Illustrated from drawings by Ed. Borein

Here is presented to *SUNSET* readers the third instalment of a story of the nation's southwestern border-land. The author, Gifford Hall, has been soldier, sailor, and scout, and knows well the life he writes about; he is fortunate in having as illustrator Ed. Borein, painter and cowpuncher, who, too, knows by experience the strange types on range and desert. In the first chapters appearing in the May and June numbers of *SUNSET*, Keno McKeown, a typical cowpuncher, meets his fate in the person of Angela, a Castilian maid who lived with her mother and Juan Padilla, her Mexican stepfather. Padilla wishes Angela to wed Encarnacion Seljas, a fiery young Mexican, but her mother sides with Keno: "She was mine to give, and I have spoken," she says. Seljas curses Keno and Angela, adds significantly, "There is a manana!" and rides away. Keno and Angela are married, and go to El Paso del Norte to live. There a babe is born to them. Keno meets Wynne, an old friend of his cowpunching days, takes him to his home, and Wynne and Angela meet.

CHAPTER IV.

If Wynne hadn't "shot up" one Encarnacion Seljas for attempting a treacherous, cowardly gun-play upon Keno McKeown, and if he hadn't got plugged himself as a souvenir of the episode, then gone to raving over some matters previously very carefully guarded by him, Keno and his wife would not have stood staring at each other over his restless body.

"Y'hear that?" jerked Keno as a cry of "Angela!" broke from the delirious man's lips. "Y'hear that? What in hell does that mean?"

Angela whitened at the tone. A Keno she had never known, never suspected of

being, was confronting her. "Y'hear?" jerked he, again, "what's he mean? Look here, 'Gela, this man loves you. He's a-cryin' it all the time since he's gone loco. What's Jeff Wynne to you? Yap it out quick. What's Jeff Wynne to you or you to him?"

Keno had seized Angela's wrists and was holding her like a vise. His steely eyes seemed to bore to her inmost heart. "Come, yap it out!" he rasped. "Are you—are you?—No, by G—d 'taint so, not you an' him!"

Small as she was, the girl—she was but a child really—seemed to shrink to insignificance. The man towered till he became a giant.

"I'm givin' you time, 'Gela," went on Keno, illogically, "I'm givin' you time; but I want yer answer! Yap it out—is you an' him more'n ye should be?"

With a strange strangling cry the girl tried to break free. Keno held her in a grip of iron.

"'Gela," said he, "'taint no use; you got to answer. Y'know what you been to me, all I had as I cared for till the *muchacha* came. Y'know what Jeff here has been to me, the on'y feller I ever counted a brother. Yap it out or I'll kill you where y'stand. Has you an' him cold-decked me?"

Angela's only answer was a broken, agonized cry of "*Keno!*"

All that outraged love and reproach might express was in the cry. It brought Keno to his senses. He caught Angela in his arms, broke through the doorway into their own bedroom and pointed to his gun on the bed-post.

"Shoot!" he said, "shoot, 'Gela, I told yer mother if I ever hurted you to send some one along to do it. She's dead. Shoot!"

But Angela did not shoot. She took the remorseful man in her arms, and drawing him down on the big Navajo blanket that served as carpet kissed and kissed him till he cried like a baby.

His crying hurt her more than his brutality had done. Never in all her experience of him, and it was a very varied one, had Keno cried before. Such men as he may cry once in their years of manhood. Their crying is terrible.

"Don't, Keno, don't," the girl murmured, "oh don't, Keno!" But Keno was beyond protest.

"I hurted you, I hurted you, an' I doubted you. You! Why don't some *man* come along an' shoot me up er kick me from here into the river. 'Gela, you'll never forgive me; you can't forgive me, it's agin human natur'. Here was me a-boastin' that I never hurted a woman in my life an' never wronged a man, an' I've gone an' hurted you as I love more'n life, an' gone an' wronged Jeff Wynne, one o' the whitest fellers from Maine to the coast."

"Don't, don't, Keno," said Angela, "You are not all wrong. What the

señor has cried in his sickness would make any man doubt. But there is no wrong unless it is wrong for a man to love in silence. Keno, my love, never till he is sick has the señor said one word. I am just as surprised as you are. True I go to the dance with the señor and to the bull fight and to many places, but never by one word or by one look do I give the señor what you call encouragement. To me, as to you, the señor is a brother, that is all."

"Ah, Keno, my love, a long time back you come to the desert and you find me a little girl burned of the sun, bruised of the blow, naked of the clothes, and very, very tired, and you take me for yourself—just as I am. I bring you nothing but a good girl. For one kiss I am yours, Keno. I kiss you back, and you are mine. Keno, I live for you; I die for you; I go to hell forever for you if you need. I have but one love to give. I gave it to you."

Through the open door came toddling Keno's *muchacha*. She looked from mother to father curiously, and curled against Keno's breast. He buried his face in her hair.

"'Gela," he said presently to his wife, "This yer Wynne feller loves you an' he's got to pull freight as soon as he's fit to hit the trail. That's the law as there's no buckin' against. But we got to nuss him day in an' day out like he's our own baby. I'm a-goin' out over on the American side to hunt up a better doctor than this we got now. I been worse'n a blind mule, 'Gela, worse'n a blind mule. This Wynne feller, what I misdoubted, if he'd a-wanted to cut me out, could a-taken a dead man's boots, an' must a-known it when he plugged the Mexican. Go you to him right away, 'Gela, an' do all you can for him."

Once more the cry for "Angela!" fell piteously from the wounded man in the room beyond. Keno bit his lip as he heard it. He had always been jealous where Angela was concerned. He was jealous now in spite of himself.

"It's a fix, anyhow," he said, lingering by the outer door. "If I look at it ca'm, Angela, I know as Wynne couldn't help it no more'n I could, this loving of

you. But it goes hard to hear him a-callin' like that. What for couldn't he cotton onto some other girl? An' what for does his *loconess* take this sort o' turn? 'There ain't nothin' on God's green earth I wouldn't do for him, 'Gela, but he's got no right, no earthly sort o' right to get a-lovin' you."

Angela slipped up to her husband again and put her arms round him. "Two times, Keno, two times; don't you never forget. If I do not love him what can it hurt if a *loco* man does call. Keno remember, two times the señor fight for you. Now go for the bestest American doctor you can find."

A heavy tread died with the closing of the door. Keno was gone in a sudden panic of self-reproach. It was true the doctor already called in had done his best, but he, Keno, owed Wynne more than any one doctor's best.

As the door closed, yet once again rose the appeal to Angela. For a short space the girl who heard it hung back. No man but Keno had right to call like that, delirious or sane. But, poor Señor Wynne, the calling would surely hurt him; sleep was what he needed, not such terrible unrest as this.

A young neighbor girl was passing the house, one of those madonna-eyed types



"What for couldn't he cotton onto some other girl?"



"Y' savey why it's better so, an' ye'll pull freight tomorrow, Jeff"

only found in the border-land, and to her Angela gave her child.

"Keep thou the baby for me, Juanita," she said, in Spanish, "for the good Señor Wynne is very sick and I must nurse him. Thou knowest the Señor Wynne, Juanita? He who kissed thee and gave thee flowers from California at Manuela's *baile*. Keep thou the little one quietly then, that I may try to get sleep for him.

Juanita took the little one. She remembered indeed the Señor Wynne and the flowers, and, madonna-eyed though she was, she remembered her dances with him. Presently a youth of her own people might claim her, but never more would her heart be her own to give, for it was already given. Angela was startled at her look. "Juanita," she whispered tensely, "dost thou love him?"

"Si," whispered the girl in return, and fled, taking her charge with her.

Angela called her back. "Give the child to thy mother, Juanita, and come thou to me. There is strange doing, but all may yet be well. Thou and I will nurse the señor to his strength, and when he is strong he shall wed thee. Now, while he is sick, the señor has strange fancy. He thinks he loves me. Thou art a beautiful child, Juanita, and assuredly in the end he shall return thy love."

The girls impulsively kissed. Presently they entered Wynne's room together. Angela led Juanita to the cot.

"Sit thou there, Juanita," she said, "and speak softly to the señor when he calls for me. Here put my rebozo about thy head."

There was silence for a little while. Wynne lying quietly back on his pillows, Juanita sitting patiently by him, Angela watching. Suddenly the man struggled up. It was then the girl Juanita showed the vast depth of her sudden-born womanhood.

"Señor," she said in strange tones of infinite tenderness, "I am here. Rest thou, dear one, and sleep."

Wynne sank back, Juanita's arm under him, her face against his, her kisses brushing his forehead from time to time like butterflies' wings. And so sleep found him.

When sanity came to him days later Juanita was sitting by the sick man's bedside. He looked curiously at her, as though vague memories troubled him.

"It's Juanita, my little girl of the flowers, is it not?" he said. "I seem to have been dreaming of angels. Say, Juanita, I've not been off my head, have I?"

"Si, señor, little bit," replied the girl nervously.

"And you have been nursing me, eh? I shall not forget that, Juanita. And the Señora McKeown, where is she?"

Juanita glanced queerly at her questioner. "She nurse you too, señor," she replied. "One time her, one time me, sometime both and the Señor McKeown also. Oh, you are very, very sick for two, three day. Sometime we think you

die. This morning Angela she go out little to buy the thing for the house, because the Americano doctor he say you make no more jump about. Oh, señor, our heart nearly break you are so sick—oh, señor!"

Wynne drew her to him. His face was very white. "Was it you who kissed me, or Angela?" he asked.

Juanita tried to draw back. Her face whitened also. "I—do—not—know," she faltered.

"Yes, you do," persisted Wynne, "who was it, Juanita? A woman kissed me when I dreamed. I know now, Juanita! It was you."

"Si, señor, it was I, because I love you and Angela does not," replied Juanita, her beautiful features wreathed in a wonderful smile. "Señor, I am of Mexico. You think me child, I am a woman. One night you kiss me and give me flowers that come to you all the way from California. You dance with me, you talk with me and you kiss me again. To you who are a man it is perhaps nothing. To me it is—ah, señor, I cannot tell you," and Juanita buried her face.

"So I blabbed, did I? blabbed like a fool," said Wynne, stroking the girl's dark hair. "Blabbed of my love for another while you were nursing me. Funny you're not hating us both, Juanita. I've always understood that was Mexican nature. Juanita, why don't you hate me?"

The man remembered now his "bit of foolishness with the pretty kid," understood that after all he had carried it too far even for easy-going forgetful Del Norte. What right had he or any man nursing a love such as his for Angela to do what he had done? He cursed himself as he lay.

Juanita nestled close. "Señor Jeff," she said, "one cannot hate whom one loves. Never before has a man like you made my heart happy with words and kindness; and the Señora McKeown, ah, señor, who could hate her? Is she not of the angels to all the poor and to me? Ah, señor, it is not good that you love the señora, it is only sorrow for you. Maybe I understand, maybe I do not understand, yet when we live on



A south-running Mexican trail puffed dust under the feet of the horse of McKeown

the other side of the river and I learn the American, I learn, too, out of books. Señor Jeff, if you are lonely—take me. I will go with you anywhere, everywhere. I will love you as much as Angela loves the Señor Keno. Ah, señor, do not be lonely more; take me."

Tears sprang to Wynne's eyes. He was weak yet and overwrought. Mexico, land of truths and treacheries, land of complexities unfathomable, was offering her best and purest. For years he had been scorched of her passion-fires, soul-scarred of her tragedies, yearning

ever for cool waters in which to lave his hurts, and finding none. The sweet, eager eyes of Juanita shone like stars behind a breaking mist-veil as she waited his answer.

She sat very quietly after he made it, so quietly that Wynne was almost afraid to look at her. Again the man cursed himself.

"Señor Jeff," she said at last, "I am glad you tell me all this. I have learned much that is good for me. I see now that you speak fun to me that night, speak fun to one you think little girl. But you are a good man, señor, better man than mos' men. Mos' men who love in this country are glad to get little fool like me if they do not get Angela. You, señor, are true—no, no, señor, it is I who am fool."

Wynne lay back, weakly thinking, and the temptation became suddenly almost irresistible. No man living but could learn to love a Juanita if only forgetfulness of the other were possible. "Juanita," he murmured, turning toward her, "Juanita." But Juanita was gone.

A month later Keno McKeown and Wynne stood facing each other in the main room of Keno's dwelling.

"Y'savey why it's better so, an' ye'll pull freight tomorrow, Jeff, said Keno huskily, but looking his companion square in the face.

"Yes," replied Wynne, eyeing his man as squarely. "I savey, Keno. I've meant to go ever since I knew I blabbed. You know me, Keno. What's happened I couldn't help. I can help the rest."

It was characteristic of the men that no mention was made of the shooting scrape.

They clasped hands firmly, then Keno rolled cigarettes for the two. He smoked his moodily for some short space of time as he looked through the open doorway into the street where his little daughter was playing, then suddenly, he turned like a flash, his hand dropping on Wynne's shoulder.

"It's tough, Jeff," he jerked. "Why'n blazes don't y' rope to the kid as he'ped to nuss you?"

Wynne faltered. "Because, old man," he replied finally, "of the laws of psychic influence, the which have previously not obtained in El Paso del Norte."

"Never heard of 'em, Jeff," said Keno. "The only laws here is sheriff's an' alcaldes, an' the law o' man an' man."

* * * * *

By sun-up the next day law had claimed both men. The west-bound Southern Pacific express was carrying Wynne. A south-running Mexican trail puffed dust under the feet of the horse of McKeown, the man-slayer.

(To be continued.)



Drawing by P. V. Ivory

ON THE BEACH

By ANNA E. SAMUEL

A Midsummer Idyl of Santa Cruz, California

Drawings by M. Weekes

The glory of the sunny skies
Floats down to linger in the bay;
And waves, like music, fall and rise,
While flowing tides ebb far away.

Like mother arms, the soft white sand
Enfolds us in a warm embrace;
In happy groups, along the strand,
We lie with childish ease and grace.

The restless sea forever rolls
A snowy crescent at our side,
In filmy foam, and feathery folds;
Like fleecy veil on brow of bride.





In flashing spray, the fresh salt breeze,
Coquetting with the flying foam,
Blows soft and sweet from off the seas,
With whispers of its cavern home.

Like snow-winged birds before the gale,
The white sails flit forever more;
Or hide beneath the purple veil
Low draped about the distant shore.

And, idly playing with the sand,
Two happy lovers sit apart;
While Cupid tiptoes o'er the strand
And builds an altar in each heart.

The throbbing pulses of the sea,
In rhythmic measure at their feet,
Beat time to love's great symphony—
O, life is sweet, and love is sweet!

On Vacation Values

By GEORGE G. ELDRIDGE



VERY earnest man frequently asks himself this question: How can I increase my efficiency? If there be any way by which he can enable himself to do more or better work, or both more and better work, the earnest man wants to know what that way is; and, still further, when he has discovered that there is a way by which he can add to his working power, he knows that the use of that discovery is a duty. Every man is in duty bound to do his best. To fall below the best is to fail in a plain duty. That man who habitually does less than he is capable of doing is a shirk. He is not worthy of the respect of his neighbors; and what is a great deal worse, he forfeits his self-respect. Such a man is, in a certain very true sense, robbing his fellow men; for he is taking out of the common fund all he can and paying back less than he can.

Shirking is a matter of degree. There is positive, or comparative, or superlative shirking; the bad, the worse kind, the worst kind. The worst shirk is the man who deliberately, and with malice aforethought, does nothing. Such a man is a vagrant—no matter whether he be clothed in rags or in broadcloth—a foe to mankind. The state has awakened to the fact that these men, at least the ragged ones—deserve very little at her hands; and so, since she must support them, she often puts them where they can be supported at the least possible cost—in the lock-up.

A variety of shirk who is just one degree less reprehensible is that kind of man who sees that work is in his case not altogether avoidable, and resolves that he will live with the least possible outlay of it. He will never

begin until he must, and will cease as soon as he can. This is the lazy man; and laziness is diluted vagrancy.

Then there is that other man for whom we feel so sorry that we hesitate to call him a shirk, though he is that in fact. He is constantly falling below the mark of possible achievement by a margin more or less broad, and is "beating his way" to that extent. He does this, however, not willingly in cold blood, but because of poor methods, perhaps, or wrong ideas. There are men whose brows are always "wet with honest sweat," who are still not doing their share of the world's work, simply because they will not learn how to work. They fancy that all that is necessary is a great deal of hurrying and a great deal of trying. What the world needs and wants is a finished article; and any amount of hurrying and trying—though they may result in bucketfuls of honest sweat—will not furnish an excuse when the finished article is not produced.

There is one false idea which prevails among this unfortunate class of men which is very largely responsible for the smallness of result in their lives; the idea that a man can work 365 days in a year and accomplish good results. The man who attempts to do 365 days' work every year will end his life with his work undone and go down upon the books as a shirk—a man who did not do his full share of the world's work. All religious considerations aside, that man who would heap up finished articles around him, and desires to do the most possible good work, must have at least one day of rest in every seven, and spend that day in the way best calculated to refresh his whole nature. And still more than this is true. The man who is ambitious to do the most and best work will, if he be wise, take a month out of his summer each year and invest

it in pure air and sunshine. He will let himself lie fallow for four weeks; and then go back to his business with zest and earnestness, to accomplish more in the next eleven months than he could possibly have done in all the twelve, otherwise. If he be a Californian from the coast, let him go into the mountains and absorb sunshine and expand his lungs with the sweet air of the wonderful highlands. If he be a man from the heated valleys of the interior, where he has been slowly toasting, let him go to some point upon the coast, dip himself in the refreshing surf, and cool down all the heated bearings of his machinery. It is a mistake for him to try to run on and do work with a hot box.

Who was it wrote:

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your
flight;
Make me a child again, just for tonight!

Whoever it was that wrote it, I wish he could have spent four weeks with me last spring at Santa Ysabel, near Paso Robles, and he would have had

his wish—or rather something better than his wish; for he would still have been a man, but with a boy's spirit, possessed of a man's wisdom and a boy's fire.

No man can walk through the natural park of cottonwoods here without feeling the quieting effect of its gray-tinted beauty enter his very soul. No one has ever done justice to the peaceful beauty of the cottonwood grove; nor to its quiet chattiness in a breeze. If a hard-pressed business man would renew his youth, and grow again into a better man, let him go to such a place as this. For his restless moods he can find quieting in the cottonwood groves; for his depressed hours there is the uplifting and inspiring outlook from the mountain top, showing him worlds to conquer. Does he wonder if he could swim as he used to when a boy, there is the lake for him to practise in. And there are the hot sulphur springs where he can lie, and doze, and soak out all the grittiness of the city, while content enters into and possesses his soul.



—he can find quieting in the cottonwood groves and * * * there is the lake



Child & Harold

Speak kindly to the little birds;
Do not impede their flight
By putting salt upon their tails,
For that is not polite.

White Heather and Orange Blossoms

A Vacation Fish Story of the Sierra Nevada

By HARRIET HOLMES HASLETT

THE huge bonfire crackled merrily, sending showers of sparks high into the intense blackness above, and put to shame the few pale stars that had ventured out.

The leaping flames flickered and glowed on all alike, regardless of sex or station, making grotesque shadows in the space beyond, which led apparently into "outer darkness." At least, so thought one young girl, whose red-brown hair the fire had been gaily touching up with great, coppery splashes. Shivering a little, she drew her wrap more closely about her.

"There should be two fires," murmured she, sleepily. "One's back gets so cold; besides, I feel as if something were going to spring on me from out of that blackness behind me."

She was tired after the day's tramp of pleasure. On the other side of the fire, Tom Ashton and his gay little wife were dilating on the day's fishing to an admiring circle. They were old hands at this rough, half-camping sort of life, and all the trails around were well-known paths to them. The great circle around the fire, with its benches and rugs, was the vantage-ground where guests and serving-people alike, met at Glen Alpine among the snow-clad Sierra. All were as one family, from the little German professor of music, wandering about, violin in hand, to the stable-boy, who sat before the hospitable blaze and ruminated on whatever had happened to please his kind.

Receiving no answer to her petulance, except a resentful hiss from the fire and a blinding puff of smoke, Nell raised her eyes to her silent companion who sat motionless.

"Are you asleep, too?" she asked. "We are a lively pair, you and I!"

There was no sleep in the earnest eyes gazing into hers. For a long time he had been watching the flickering light on her face and hair. He leaned over her.

"Nell," he said breathlessly, laying his hand on hers, "let me tell you now, dear."

At his touch she sat up suddenly. The other voices were far away.

"Mr. Melville, what do you mean?" she faltered, now thoroughly awake.

"That I love you, Nell," he answered simply. With a frightened little start she stepped toward the fire. Like a flash came to her the flippant suggestion of an acquaintance before she left home, and her indignant repudiation of it.

"In that romantic place, before three days are over, you'll be engaged to Richard Melville."

"Excuse me, Miss Mason," she had replied, "I'm going on a fishing trip with the Ashtons. Mr. Melville will be a mere detail of the landscape. I am surprised that they invited him at all, except that he is their cousin."

"Just be careful that your biggest hook doesn't get away, that's all!" the other had laughed, mockingly. How indignant she had been. And now—oh, it was too much!

With a determined air, she reseated herself, rather farther away than before.

"Have I given you any reason to think," she began stiffly (why was it so hard to say?), "that I was actually sitting here *waiting* for you to tell me that?"

"No, no! I was a fool, I suppose, to think for a moment that you might care for me; but I couldn't help it, Nell, I had to tell you!"

"So you have spoiled our week that we were enjoying so much."

"I know I should have waited; it was taking an unfair advantage of you, but—if you could only see the fire-light on your hair, Nell!"

With an impatient gesture, she put back a lock of the guilty hair.

"Good night," she said abruptly, "I am tired. Please think no more about it."

Nearly every one had disappeared. Walking quickly around the fire, settling peacefully to its night's rest, she caught Mrs. Ashton's arm.

"Kitty, are you never coming? I am so sleepy."

"You poor little thing! You would never make a successful tramp. Yes, I'm tired, too. Come Tom. Where's Dick? Oh!" calling to the silent figure on the bench, "aren't you coming, Dick? We'll lock you out if you aren't careful."

"Good night," came in rather a strange tone. "I think I'll sit here a while longer. Leave the door open for me, Tom."

"All right! You'll freeze to that bench if you stay there long. Six o'clock in the morning, remember!"

Then the darkness swallowed them up, and he and the fire were left alone. As he gazed into its glowing embers the conviction gradually stole over him that, just as its wild, restless struggles had ended in the steady, peaceful light of rest and content, so the hope he cherished might in time be his. Thereupon the fire gave him a cheerful wink or two, which so restored his spirits that he actually sent one in return. Then all at once he realized the lateness of the hour, and, turning quickly down the path, he, too, was lost in the darkness.

Six o'clock the next morning found a stillness over everything, unbroken by human presence, save that of the sleepy boy, who left pails of hot water at various doors; but by eight many were astir, and parties were starting off in all directions for the day's sight-seeing. Tom was vainly trying to marshal his company, small though it was. First Dick, who overslept himself, and couldn't find his reel; next Nell, who couldn't find anything, and didn't much care;

and finally Kitty, just as the horses were lined up, each rod and lunch-box strapped in place, ready for the start, was nowhere to be found.

"Kitty!" yelled Tom, at the end of his usual good-nature, "are you never coming?"

"Here I am," she called, and there she was, indeed, with a beaming face and an extremely short skirt.

"I took a tuck in it," she announced triumphantly. "What's the use of fishing in a train, with rubber boots on?"

Nell eyed the skirt with great disfavor. "How can you make such an object of yourself?" she exclaimed, but no one heeded her.

Tom settled the object of his adoration comfortably on her horse, while the stable-boy performed the same office for Eleanor, Dick, for some unaccountable reason being very busy over arrangements of his own. The horses picked their way carefully up the steep ascent, their hoofs ringing clear and sharp against the granite. As rear-guard, Dick fell back a few paces, while the Ashtons, mistaken kindness in their hearts, rode gaily on ahead.

After several attempts at conversation, Dick devoted himself to the ever-interesting, unsolved problem embodied in the little figure who was nervously jerking old, one-eyed John away from the boulders and trees on his blind side.

"Does that brute make you nervous?" he asked gently, after a glimpse of her face. "Would you like to change, or shall I lead him?"

"Nervous! of course not!" declared she most untruthfully. "He is stupid, that's all!"

Being a gentleman, Dick could not contradict her, nor doubt her word; so on they rode as before, silence reigning between them till Heather lake was reached; beautiful Heather, miraculously hung among the outlying peaks of Desolation valley.

"Why is it called Heather?" demanded Nell of Kitty, as they climbed the last few hundred feet, leaving the horses tethered securely on the flower-strewn slope. For answer Kitty pointed

to the tiny pink blossoms becoming noticeable.

"Oh, the dear things!" Nell cried, with her first show of enthusiasm. "Is it real Scotch heather?"

"Yes, and this is the only place it grows near here."

"Are there any of the white blossoms?"

"Very little, and when you find it, it brings good luck. You give it to your sweetheart, Dick," turning to him, "and she wears it among her orange blossoms."

No answer being vouchsafed to this embarrassing information, they resumed their climbing.

"Glorious old Heather!" cried Kitty at last, and, running down to where the locked boat lay, she flung her rod aboard, herself after it.

"What a queer boat!" ventured Nell, timidly, eyeing the two oblong boxes, bolted together in the middle.

"Isn't it?" laughed Kitty. "You see, it's really two boats. If you find your end going down, we can unbolt you, or you can unbolt us, if we find we are swamping. We needn't all drown at once," she wound up, cheerfully.

Dick laughed in spite of himself.

"You are the least nervous woman I ever saw. Most girls lose so much pleasure from a superabundance of nerves.

A very disdainful look came over Nell's face, but, man-like, he went on blindly.

"A woman's capacity for mental suffering is greater than a man's, I suppose, on account of her nerves, but it is a well-known fact that he can stand much more in the way of physical suffering than she can."

This was more than the girl could endure.

"I should take great pleasure," she said distinctly, "in seeing you suffer some physical injury! Then we should see how much this vaunted capacity for superior endurance counted in your case."

The others gazed at her in astonishment, so positive was her tone, but only Dick understood the nervous excitement which led to the remark.

The little island at the upper end of the lake being their goal, everything was tumbled into the boat in cheerful confusion. Dick, the last to go aboard, came suddenly on a tiny bunch of the coveted white heather in a rocky crevice. Stooping, he plucked it hastily, and with a furtive glance around, put it in his pocket.

Arrived at their destination and luncheon ended, under the cheering influence of the warmed-over coffee the gloom surrounding Miss Nell lifted a little, and she announced her intention of trying the rod.

"Will you teach me to cast, Kitty?" she asked.

"Why, yes," was the mumbled response, Kitty's mouth being occupied with a "brown hackle" and a "coachman" or two.

"Are you going to be lazy, Dick?" asked she, presently. "Why don't you help Nell? You can teach her as well as I."

"Oh, I don't want any help," hastily put in Nell. "I'll just watch you."

"There are no fish here, that's my private opinion," said Dick, "so I'm in for a comfortable read."

Forthwith he stretched himself at full length on the slope above them and was soon, to all appearances, lost to everything save the book before him. In reality, it made an excellent screen for the contemplation of his heart's desire, as she valiantly attempted to copy her friend.

"Now, watch me make the catch of the season!" cried she, confidently, wildly whipping the water with the tip of her rod, causing every well-regulated trout in the neighborhood to travel up the lake.

"Be a little quieter, Nell!" expostulated Kitty, moving further around the ledge. For a time silence reigned. Certainly the fish were hard to please, or they could not have resisted the inviting dance of Kitty's "coachmen." She cast with exasperating precision, causing no small envy in her pupil's mind. By the time Mrs. Ashton had laid three too-confiding trout on the rocks behind her, Nell's patience gave out.

"I had no idea it was so difficult," she said plaintively, giving an impatient jerk. To her surprise the flies dropped lightly on the water, and swish! a circle on the surface!

"Quick! Cast again! You had a rise!" called Kitty. Quick! Yes, but the treacherous leader, evidently in league with the departing trout, refused to make haste, and preferred instead to wrap itself high in the pine tree above her.

Another jerk freed it, and again it blew up in the direction of the silent figure on the slope, where something effectually stopped its mad career. Dick sat up suddenly.

"Whoa!" cried he. Another jerk.

"Stop!" in a peremptory tone. Then to Nell's surprise, he caught her line and calmly cut the leader.

"Why did you do that?" indignantly. "I might have got it free without cutting it. It was a good one."

"Unfortunately, I value my finger more." The sarcasm may be forgiven him.

"Your finger? Oh, did I—?"

"Yes, you did!" he answered quietly, showing his finger, where the hook was buried to the bone, carrying a good portion of the leader with it.

"Oh! she cried, "I—" Then something clutched her throat, and she became so white, that he, in his turn, was frightened.

"It's nothing. I'll have it out in no time," he assured her. "Kitty, lend me a hand here, will you? Miss Preston's landed the fish of the day. Can't unhook him."

"Dick! how dreadful! It's in deep. Can you hold the finger, Nell, while I use his knife? Perhaps I can force it out without cutting much."

At the mere suggestion, the girl turned weak and sick.

"I can't stand the blood," she whispered faintly, and retired behind a rock until the operation was over. Where was the expected enjoyment in the fruition of her cruel wish of a few hours ago? And was the pain he was suffering as hard to bear as the dreadful one in her own heart?

"It's no go, Kit," said the victim, finally. "Main strength will have to do it. Call Tom; we'll bring his muscle into play."

It was some minutes before the latter's attention could be diverted from his absorbing occupation around the corner of the island, but presently he was made to understand that something important was going on. Dick, meanwhile, bound the injured finger as tightly as he could on both sides of the hook, with many twists of the line, and squeezed and prodded it into numbness.

"Now, pull," he said to the astonished Tom.

"Why, my dear boy, I'll tear your finger all to pieces," he protested.

"Then, I will," and, wrapping the end of the leader around his other hand, pull he did, the beads of moisture gathering on his forehead. The wily hook having accomplished its mission, yielded without more ado, and left its victim not very much the worse after all.

"Hereafter, every trout I eat will have my sincere sympathy," said Dick, with a short laugh. After quickly bathing and binding the finger, Tom's flask was called into use, in lieu of arnica, or witch hazel. Dick was forced to swallow some, too, after which they suddenly remembered the poor little cause of all the disturbance.

"Give Nell some; she needs it, poor little girl," and Kitty patted and cheered the color back into the woe-begone face.

"The catch of the day, indeed, Nell!" cried Tom, with a friendly slap. "How'll you have him cooked,—broiled or baked, eh?"

"Oh, don't!" she shuddered, so they left her to herself, and all the homeward way she could not trust herself to say a word. Down, down, and with each step her heart sank lower. Oh, how flip-pant and cruel she had been! She would never dare to look at him, nor speak to him again. When the horses were reached, Tom put her on and rode with her, sending his wife ahead with Dick. Through the day the conviction had come to the pair that all was not right between the two young people, and their

efforts for good cheer failed to arouse any response.

Just before the last gate was reached, Kitty made a sudden resolve.

"Tom," she called, "my girth is loose. Leave them alone a little while," she whispered, as he tightened her saddle most unnecessarily; then aloud:

"We must ride on ahead and take our fish to the kitchen. Look after Nell, Richard."

They disappeared into the gloom, leaving the two remaining horses to come slowly to a standstill under the trees, and patiently wait till it pleased their riders to dismount. The lights twinkled from the windows of the dining-room. Every one was at dinner. Dick slowly swung himself down and gave his horse a slap onward toward the stable. Then, as slowly, he turned to "old John." He was doubtful of his reception.

He must help her down. Politeness, common decency even, demanded it. But when he saw the sad little face, surely it was not the latter quality which prompted him to hold up his arms to her so tenderly. Without a word she slipped into them, and then—he held her fast.

"Oh, Dick," she sobbed, "forgive me!" "Don't, dear!" unsteadily. "It was nothing."

"Nothing!" she cried, catching his bandaged hand to her cheek. "It was a just judgment on me for my cruel wish."

For a few minutes there was a silence, which, to "old John," was embarrassing and unnecessary, considering the lateness of the hour. With a disdainful snort he left them for his more satisfying supper. Some one put a match to the fire, piled ready for the evening, and a long tongue of flame leaped high into the air.

"Dick," whispered a small voice, "will you tell me again tonight, what you told me last night?"

"I'll tell you now," he answered promptly, and with his arm still around her, he led her to the bench beside the fire, where again he told her what she longed to hear. Then a sudden thought came to him. Fumbling in his pocket, he drew forth a small, crushed object and laid it in her hand.

"There's your lucky bit of heather, Nell. You must wear it with your orange blossoms," he said.



Edward T. Parsons, photo

"Now, watch me take the catch of the season," cried Nell, confidently

Renaissance

By BERTHA MONROE RICKOFF

T'is sweet to carry into later day
The mem'ry of the years that made us strong,
When ties unbroken, hearts defying wrong,
We longed to mingle in the mighty fray
Of earth's grim turmoil, brooking no delay
Of quick results. How strange the tale and long
That teaches us at last life's grander song,
To serve not as we will but as we may.
Though fairest hopes lie trodden in the fight,
We feel our daunted hearts grow brave again
To see new hopes that fold a greater light
Within their petals, offer after rain
Of dread misfortune, homage to the right
And thanks for the beneficence of pain.

The Burden of Beauty

By GELETT BURGESS

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BEAUTY is not its own excuse for being, I am quite sure. At least, not all beauty. There is an overwhelming, compelling, vibrant sort that needs other than its own justification, and depends usually upon symbolism. This is the beauty that cannot be passively enjoyed, but exacts its tribute of active participation from every beholder.

The grander and more elaborate of the Gothic cathedrals are of this sort of beauty. The cathedrals of Milano and Cologne, for instance, are dominant aesthetic tyrants of the eye. They levy their toll on the emotions, as the beadle his on the purse; you cannot escape looking, and wondering, yes, and suffering, any more than you can escape the sight of a great fire.

Such marvels exhaust, if they do not affright. Such a bewildering beauty, and such infinite elaboration, drive one

to seek relief in homelier sights. One can only look, and look, trying to appreciate, and understand, and enjoy. But it is too much. One cannot digest such a mass of beauty; it demands too much. The effort to appraise its value, intellectually, to make the hurried most of a wondrous opportunity is baffling, and one turns away to hide one's head.

So we travel over seas and mountains, spending time and money to find this monstrous beauty not ministering to us, but oppressing us, not our servant or actor, but our master, the million-eyed staring observer of our own littleness. And so, shrunk in spirit, convicting ourselves of Philistinism, we slink away to the lesser joys of travel, reproaching ourselves in whispers.

Are we necessarily at fault, then? Has beauty a right to demand so much of us? Is it not, in its essence, a giver

of rest? We have mistaken wonder for beauty, and fancy that we must worship at every shrine. Here, at Milano, is a forest of pinnacles, but it has not the dignity of the forest. It bears two thousand statues on its walls and roofs, but by them we are troubled as by an insistent crowd. The wealth of carving in crotchet and gargoyle, tracery and molding, swells the sum of its value so that we can but gasp and stupidly whip up our minds to pull and carry a comprehension of this exquisite load.

We are dazed and conscious as if we dined with royalty. It is a surfeit of sweets, where one can select no one item for enjoyment. The thousands of unseen details join the grand chorus, the multiplex harmonies rise like odors.

This is the very horror of beauty. Psychology tells us that all pleasant sensations, if prolonged or intensified, drop, and finally become knowable only as pain. So Cologne cathedral can torture me with its exquisite perfection, its transcendent refinements. It is as if too great beauty made men mad.

Yet Nature never torments us so. Is it because we know we cannot, and so do not try to understand, taking our pleasure simply as a child does? No doubt. We do not attempt to comprehend the ocean, nor a woman's fair face. We accept it as beauty simply, never thinking to wonder. We get our blessing of beauty neat and clean, and do not have to worry over laws and values, and whether we are or are not extracting every possible marvel from the sight. We do not attempt to apply history, art, literature, poetry, romance, politics and what not, as we find ourselves doing with the cathedral, as we cast our differently-colored mental fires upon its walls. No, ah no! The gleam of the moonray on the sea is enough for our child-hearts!

So we fall into one of two classes of tourists, either the triflers or the students. We either fight this demon Beauty, or lightly avoid its flaming breath. Yet not willingly do we ally ourselves with these typical Bædecker-Americans;—we have our pang before we slip from town to town dreading our

“objects of interest.” For we have lost an illusion, as one usually must do when one takes that perilous voyage from the ideal to the concrete. How we pored over our photographs! How we invested them with thrills of joy as we imagined that wondrous time when the great, good thing should come to life before us!

And now to be struck chill! Not that the longed-for place or building is one whit less than we had fancied it, but that we ourselves are lacking in the power of enjoying it! Here is one of the tragedies of travel. We can fare now no longer on the wings of fancy—we are shut out from that fine fair world; we must look our emotions in the face and say: wit, whither wilt?”

Something of this, whether more or less, we must feel with all the wonders of the world, all wonders made by men. At times, rarely and far apart, we encounter a more god-like simplicity, a beauty that is not dependent upon mathematical repetition or complex ratios, nor upon incredible difficulty of execution and appreciation, but of a charm so perfect, that, like the circle, it seems to explain itself, while embodying unsolvable mystery. Beauty undraped is hard to find, but at times the mantle of wonder man has wrought falls from it, or grows transparent. Then art conceals art; we are rapt, and reason steals free to leave us alone with a single emotion.

So near the Greeks came that architects for all time shall seek from them the secret, that intricate and subtle law of proportion that seems like a divine freedom instead. So near the Japanese have come, that art seems nature and we can let our minds alone—and feel. Man learns the lesson of simplicity, and forgets it. Forgets it as a woman forgets, who, beautiful and full of grace, burdens our eyes with raiment and jewels. The balance of our emotions is delicate and sensitive—we can bear a definite amount of beauty, not a hair more.

Indeed, beauty itself cannot bear the extra load, for in a trice it is transmuted into pathos, wonder, or awfulness.

A Lesson in Loving

Study of the Work Accomplished by the Visiting Nurses' Home, of San Francisco

By KATHERINE CHANDLER

Photographs by Backus



The bedrooms . . . have simple furniture, with good prints and fresh curtains

WHILE the principles of philanthropic work may be the same the world over, the practical working out of details must differ according to local conditions. The settlement work of the New York tenement deals with a type of people quite different from that met in the most crowded districts of San Francisco. On the Pacific slope wages are higher, rent and an economical variety of foods are lower, and the climate allows a less expenditure for necessary fuel and clothing. As a result, the lowest wage-earner has a higher standard of living and becomes a more intelligent citizen.

In the report of a tenement inspector of New York city, is found the statement that in one room on a seventh floor lived twelve persons, who kept chickens in this same room. In San Francisco, it is a crowded condition where a family of eight dwell in three rooms. At two settlements in New York, in different districts, the women's clubs played "Going to Jerusalem" one night each week the whole year round and enjoyed it enthusiastically each time. In San Francisco, the women who gather into settlement clubs have an intelligent interest in life and it would be as impossible to keep their

weekly meetings on one such game as it would be to retain the interest of their more advanced children in one diversion.

The crying need in the east is a place to assemble for healthful pleasure, a breathing place to absorb hopefulness of spirit as well as to lose the pressure of the struggle for existence. In San Francisco there is also need of a pleasant meeting place to rival the warm, light saloon; but just because the people who live in the crowded quarters are so much more capable and responsive than those of the east, there is the great need of aiding them to become strong individuals and of showing them how to make homes. Here the poorest wage-worker receives enough to have a comfortable, restful home, if the money be expended to the best advantage. The poorest people are the most extravagant, for they know not how to spend wisely.

With the accumulation of inventions, the home-making talent is disappearing from every circle. Our grandmothers all knew how to brew and bake, to mend and nurse. Today it is the minority of American girls who receive such training in the home, and so the state is introducing it into the schools. The school, the settlement, or the club, can give the theoretical part of home-making only, and be helpful only to those who can adapt suggestions to their own environment. Example is always stronger than precept, and an ideal home, working from day to day amidst the housewife's many problems, accomplishes more than an institution can hope to do.

Miss Octavine Briggs arrived at this conclusion seven years ago, and her experience since has proved her conclusion correct. When Miss Briggs was graduated from the Women and Children's Hospital she decided to nurse those who could not pay for services. As she had

no income, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst provided a salary, through the Associated Charities. Miss Briggs's brother-in-law, Professor Bernard Moses, late United States Commissioner to the Philippine islands, had just helped establish the social settlement in South Park, and there she went to live. She worked for over a year among the people of the district and as she nursed them and contrived with their poor conveniences and loved them, she saw how much their condition could be improved if the wives only knew how to manage better, if they only had a simple home to copy after. Because of her work, she had a logical reason to live in the district. There could never be any question as to why she came. Her services spoke for themselves, without any concealed motive. She decided to



MISS OCTAVINE BRIGGS

make herself a home which would be suggestive to her neighbors.

With the coöperation of Miss Frances Doyle, Miss Briggs rented a house in a crowded block on Tehama street, between Fifth and Sixth. A small legacy enabled her to furnish the house, and in this furnishing Miss Briggs displayed her strong common sense. She did not try to make her rooms the standard that her neighbors could reach. She simply suited her own taste within her means, just as she would if her residence were on Van Ness avenue instead of Tehama street. The walls are tinted restful greens. The living-room floor is painted, with a couple of rugs to soften the austerity; a piano, a couple of plain tables, the simplest of chairs, bookcases, good pictures and statuary, white curtains, fresh flowers and growing plants, give it a homey appearance. The bedrooms on the upper story have matting on the floors, and simple furniture, with good prints and fresh curtains. The kitchen is an ideal one. Because many neighbors must use their kitchens as living-rooms, this one is particularly light and attractive. The floor is covered with green and white linoleum, the windows curtained in white, the wall shelves hung in Canton dishes, with here and there a growing plant, and the sink and stove are always immaculate. Without a word uttered, this kitchen preaches most effective sermons, all the way from clean dishwashing to purchasing tasteful, inexpensive curtains.

In this artistic home Miss Briggs lives sincerely in every detail. Her food is wholesome, well cooked, and daintily served. It is not probable that her neighbors will reach her ideal service, but they are cooking more wholesome meals and serving them more attractively than they used to. They ask for recipes and hand them around. They also bring in plates of some palatable dish they have made themselves, in the good old-fashioned way our grandmothers had. Whereas a meal often used to extend indefinitely, each member of the household arriving when hunger dictated, now tables set for family meals are the rule.

Because "Miss Briggs loves 'em so," plants have been introduced into many front windows, and curtains get regular washings. The work has not stopped with the interior of the houses. Miss Briggs found that the block was not being swept as scheduled, and by seeing the right officials, she had it attended to properly. Then when a street sweeping was imminent, she asked the neighbors to sweep their sidewalks beforehand. From this step it was an easy development to frequent sweepings of the sidewalks and then to picking up unsightly objects in the street, until today there is not another block south of Market that presents so clean an appearance.

The personnel of the block has developed, too. It was common seven years ago to see women with bare arms and unkempt hair gossiping on the street at any hour of the day, while children of school age played in the dirt because their mothers were too careless to get them ready for school. Today the appearance of the street is tidy, and it is bad form to keep children out of school save for sickness.

The children themselves soon grasped the new ideas, and both boys and girls reflected what they found in Miss Briggs. Her particular group of boy friends were soon dubbed the "Nasty Nice" by the "Dirty Dozen," who themselves have come more or less under her influence. The boys always are loyal to her. As a rule boys in this vicinity are sent out to work in their early teens so as to swell the family purse. It matters not what their natural inclinations be, they must seek a job that means immediate returns. As cash boy or elevator boy, they work a time, shifting to new places as they tire. They have not the opportunity of learning a trade. If out of work long, they drift from home, sleeping in delivery wagons and getting food as best they can. To many of these boys Miss Briggs is a wonder. She does not treat them as a class. She talks to one of machinery, or sings duets with another, always bringing out the natural bent of the individual. She has been able to get several into life work they will care for. "Whew! You're a



LITTLE VISITORS WITH THE NURSES IN THE DISPENSARY

mind-reader," they exclaim, and they believe it.

Although she does not preach to them, they understand what she stands for, clean morals as well as clean bodies, and they try to live up to her ideal. Their present attitude is one of internal growth, not of outside pressure. When out of work they do not come to the house, but as soon as they are again in a position they renew their frequent calls.

As the home was a social center from the start, it was natural that clubs should

be formed there, and so it came about that there was no day in the week except Sunday that did not have in both afternoon and evening its organized meeting. Casual visitors felt out of place. Miss Briggs realized that her home was becoming an institution. While she appreciates the value of clubs and institutions, their activity is not her work; so two years ago, after the summer vacation, the club meetings were not resumed, and the house became again a plain home. The club friends are not lost, and still drop in many times a week.



THE HOME OF THE NURSES ON TEHAMA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Volumes could be written on the social side of the house, but attention must be given to the work side—the nursing. At first Miss Briggs was the only nurse, and that under the Associated Charities. She found that her patients demanded other things than service from the institution behind her, such as food, fuel, rent, and that they were often not grateful for anything. With Miss Doyle's aid, some contributors to the house were secured, and the Associated Charities' nurseship was resigned. Then, as an independent friend, Miss Briggs could go in a different attitude to the sufferers, and this has developed a return helpfulness from those aided.

As the work grew, the original contributors responded more generously and others came to their aid. One nurse was added, and then a second, making three in all. A little girl of the neighborhood was adopted and is being trained for a thorough housekeeper. They also have a housekeeper's aid, who comes in a stated number of hours a day and keeps the home attractive. The nurses are all graduates; Miss Briggs and Miss Elinor Williams from the California Women and Children's Hospital, and Miss Louise Schmidt from the City and County Hospital. All are inspired with the spirit of helpfulness to humanity.

In July, 1903, Miss Briggs's home was moved down the block to a house having a larger back yard. One friend fixed the house anew, and the girls of Miss Head's school built a dispensary in the rear. This extends the service, for numerous cases now come for attention.

All the good of this house, with its three nurses, its girl in training, its housekeeper's aid, and its dispensary, is supported on three hundred dollars a month. As Miss Briggs plans it, there will never be more than three nurses in one home. When the funds come for extension, another home will be opened in a new district. It is planned to incorporate the work this summer, and to admit associate members on the payment of five dollars a year. With the increase, Miss Briggs and some other trained woman, will make a home in a district to which some of their less aspiring neighbors have drifted. Miss Williams, who has trained under Miss Briggs and who is a great force in herself, will remain as head of the Tehama street home.

One satisfactory feature of the work has been the spirit of the assistant nurses. At first people thought that the work was successful because of Miss Briggs's wonderful power in finding the good point in each individual and because of her absolute sincerity of life,

and that it would fail if her health gave out. As a matter of fact, the nurses trained under her, Miss Williams and Miss Schmidt, are equally capable in their contact with people and are quite able to carry on the work independently.

Others, too, will develop. As the finances appear, the Visiting Nurses' Homes will multiply, and San Francisco may offer to the country an answer to problems that philanthropists are now seeking to solve.

Sunset at Carmel Bay

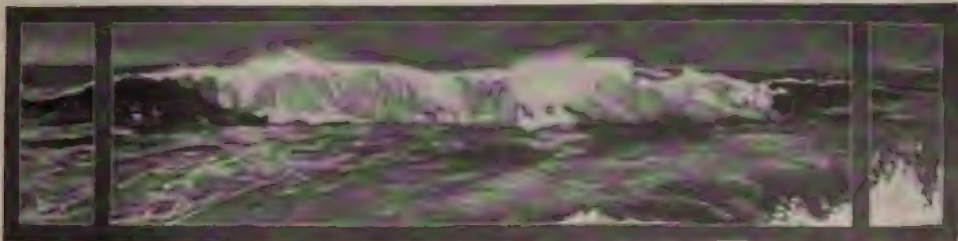
By ELLA M. SEXTON

Far over Cypress Point the sun descending
A stair of gold athwart the sapphire sea
Flings gleaming lances wide and wider, blending
His royal hues in gorgeous pageantry.

Glow through the somber pines its radiance tingeing
Yon iris clouds with floods of amber bright;
Loud on the silver sands the breakers, fringing
With snow-tossed spray this harbor of delight.

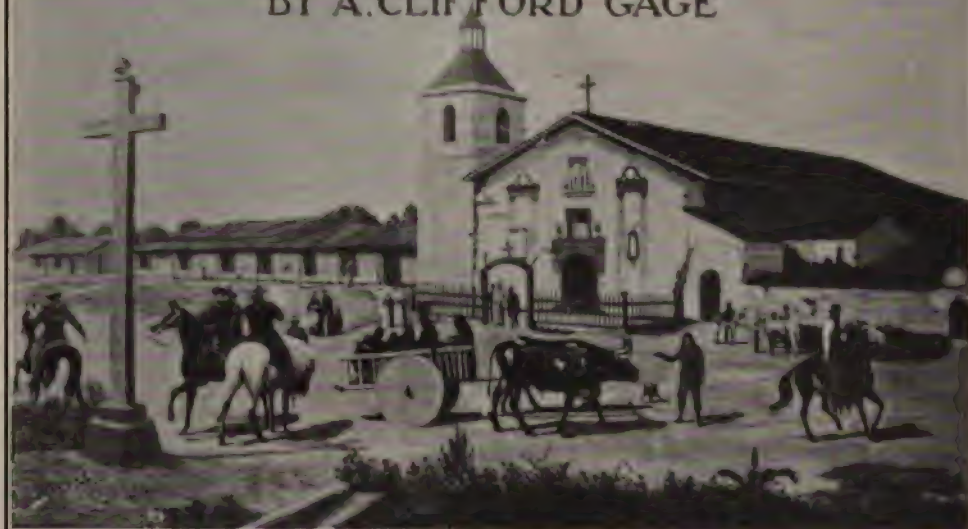
We watch entranced the purple twilight falling
And dream of olden days at fair Carmel,
Of good Fra Serra at San Carlos, calling
His Indian converts with the Angelus bell.

Still stands the Mission, still its chimes ring, pleading
The Founder's message from those by-gone years,
Though in the chancel Serra sleeps, unheeding
His vanished flock, our later reverent tears.



PUEBLO SANTA CLARA

BY A. CLIFFORD GAGE



From a painting by Andrew P. Hill

SANTA CLARA MISSION IN THE TRANQUIL TIME WHEN CALIFORNIA WAS A PROVINCE OF OLD SPAIN

Photographs by Alice Hare

WHEN the padres came into the valley of Santa Clara it was called "the plains of San Bernardino," but it soon came to be known as the Santa Clara, the name given by the early fathers to the mission founded January 12, 1777, on the willowed banks of the Rio Guadalupe. After a few

years (in 1781) the site was changed to where the narrow-gauge railroad now crosses the main street of the town of Santa Clara. In 1818 the mission was destroyed, and then on another site was built the present Santa Clara mission. About it grew a town, and the name of the mission became that of the town.

Villages dot the fertile stretch of the valley from the hills to the hills. In some degree it is difficult to tell where town or village ends and the country begins, so closely are the dwellings set in the verdure of orchard, vineyard and field.

In Santa Clara, where for years the Mission Indians made their obeisance to the God of the white man, stands the mission with its ancient walls, around which linger memories of the days of the Argonauts. Here, too, are the most extensive manufacturing industries



ORIGINAL SITE OF THE MISSION SANTA CLARA, FOUNDED JANUARY 12, 1777, ON THE RIO GUADALUPE

in the valley; and the town has excellent shipping facilities. Manufacturing industries give employment to five hundred men, whose homes are in the town and along the well-kept roads near by. Artisans and mechanics find their services in demand. Some of these have orchards from one to six miles out, thus adding to the emolument of labor in town the income from rural fruit growing.

Santa Clara's school development began more than half a century ago. Jesuit Fathers instituted the well-known Santa Clara College before the state of California had seen its first birthday. Established March 19, 1851, it was duly chartered by the state, and stands today the pioneer institution of learning in the western field. California has gained from it governors, statesmen, soldiers, generals, judges, tragedians, lawyers, journalists, clerics and men of finance to build the structure of her greatness. Nearly three hundred students registered during the past year.

For thirty years the "literary congress" has been established at this college. It is composed of the Philaethic

Senate and the House of Philhistorians, each being made up exclusively of students, governed in strictly parliamentary fashion. Harvard University recently adopted the system, its publications stating that it was derived from a Jesuit school on the Pacific coast where it has been in use for many years. The system teaches young men to "think on their feet"—an explanation, doubtless, of the fact that Santa Clara College has sent forth so many men skilled in forensic eloquence. Former United States Senator Stephen M. White, now deceased, graduated from this school and learned to "think on his feet" in this congress. Though provided with very complete physical and chemical laboratories, the college has no more effective feature than this school of debate. Important and successful investigations are being carried on in connection with wireless telegraphy by members of the faculty. In its astronomical department the college is provided with four and six-inch equatorial telescopes, sidereal clock and instruments for technical observation. A complete weather bureau is conducted in this department, daily



THE INNER GARDEN OF THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE WHERE ROSES AND GRAPE VINES A HUNDRED YEARS OLD CLIMB THE TRELLISED PORCH SURROUNDING THE ADOBE WALLS



A PLEASANT BYWAY; AUSTRALIAN EUCALYPTUS TREES GROWING SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE PAMPAS GRASS OF THE ARGENTINE

bulletins being published which sometimes are of benefit to the farmer.

The Academy of Notre Dame at Santa Clara was founded in 1864. Its grounds are four acres in extent, with buildings



A COTTAGE BURIED IN ENGLISH IVY

of brick encircled by gardens and walks shaded by elms, peppers and poplars. It is a well-equipped school for girls.

Under the guidance of California Methodism, the University of the Pacific began its career in Santa Clara. It was later removed to a point a half mile east, where permanent halls arose, from which have gone out into the world hundreds of young men and women whose part in the development of the state is large. Stanford University is distant but a few minutes by train, and to it Santa Clara has sent many from her excellent high school, as well as to the State University at Berkeley.

Among the high schools of the state that at Santa Clara is given high rank, its graduates entering either university without examination. Grammar schools, academy and preparatory schools complete an educational system that is notable for its thoroughness.

Perhaps more than any other locality in the west has this thriving town entered into the control of municipal



A DATE PALM FROM THE SAHARA AND CATALPA TREES FROM THE CAROLINAS GROWING IN THE SAME GARDEN

utilities. Its water, gas and electric light are supplied from works owned and operated under direction of the board of trustees. Bonds were issued in securing these facilities, but the tax rate has never exceeded one dollar on the hundred of assessed valuation. For municipal purposes it is less than forty cents. Returns from these works aggregated \$19,346 last year, with a profit of \$8,472. Grouped near the railroad, for convenience in receiving supplies, the buildings of the public works are models

of system and order and are visited annually by many who have heard of their successful operation. Without entering into discussion of the subject, it may be said that these utilities have proved profitable in every particular.

Santa Clara is three miles from San Jose, the county-seat. Electric lines connecting the two towns run along the Alameda or "beautiful way," as its name signifies. This is a broad road on which padres from the mission planted five rows of trees, many of which remain,



HOW A SANTA CLARA PASSION VINE CLAMBERED OVER A PORCH IN THREE MONTHS



WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH SCHOOL BY GATHERING PRUNES DURING THE SUMMER VACATION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. IN THIS WAY MANY BOYS AND GIRLS ARE ENABLED TO SECURE AN EDUCATION



LOADS OF FRUIT LEAVING BLOCK'S PACKING-HOUSE FOR THE RAILROAD STATION. HUNDREDS OF CARS OF FRESH FRUIT ARE SHIPPED ANNUALLY FROM SANTA CLARA TO THE EASTERN MARKETS AND TO EUROPE



GATHERING ONION SEED ON A SEED FARM NEAR SANTA CLARA

though the glory of their number and over-arching shade is gone. Lined on either side by gardens and dwellings, the way is a favorite drive.

Packing of both fresh and dried fruit is of great importance among the industries of Santa Clara. One packing-house annually ships hundreds of cars of fresh fruit to the Eastern markets and to Europe. In this work hundreds of hands are employed, mostly during the summer vacation of the public schools. In this way many young men and women have worked their way through school and college. Shipments are made direct from Santa Clara, which is a terminal point for all shipping.

Lying near the railroad, and with unexcelled shipping facilities, are tracts of land available for manufacturing purposes, with water, light and power at hand in unlimited quantities and at reasonable rates. These lands are to be

obtained at moderate figures, and the town awaits the inspection of manufacturers as a choice site for the location of manufacturing enterprises.

Santa Clara is an ideal home place. It has a suburban train service to San Francisco and to the cool retreats of the adjacent mountains. Twenty-six trains each day run between the town and San Francisco, reaching the metropolis in an hour's ride. Within twenty minutes one can bury one's self in the redwood forests of the Santa Cruz range of mountains, where innumerable glens and shady retreats invite the mind to relaxation and the body to healthful repose. Santa Clara is connected with other towns of the valley by swift lines of electric cars, and beautiful resorts lie on every hand. It is an admirable place for a home and is growing constantly in importance, both commercially and in point of population.



OF THE 800 ACRES PLANTED TO ONIONS ON THE MORSE SEED FARM, 640 ACRES ARE IN ONE FIELD



MAPLE TREES SHADE THE STREETS

It is probable that hereafter Santa Clara will become the Oberammergau of America, and the story of how this will have come to pass is not without interest. Here it is:

Clay M. Greene, the well-known playwright, is a graduate of Santa Clara College. Wishing in some way to demonstrate his affection for his alma mater, he wrote for it a play entitled, "Nazareth, the Passion Play of Santa Clara," and it was first staged and presented

in 1901 at the golden jubilee of the college. The play was far more than the ordinary success. Having been presented once, the public demanded its re-presentation again and again. It was given three times in 1901, and it then would have been repeated had not the physical condition of the actors, who were the college students, prevented.

In "Nazareth" Mr. Greene has touched his subject with a rare reverence. In no part of the play does Christ actually appear, yet His sacred presence is felt throughout it. It is as if the auditor stands in the audience-room of the Mighty, with but a shadowy veil intervening. The disciples are there, and those who knew Him best and loved Him most, but He is just beyond our vision.

In 1903 the demand for the play was so great that it again was presented, and after the fifth re-presentation the demand was as great as ever; the weakness of human flesh, as represented by the boys of the college, alone limited its production for a much longer period. After this second series of presentations, at which thousands of people from all civilized lands were present, it became evident that here was a world-drama that the public wished to see, and so it was decided that "Nazareth" shall be acted in the college every two years. So it is that Santa Clara, as has been said, bids fair to become an American Oberammergau.

But all this is apart from the claim that Santa Clara makes as a town of homes. In this respect there is no place in all of fortunate California that excels it. It lies in the very heart of the beautiful Santa Clara valley, and the fame of that valley is known throughout America; it is in close touch with the great western metropolis; its educational facilities are unsurpassed anywhere, and above all, if one cares for that sort of thing, nature is at her most beauteous and prolific best on every side and close about her. If a man wants an ideal home,—and who does not?—how could such attractions and advantages as the town offers be surpassed?

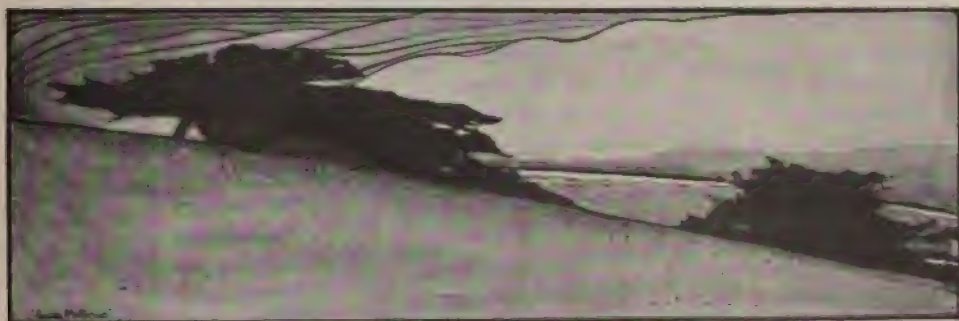


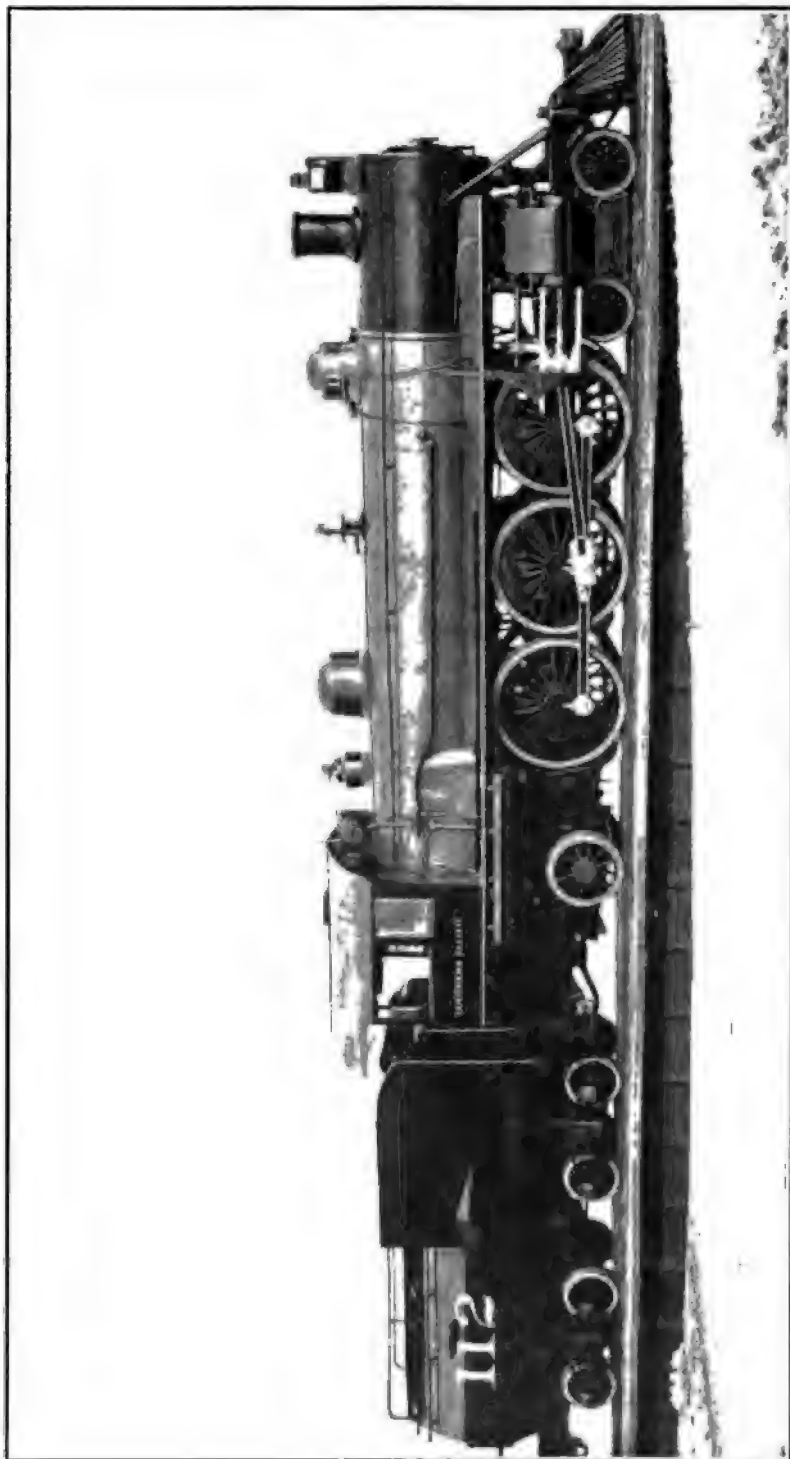
SCENE FROM "NAZARETH, THE PASSION PLAY OF SANTA CLARA"—CAIAPHAS IN THE COUNCIL OF PRIESTS

Andrew P. Hill, photo

Where Nature Smiles

Where Nature smiles at her smiling best,
And the days are sunshine-laden;
Where a billow of bloom is the gray Earth's breast,
And life is a wooing maiden,
There a little home in a quiet spot
Where the hosts of the sunlight rally,
Where trouble and care are both forgot
And worry's a specter that cometh not—
In Santa Clara valley.





LOCOMOTIVE 112, ONE OF THE PACIFIC TYPE LOCOMOTIVES USED TO PULL THE OVERLAND LIMITED TRAINS OVER THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS. THE WEIGHT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE, LOADED, IS 222,000 POUNDS; WEIGHT OF TENDER, LOADED, 132,840 POUNDS. THE CYLINDERS ARE 22 INCHES IN DIAMETER BY 28 INCH STROKE; DRIVING WHEELS, 77 INCHES IN DIAMETER; TRAILING WHEELS, 45 INCHES IN DIAMETER. ENGINES OF THIS TYPE WILL HAUL A PASSENGER TRAIN OF THIRTEEN CARS, ON A LEVEL TRACK, UNDER FAVORABLE CONDITIONS, AT A RATE OF 75 MILES AN HOUR.



The Course of Empire

Devoted to Facts of Material Progress in the West

The Knights Templar Conclave

One of the most notable features of the Triennial Conclave, Knights Templar, which will convene in San Francisco, September 6th, will be the official visit to the Grand Encampment of the United States, and the reception with the highest honors of The Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of the Great Priory of England and Wales, The Right Honorable the Earl of Euston, who will be accompanied by Charles F. Matier, the Great Vice-Chancellor; the Reverend C. E. L. Wright, Grand Prelate; A. F. Woodiwiss, Knight Commander of the Temple; T. P. Dohrman, Knight Commander of the Temple; Sir A. J. Thomas and Sir Thomas Fraser, all distinguished members of the Foreign Grand Priory.

General John Corson Smith, of Chicago, chairman of the committee of foreign relations of the Grand Encampment, has received letters advising him that the Supreme Grand Master and his party are booked to reach New York City on August 21st, and Chicago on August 23d. They purpose traveling across the continent to San Francisco in a private car, and while in San Francisco will make their headquarters with the officers of the Grand Encampment of the United States at the Palace Hotel.

The presence of so distinguished a party of foreign Knights Templar will be made the occasion of special entertainment in honor of the visitors. It is probable that the Grand Master and other officers of the Great Priory of Canada will also attend the Grand Encampment.

While in this city and touring California the visitors will be the guests of the Grand Commandery of California. Apartments have been secured for them at the Palace Hotel, and every courtesy will be shown them during their sojourn on this coast. Returning from San Francisco, the English party

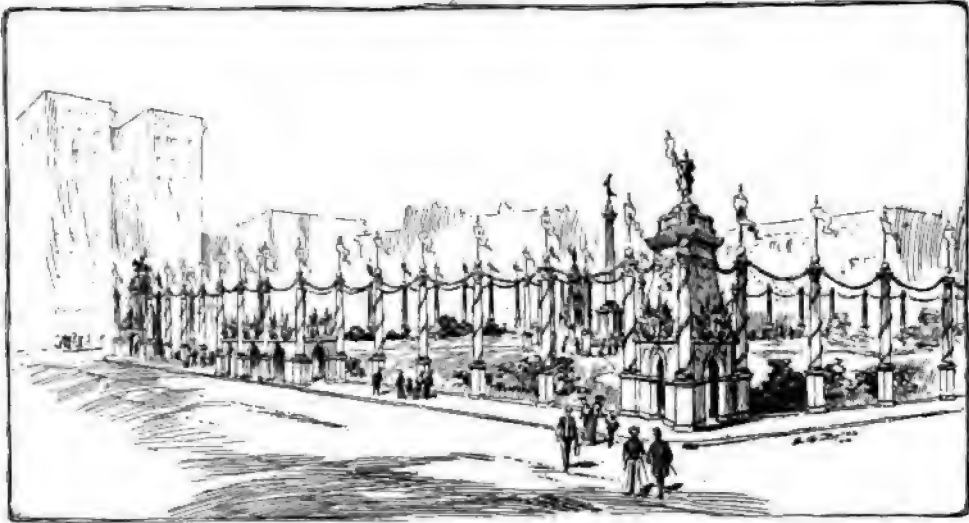
of knights will visit the World's Fair at St. Louis, and then journey east to Boston, where they will attend the Supreme Council of the Northern Masonic jurisdiction of the thirty-third degree, and then sail for England on or about September 24th.

Grand Captain General William B. Melish, of Cincinnati, is making hotel and other arrangements for the English party, and they may perhaps join the official Grand Encampment special train, leaving Chicago August 16th instead of August 24th. In that event they will visit Yellowstone Park and other points of interest, with the official party en route.

San Francisco will be illuminated as it has never been on any former occasion, and the street decorations are to surpass all former efforts. The cost of street decorations will amount to over \$40,000, and the decorations of the headquarters at the Palace Hotel, three parlors and fourteen rooms, will cost about \$3,000. All is exclusive of the part which the municipality furnishes in a permanent plant for decorating purposes covering from twelve to fifteen long blocks on the principal street, as well as the decorations and illuminations of the large business houses, hotels, and public buildings. The center of illumination at Union Square will be particularly beautiful.

At the foot of Market street, and opposite the depot at which most of the Commanderies will arrive, a handsome triumphal arch will be constructed, tastily ornamented and brilliantly lighted. The committee offers a high premium as a reward for the best decorated and illuminated buildings. This offer will create a laudable rivalry, which will greatly increase the illuminations and decoration of the city.

Receiving and escorting the Knights and their ladies from the depot to their respective hotels or headquarters will be quite an imposing feature. The escort



Design by Mooser & Bolles, Architects
 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR COURT OF HONOR, UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO, AS DESIGNED FOR THE
 CONCLAVE OF 1904

detail is composed of the best drilled Sir Knights of California. Three companies in full uniform, mounted and unmounted, will be in constant attendance, each with a band of music and banners, ready to escort any new arrivals to their hotels or headquarters. While the Commanderies will march up-town to the strains of the orchestra, their ladies—those at least who prefer—will ride in open barouches or in special street cars, either electric or cable, ornamented with flags and bunting.

Nothing will be more delightful during the entire conclave than the excursions to the cities in the interior of California and along the coast. In Oakland, San Rafael, Santa Clara and San Jose, and all of Santa Clara valley; Sacramento, Stockton, the towns in the mining regions, in Southern California, and, in fact, almost everywhere on the Pacific slope, the people are preparing so cordial a welcome, and an entertainment of such unlimited hospitality—while they will show the visitors the resources of their special sections—that the strangers will be tempted to remain in California and share with their hosts the natural abundance vouchsafed to California.

The Templar ball will be given in the grand nave of the ferry building, a ball-room over 500 feet in length and over 75 feet from the marble floor to the glass roof, lighted by myriads of incandescents. The trophies to be awarded for excellence in the competitive drill represent a large fortune.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was organized October 15, 1888, with a membership of fifty-two. It now has fifteen

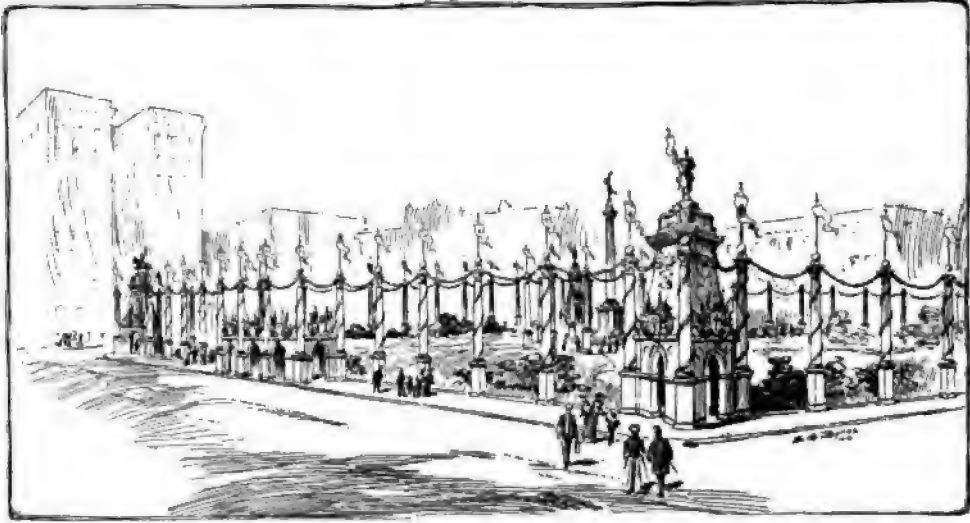
hundred and twenty-five members, and its annual expense account is seventeen thousand dollars. It advertises in the eastern magazines and sends hundreds of thousands of brochures relating to Los Angeles throughout the world. As an example of its widespread influence, it has lately received calls for business openings from points as far separated as London, the cities of Australia, and places in Mexico. The Chamber looks after the particular interests of Los Angeles city and county, and the general interests of Southern California. Nor is it unmindful of the interests of the state at large; all but one of the seven southern counties and the county of Fresno maintain fine exhibits in the rooms of the Chamber. Other counties in the north are asking for space. This is wise; for the estimated annual visitors to the exhibit rooms is a half to three quarters of a million, including the host of eastern and foreign travelers. Frank Wiggins, the secretary of the Chamber, is one of the state commissioners to the World's Fair at St. Louis, and incidentally is looking after the Chamber's interests there. The Chamber has just moved into its beautiful, new building on Broadway between First and Second streets. The structure has a ground plan of 135x179 feet and is seven stories high. The exhibit room, on the second floor, is 120x120 feet, and is surrounded by a broad gallery. The total cost of the building was about \$325,000.

San Francisco Real Estate

When President Roosevelt said of California and San Francisco: "This wonderful state on the shores of the Pacific; this city with the great past, and with a future so



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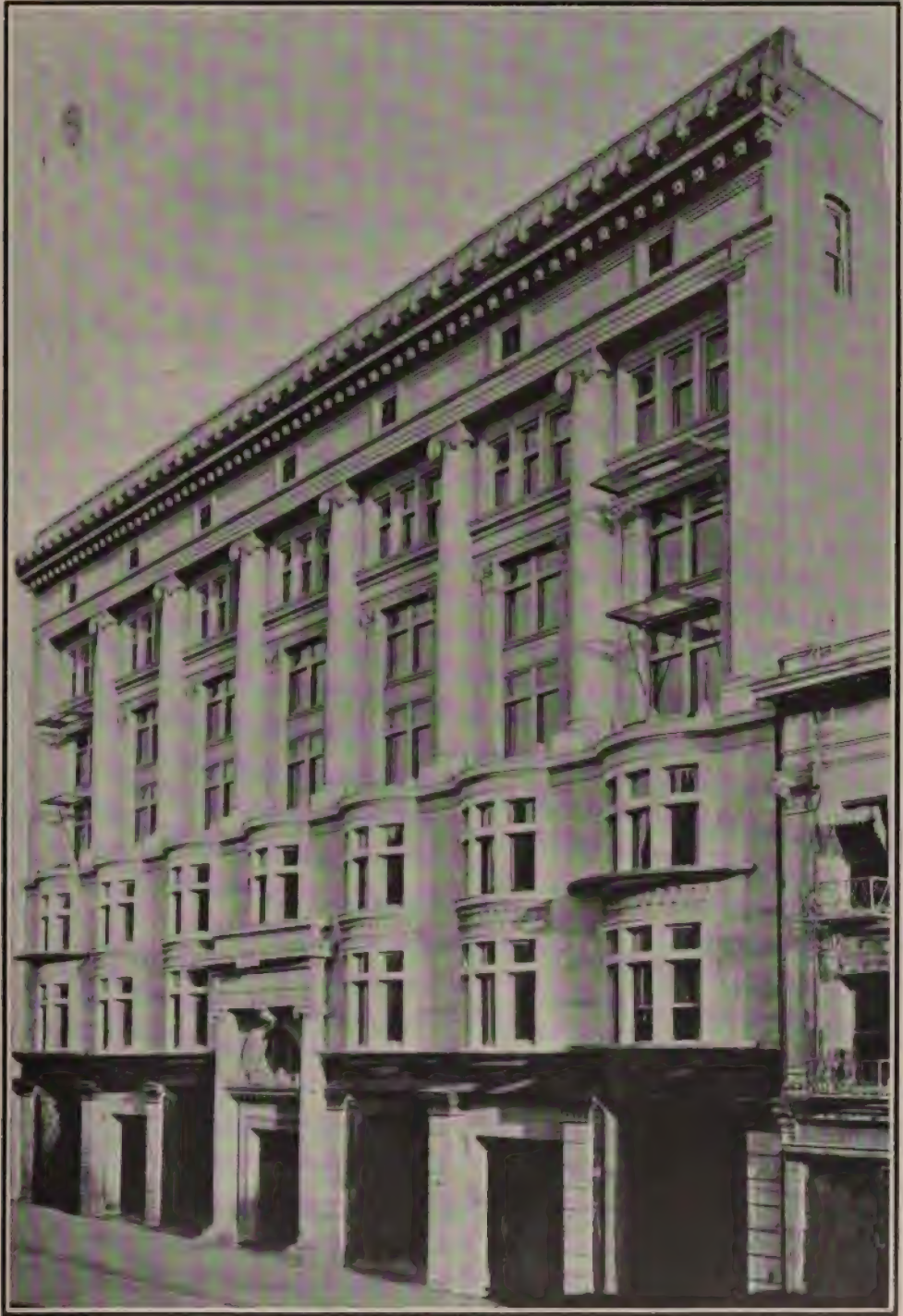
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great that the most sanguine among us cannot properly estimate it; this city, the city of the Occident which looks west to the Orient across the Pacific, westward to the west that is the hoary east; this city situated upon that giant ocean which will in a not distant future be commercially the most important body of water in the entire world," he may well have been thinking of some of the reasons for the great growth of real estate values in San Francisco.

The city has every sort of natural advantage—a harbor, climate, room for expansion, a central position, and is a railway terminal. Old Forty-niners never tire of telling how many lots on Market street they could have purchased for a song fifty years ago, and how many golden opportunities slipped by them. It has been said that when the population increases fifty per cent the value of real estate doubles. This has been found to be more than true of San Francisco. What was yesterday a vacant lot is today covered with substantial business property. The Metropolitan Improvement Company is thoroughly alive to the great possibilities in the owning of real estate in a growing city, and its success is another example of the wisdom of taking advantage of the rapid increase in values of real estate incident to the rapid growth of population. The company's plan constitutes practical co-operation, enabling small investors to combine and gain the same advantages and large rate of profits which capitalists secure by the use of large sums of money in this best of all investment fields, heretofore beyond the reach of small capital. In real estate ownership, opportunity is one thing, seeing it another; the power to grasp it, still another. Each investor, by the plan of this company, has the benefit of all these, and, in addition, has behind his small sum the aggressive

force, staying power and earning capacity of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Companies of this character are promotion committees in themselves by getting thousands financially interested in San Francisco real estate and calling the attention of thousands of others to the facts that give San Francisco probably greater real estate possibilities than those of any other city in the world.

A fact not widely known is that denuded redwood lands are of value for horticulture, agriculture and stock-raising. The great stumps often may be seen among fruitful orchards and vineyards or dairying lands in Sonoma, Humboldt and Mendocino counties, the owners in many cases not having found it expedient to remove the stumps; and their existence testifies not only to the all-round fertility of the redwood regions, but to the remarkable power of redwood to resist decay.

During last March the San Francisco mint turned out coin to the amount of \$32,000,000. This broke the record of the outputs of this mint for one month. On March 31st the mint was able to turn over to the government \$53,000,000 in gold, all of which had been coined since February 1st. This established a world record, for, as far as known, it was the largest amount of money ever coined in so brief a period of time.

The first trains to be sent over the new railroad "cut-off" in Nevada, by which the distance between Ogden and San Francisco is materially shortened, were those which carried the orange crop of 1903-04 as freight. A picture of one of these trains, taken at the "ninth crossing," is a feature of the Course of Empire in this issue of SUNSET.



Copyrighted photograph by E. L. Linton

AN ORANGE SPECIAL ON THE NEVADA CUT-OFF



Plays and the Players

E. H. Sothorn was a star from the first. Daniel Frohman, relying I fancy more at that time on his name and Sothorn a Star from the First on his artistic powers, put his name in big letters on the bill at once. He was not then a great actor. Graceful, intelligent, attractive in manner and in voice, he was but a mild

sentimental kind of a fellow, who fitted well into a bit of dainty lovmaking, and made a delightful hero for an innocuous love comedy, with a touch of emotion. All this is even yet the basis of his work, and it is in such rôles that one recognizes a poetic and prettily romantic vein, which tells with great effect. He has learned in all these years the technique of his profession, and with ambition increasing with success, some time ago he took a daring flight into Hamlet. I have no doubt his Hamlet was imperfect. Booth himself declared even in his latest days that he had not reached the end of Hamlet. It cannot be studied in a room; it needs years of constant practice before the public. Sothorn's ambition to play the part is in all ways a worthy one, and even if he should never be a Booth, he deserves encouragement.

His métier was struck most delightfully in "If I Were King." He was the poet and the lover; even if something of the heroic he lacked. "The Proud Prince" gives him a new kind of work, in which the critics say he proves himself adaptable. Still there is little doubt that his best hope lies in poetic drama, and the angles of character are hard for him. There are so few who can fill the poetic rôle, however, that we can more easily spare him from character parts.

PETER ROBERTSON.



Windeatt Chicago, photo

E. H. SOTHERN

"Du Barry," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter is appearing at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco, is not a pleasant Mrs. Carter play; but if nothing in its plot in "Du Barry" can please—in the highest sense of the word—Mrs. Carter certainly does succeed in attracting and fascinating her auditor, and this she does by her virile force as an actress. Lacking the charm which makes Maude Adams, for instance, loved by the public, she nevertheless compels a species of admiration. Great she is not

—something is lacking to that high distinction—but she so nearly attains greatness that the average witness of her acting is not quite certain whether or not she falls short of it. Only an uncomfortable conviction that something was lacking remains with him, and, even at the height of his admiration for her art, will not be dissipated.

W. J. A.

Maude Adams, now perhaps the most intensely popular of women stars in this country, is a standing example of the success of merit. We hear a great deal about "influence" and "personal preference of managers." Influence never yet made a bad actor a success, nor has managerial preference ever induced the public to accept anybody on the stage. Maude Adams had absolutely no influence save her merit, until her merit became all the influence she needed. When, as a child, I watched her

**The Lesson
of Maude
Adams'
Success**



Faucher, Evanston, Ill., photo

MAUDE ADAMS

play the little parts which fall to children, there was always something more than child-like in her, some strange suggestion that even this, the real gift was there. Her mother was one of the most useful actresses at that time, modest and retiring, and never envious or jealous of those who were playing the great rôles beside her. The old theatergoer remembers her as giving a remarkable performance of Mrs. Micawber. She was ever conscientious and earnest, and much of that Maude Adams inherited: the gentleness, simplicity, kindness which all helped her not only to win friends, but left her free to work and study and dream of her ambition. For if actors and actresses only knew it, envy and jealousy only hurt themselves and keep their minds in a condition of unrest, under which they cannot do their best. Miss Adams went east, and began to make herself felt. Little parts she played so well that they stood out from the rest, and audiences, who do much more thinking for themselves than managers give them credit for, were taking notice of this little artist. I fancy the profession were just a little bit startled when Charles Frohman announced that she was to be John Drew's leading woman. I don't know that John Drew himself was not a little doubtful. But everybody knows the result, and John Drew and Maude Adams played several seasons delightfully, and I believe, happily together, which is something of a record of itself.

That Maude Adams should become a star was inevitable; and Charles Frohman made a most judicious selection of rôles for her at the start. Within the limits,—for Miss Adams is not very strong physically, and the very fineness of her artistic gift prevents her from taking heavy rôles,—she is the most intensely charming of the young actresses. I cannot speak of her Juliet; but I should hardly expect her to expand into the passion of the part. The febrile and magnetic quality in her could easily account for the pathetic and touching performance she gave in "L'Aiglon." In the line of Lady Babbie she is unquestionably the best actress of today. I have seen them all. I can fancy Julia Marlowe in many rôles; I can see Annie Russell, the ingénue of ingénues, in many; I can think of the whole galaxy of female stars, but Maude Adams concentrates in this kind of girl an intensity of mischief, merry-spirit, feeling sentiment and febrile emotion which none of them possess. Nor is that all she can do, for we have seen her in quite a variety of comedy,

and there is only one explanation of her—art, the finest of temperament, and the intuitive comprehension of womanhood.

PETER ROBERTSON.

On June 8th the Alcazar theater, of San Francisco, began the production of the dramatization of Ouida's romance, "Under Two Flags," with Adele Block taking the part of Cigarette. "Lovers' Lane" followed, with Frances Starr—whose picture appears in this department of *SUNSET*—in the rôle of Simplicity. In this character Miss Starr attained a very considerable prestige in New York City, and it appears probable that her eastern success will be repeated in the west, as she is an actress of recognized versatility. Few houses on the sunset side of the Rockies are as generally successful in presenting a good class of plays at popular prices as the Alcazar has been, and still continues to be.

The recent opening of Fischer's modified, enlarged and rebuilt theater, in San Francisco, was a success if numbers in attendance may be taken as an indication of popularity. The audiences were large; and while there was some disappointment because of the delayed appearance of the eight radium girls, their later act was compensation for the delays. From a small and modest beginning Fischer's is constantly growing in popularity.

While "The Toy Maker" has been often staged, and is by no means new to the theater-going public, its recent rendition at the Tivoli opera house, in San Francisco, demonstrated that it had lost none of its popular favor. While it is far enough from being heavy opera, which it does not pretend to be, there is a flavor about it which suits the general palate and causes it to win applause when perhaps something heavier would not.

In its own line "A Celebrated Case," recently presented at the Central theater in San Francisco, is good enough; and nobody will accuse it of being too good. Perhaps the best that can be said of the variety of play, of which "A Celebrated Case" is an excellent example, is that it attracts a certain class of theater-goers, and this is a fact that naturally interests the managers. Still it may be said that the play was well presented at the Central.



Elite, photo

FRANCES STARR, AT THE ALCAZAR, SAN FRANCISCO

Emile A. Bruguere has been made a knight of the Order of St. Jacques by the king of Portugal. This is an ancient order of Portugal, and its honors are bestowed only on those who have become eminent in science, literature, music or art. Mr. Bruguere, who is a resident of old Monterey, is a native of California. His latest opera, "The Three Kings of Korea," soon will be produced by the Bostonians.

The Ladies' Stringed Orchestra, under the leadership of Miss Rose Brandon, is making a distinct place for itself in the musical and social circles of San Francisco. It is in frequent demand for receptions and parties given in the city by the bay.

Bessie Stuart Bacon, daughter of Frank Bacon, the actor, is now playing with the Oliver-Morosco Company, at the California theater, and has made a noticeable "hit" in characters she has represented. She is another California girl who appears to be destined to success upon the stage.



Books and Writers

A Californian who has written her name large in the state's temple of fame is Gertrude Atherton. No writer, probably, within the past few years Atherton's has filled the public eye more. Her new book effectively than the author of "The Aristocrats" and "The Conqueror." Now her latest production, "Rulers of Kings," comes from the hand of her publishers, Harper & Brothers, New York, with the first edition practically sold. It is a book of the moment, dealing with contemporary history, and will be read on both sides of the Atlantic with equal interest. With Mrs. Atherton's characterizing vigor of portraiture, Fessenden Abbott, the central figure in the narrative, looms up in the rôle of the typical American. In fact, whether his creator has done it designedly or not, his indomitable force might go still farther and typify America. East and west enter equally into his physical and mental fiber. The Adirondacks in their rugged grandeur and a western university, with its push and enthusiasm to vie with older institutions, are the dominating influences of Abbott's early life; thus embodying the two great forces of the country and making him an American of Americans. And although this book may not receive the seal of the great, long-looked-for American novel, the character of Fessenden Abbott is, so far, the most successful attempt at the representative American man.

Added to this foundation of character laid in the institutions of our civilization, Abbott is the possessor of a fabulous fortune, and

thus equipped, the world is made to feel the force of his will. Departing from the usual form of international romance, the love interest centers in the love of this American millionaire for a princess of the blood royal. The national difficulties that present themselves and the political impossibilities that arise are in the end borne down by the all-conquering power of the American.

How Kaiser Wilhelm will receive his portrait in American literature, how England and the other powers that figure in today's political drama, will relish the parts they are seen to play through foreign eyes, will be seen later when the reading world has become familiar with "Rulers of Kings" and the modern mind has focused to grasp a drama that is without the softening dust of time. In point of construction this book presents an all-star cast of characters, the plot is tense and lucid, while ideas and events pelt into the reader's mind like hailstones, with the same stimulating after-effect. Every interest is big and vital, every move is toward the center; from start to finish there is not a part that sags, and from present indications the book of the season is going to be "Rulers of Kings."

Burton E. Stevenson, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Stanley Weyman seems to have fallen, has just published his "Cadets of Gascony," printed by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, and in a rousing, swash-buckler fashion tells a thrilling tale. There are hairbreadth escapes, daredevil



Campbell Studio, photo
GERTRUDE ATHERTON

adventures, blood-curdling misfortunes and miraculous deliverances tripping so thickly over each other that Marson, the hero, must perforce have inscribed his rondel to the lovely Mademoiselle Claire with his right hand, while thrusting his rapier through the heart of some blackguard with his left. But in the end these methods seem fitting for the times, for the stately corridors appear to be made for the sole purpose of hiding the assassin, the sparkling goblet for the lurking-place of the poisoned tablet, and tender glances for the lure to treachery.

A most attractive volume in general make-up and subject-matter is "The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée" by Margaret Sherwood. Royal Wooling of a New Kind which is published by Macmillan & Co., New York. A king and queen meet at a quiet trysting-place, and there the king tells the beautiful queen of his pure and reverent love for her and confides to her his weariness of court pomp and ceremony. In the quaint phraseology of earlier centuries he begs her to fly with him to the open fields where the starry heavens may be their canopy and the soft spring verdure their couch.

The experiment—being between the covers of a book—works beautifully. Care-free and happy they sally forth, neither knowing nor caring where their course may lead them. The winds of heaven are tempered to their royal temperatures and the brooklet and berry-bush supply their simple wants. At last the king decides to build a house in the heart of a beautiful wood, and there he makes his clearing, fells his timber and constructs a lordly habitation of "two fair rooms."

There is much good philosophy in this little story, however, if the reader's eyes are not blinded by materiality, and this idyllic love between the noble king and lovely queen, although only a fantasy, runs like the note of a skylark through the workaday din of this busy world.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

The book entitled "Adobeland Stories," by Verner Z. Reed, is made up of seven stories of the southwest, of which "Antonio Salcido's Story," "The Tale of Burnt-foot Maiden," and "At the Puye Cliffs," are the best. The first is a story of Mexican love, the second of Indian love and revenge, and in the third the author has attempted to rehabilitate the dead past of the cliff-dwellers. In each of these stories the author has succeeded, and yet there is a peculiar tang to them which almost sets the teeth on edge—an indefinable something that grates upon the nerves. Still as art *per se* they deserve recognition and praise. The book is published by Richard C. Badger & Co., Boston.

U. FRANCIS DUFF.

"In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson, published by Bobbs, Merrill & Co., Indianapolis, is a book that will be remembered when many another of Miriam Michelson's New Book today has been forgotten. Sometimes criticized from the standpoint of ethics, the criticism reacts upon the critics, for there is nothing in the book that is not strong, true and helpful. It merely tells in language that never revolts of the struggle of a soul upwards from the unfortunate environments in which it finds itself placed, and it does it with such force and clearness that the number of its readers should constantly increase. Writing of the book in a recent issue of the *Bulletin*, Rev. William Rader says:

After all, our vices are perverted virtues, and we soon see this girl leading a new life under a new personal influence. This influence is divided between a bishop and a theatrical man of wholesome ideals. At any rate, she grows away from the old life into a new experience of sanity, purpose and reality. Perhaps it is just simply evolution, or natural opening of the senses to truth and morality, and the inner response to what is morally right. To every frivolous, wickedly weak and perverse mind comes sometime the message of honesty. Addressing her thought to one of her friends she says: "I found it, Mag. Do you know what it was? It was just three words—of Obermiller's, 'Earn it now.' After all, Miss Monahan, this graft of honesty they all preach so much about hasn't anything mysterious in it. All it is, is putting your wits to work according to the rules of the game and not against them. I was driven to it—the thought of big Tom crouching for a spring in the dark cell up yonder sent me whirling out into the thinking place, like the picture of the soul in the big book at Latimer's I read of. And first thing you know, 'pon honor, Mag, it was as much fun planning how to 'earn it now,' as any lifting I ever schemed. It's getting the best of people that always charmed me—ah here was a way to fool 'em according to law."

There is a good sermon in these words. They open up the philosophy of certain criminals. They strike down deep into the very nature of sin on the one hand, and virtuous power on the other. Read your Bibles and there you will find it in the mighty message of the Christ. This getting the best of people may be good or bad, right or wrong. Happy is he who is honest enough to do it "according to law." Naïf these words to the single life, to the trust, to public efforts to gain private ends, and you point the moral of Miss Michelson's book, which is a unique approach to a fundamental ethical fact.

Not the least of its ethical conclusion is that some very bad people may be very good, in spots; that the version of truth is redemptive, and that "I can be as good for a good man who loves me as I was bad for a bad man I loved."

William H. Rideing has written a novel which promises to be a success. The action is partly in the west and partly in England, and the "How Tyson Came Home" book has two heroines. One is a girl born in the Sierra and the other is an English society girl. The other characters include a United States senator, an English bishop, a modern

financier, and a lot of men and women of wit and fashion. The style is crisp and entertaining, and the interest is kept up from cover to cover. This is the first ambitious work from the pen of Mr. Rideing in a long time. Twenty years ago his name was very widely known. The late Richard Henry Stoddard once referred to him as "the Briareus of the Press," because of his many and varied contributions to leading magazines. Since then his editorial duties on the *Youth's Companion* and *North American Review*, have restricted his opportunity for original work. "How Tyson Came Home" is said to be the best thing he has ever written.

LEAVENWORTH MACNAH.

The Whitaker & Ray Company has just issued a new edition of the *New Pacific School Geography*, by Harr Wagner. This is the fourth edition of this geography, which has been used successfully in the public schools of the Pacific coast. The author's aim has been to make a complete one-book geography for the fifth, sixth and seventh grades of the public schools, and to afford a systematic study of a subject along the pupil's prospective commercial activity. To this end the author has paid much attention to the growth and progress of the west, and has emphasized the upbuilding of the Pacific states in picture as well as text. The author believes that the pupil should first know something definite about his or her environments, rather than to be taught generalities regarding local geography. The book is of convenient size, durably bound, and contains many maps and illustrations that are instructive and up-to-date.

A book that should create a want, if the need were not so palpable, is Professor Nathaniel Southgate Shaler's *The Boy and the Citizen*, which is published by A. E. Barnes & Co., New York. As the dean of Lawrence Scientific School and professor of geology in Harvard University, Professor Shaler is rarely qualified to handle his subject. In his prefatory remarks he briefly forecasts the scope of his work and his conclusions as to a youth's power of grasping large subjects when expressed in a terse and simple style. Thus it will be seen that, the object of "The Citizen" being to impress upon the mind of the young the responsibility of citizenship, and the relation of the individual to his accepted form of government, this simple treatment of so comprehensive a subject is unique in the present-day deluge of sociological works.

To those who have to do with the education of the young, whether as parents or teachers, this book should make a strong appeal, for

the boy brought up to a trained and intelligent citizenship, appreciating the uses and limits of political freedom, the basic ethical principles of our government and his own relation to the progress of our great commonwealth, is best fitted for his work in life.

"Traveler's Handbook to Southern California" is the name of a volume written or compiled and published by George A. Southern Wharton James, Pasadena. It is a neatly bound book of nearly five hundred pages, and is precisely what, and all that, its name implies.

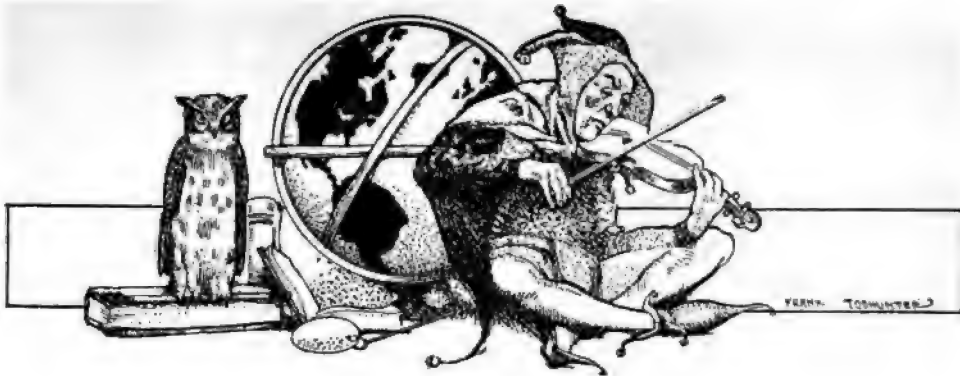
On its title page the author promises that it shall be published annually, although this book is the first of the series. Almost anything of interest relating to Southern California can be found within its covers. The book is neatly illustrated. Some of its chapters were written by well-known scientists or writers who reside south of the Tehachapi. The volume should meet a popular demand from both Californians and such easterners as may turn a longing eye in this direction.

A striking window display of SUNSET magazines recently was made by Robert C. Ross, the bookseller and newsdealer, at 1203 Market street, and of course a large sale resulted. Mr. Ross makes a specialty of new thought, physical culture, and esoteric and health publications, and at the same time adds to his exchequer by many SUNSET sales.



Tibbitts, photo

R. C. ROSS'S WINDOW DISPLAY OF SUNSET MAGAZINES AND POSTERS



Sunset Rays

(Conducted by ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE)

Things Rufus has Noticed

I've noticed that the man that seemed to think he was in the biggest hurry was the one that stopped longest to see which dog licked.

* * *

Deekin Pelter conshienshusly don't beleeve in prize-fightin', but I've noticed that he always gits up 'bout sun-up to git the paper the mornin' after two pugs has fit.

* * *

I've noticed that the woman that squeels the loudest at a mouse gen'ly is the one that catches a burglar when he mistakenly concludes to visit her house.

* * *

I've noticed that children don't always honor their father and mother, but when I look at the old folks dinged if I always blame the kids.

* * *

Wimmin is graceful creechers, but I've noticed that it's blame hard to make a man b'leeve it if he watches one gettin' off a movin' street-car.

* * *

I've noticed that some fellers take their releegion 'bout like they take their pills—sugar-coated an' in small doses.

* * *

Anyway, conscience is a queer critter. I've noticed that them it goads most is them that needs it least.

* * *

I've noticed that I do too dern much noticin'. Ef I hadn't set here noticin' things for the last half hour I might o' had the taters hoed by now.

—A. J. W.

The Sad Case of Little Willie

Little Willie had some fireworks
For the glorious Fourth July.
For them he had saved his money—
Here's the list he chose to buy:

Big firecrackers,
Packs four-twenty;
Bully rockets,
Quite a plenty;
Roman candles,
Heaven-soaring;
Pinwheels, chasers,
Snapping, roaring.

Something fizzed and something busted—
Parents' grief could nothing leaven,
But they wiped their eyes and trusted
Little Willie'd gone to Heaven.

The Fate of the Souful Squab

A souful squab in a barnyard grew,
Grew gladly, grew madly,
Till she was a pigeon; a nice one, too—
The tale affects me sadly,
For love one day in her pigeon breast
Sung his old, sweet song like all-possessed,
And of course she drooped—you guess the
rest—

It makes me feel so badly.

"I love my love."—"Twas a gay young squab
That sang it, goshdang it!
And she felt in her bosom her fond heart throb,
And her head, she'd hang it.
Then straight she fell on his lavender breast,
And her yielding form to his own he pressed,
And he called her his'n—you guess the rest,
For poets have sang it.

Ah, woe is me! for the gay young squab
Was fickle a mickle.
He tired of love and he jumped his job,
Another squab to tickle.
And the maiden pined, as maidens do,
Till she faded away, in a pigeon stew,
And the moral you see—of course you do:
Who loves is in a pickle!



Whigham, photo

Little, Wee Maiden

[The picture illustrating this poem is that of little Margaret Moist of Oakland, California, aged five years, a child of unusual beauty and intelligence.]

I looked in your baby eyes, my dear,—
Eyes with the dawnlight shining through—
And they haunt me still as I linger here,
Your eyes with the dreams in their depths
of blue.
What is the dream on your winsome face?
What is the dream? For I fain would share
Your babyhood lore of a hidden place
Over the hills from the valley of care.

What is the dream,
Wee love, I pray,
That I have forgotten
This many a day?

Under the hair that is made of gold;
Over the lips that were made to kiss,
Are your beautiful eyes, and their blue deeps
hold—
How may I say? when I know but this:
They speak to me still of an olden day
When the morn was bright and the world
was fair,
When I lingered still where your feet now
stray,
Over the hills from the valley of care.

Lead me, small maiden,
By paths that you know
Over the hills
To the long ago.

Little white spirit enmantled with grace.
Reach to me hitherward; reach your wee
hand.
And lead me with you to a far-away place,
A wonderful place in the Long Ago land.
I have forgotten the way that I knew,
The way where you wander with soul like
a prayer;
Then reach little fingers and lead me with you
Over the hills from the valley of care.

Little, sweet maiden,
Lead me with you
Back to the peace
Of a land that I knew.
—Alfred J. Waterhouse.

A Modern Romance

(Slightly condensed but otherwise all right.)

CHAPTER I

Augustus and Mazie;
Some love—rather hazy.

CHAPTER II

Stroll in the springtime;
Approaching the ring-time.

CHAPTER III

Mad mommer and popper
Give Gussie a cropper—
He's poor, and he oughter
Go shy with their daughter.

CHAPTER IV

Sad Gussie; sad Mazie,
Their grief makes 'em crazy.

CHAPTER V

Augustus, cute sinner,
Tries stocks; it's a winner!

CHAPTER VI

Glad popper and mommer!
Their blessings they stommer.*

CHAPTER VII

A parson, a wedding;
Love's measure they're treading.
While Cupid just capers—
See reports in the papers.

ADDENDUM

Brief story, of course—
Had to head off divorce.

*Most dictionaries prefer to spell this word with an "s," but "o" rhymes better, and consequently is adopted here.

Revised Maxims

Man proposes, but after that the woman takes charge.

Money makes the mare go, and sometimes proves, in consequence, that she is spavined and has the spring-halt.

The love of money is the root of all evil, but it would seem useless to offer a prize for the man who is not willing to dally with the root.

To err is human; to tell about it is feminine.

Man wants but little here below, but sometimes he wants it bad.

Again, man wants but little here below, and he generally gets it.

Time and tide wait for no man, but they know better than to ask a woman to hurry.

Misunderstood

He thought I said yes, but I'm sure I said no.
My heart was fast beating, my cheeks were aglow;

I looked on the ground and I thought he would go—

He thought I said yes, but I'm sure I said no.

Now what could I do? For he thought I said yes;

He sat close beside me, and—you'll never guess.

If you look at me so, I cannot confess;

He—I'm sure I said no, but he thought I said yes.

—S. E. St. Amant.

The Abstract Man

If I were the abstract lady,

And you were the abstract man,
I'd hold your hand, just this way,
As only abstractions can.

And if I were the abstract lady,

I'd look in your abstract eyes,
Till the wealth of my abstract spirit
To my abstract lips would rise.

And the bliss of all the ages

Would sink through my abstract soul,
And the human limitations
Round out to the abstract whole.

And thus, through the great abstractions

Might we learn how passing sweet
Are the human imperfections
And the chance to be concrete.

—Bertha Monroe Rickoff.



Drawing by A. Methfessel

The Daisy

My sweetheart stands, in playful way,
To see what daisy has to say;
And as the petals singly fall,
"He loves," "he loves me not," they call.

So her I watch with eager gaze,
(The truth is sometimes told in plays)
My craven heart would tell her true,
"My own dear girl, I do love you!"

The petals fall in snowy race,
The blushes mantle o'er her face.
"Can it be true, my secret's told
From out the daisy's heart of gold?"

I take the daisy from her hand,
And, as she smiles, I understand;
There is no need for me to say:
"I love you, and will love always."

—Fred A. Hunt.

The Philosophy of Jabez

Kinder impatient was Jabez; the neighbors
all agreed
A man so blamed impatient wan't likely to
succeed.
When others would say: "Of course it's
wrong; I wish it was different quite,"
Then Jabez would say: "Well, let's turn in
and make the dern thing right";
When others allowed that matters around
were drifting more or less,
An' shook their heads, an' sadly said: "I
can't do a thing, I guess,"
Then Jabez would say: "Well, why not
try?
One truth, at least, I know:
This world would be a better world if folks
would make it so."

"In the general plan o' creation," said Jabez,
"this is clear:
There's just as much of daytime as there is
o' night in a year;
An' I ain't exactly certain, though the day-
light may seem best,
That the darkness isn't better, for then's
the time of rest.
I've noticed that the darkest cloud the sun-
light will strike through,
An' Nature's tears, it still appears, are
strengthen'ning rain an' dew.
The One who runs the big machine would
give His child a show,
An' this would be a better world if folks
would make it so."

"If you will take a look around," said Jabez,
"you will find
That half the woe a man may know is strictly
in his mind.
The Providence that rules mankind sets
up the pins for men,
To give them cheer; 'long comes a man an'
kicks them over then;
An' then he says: "That things ain't right
to me is middlin' clear,
But I can't help it, anyway; I'm not ad-
juster here.'
What this life needs is laughter's sound—
ha-ha-ha! an' ho-ho!
For this would be a better world if folks
would make it so."

—*Alfred J. Waterhouse.*

Picked Them Up Again

The maiden cast her glances down,—
He was her choice of men—
But when she took a second thought,
She picked them up again.

About the Size of It

It's almighty queer, but the fact is quite clear
That most of the people today
Who get in the papers, cut up some wild capers,
And get advertised in that way;
While the people who do what is honest and
true,
As a rule never get any praise,
But the fellow who's tough, finds it easy
enough
To rush into print nowadays.

Would there be any hint of a story to print
If a man kissed his wife at the door?
But if he should kiss some alluring young
miss,
Dear, dear! how the papers would roar!
It's queer that the man who is straight never
can
Get credit for honors well won,
While the rascals and crooks fill the papers
and books
With stories of what they have done.

If a trusted cashier remains year after year
In the bank, where he's toiling away,
Without stealing the cash, does he cut any
gash
In the news columns day after day?
But oh, how they'll spout if the fellow skips
out
With all of the greenbacks and gold!
While his whole pedigree in the papers we see,
Where the story is spicily told.

Don't look to the press or its columns to bless
The good deeds men constantly do;
Such items they choose to turn down as
"no news,"
They want something "spicy" and "new."
When a story you see that is unmercifully
"Scareheaded," you don't have to look
Very far through the stuff till you know well
enough
That it deals with a rascal or crook.
—*E. A. Brininstool.*

Just Half Past Three

"It's half past three," I made reply
To one who asked the time.
My little daughter heard the words,
My knee about to climb.
Then straight she paused, and shook her head:
"Vy, 'at's so 'trange to me!
Ze tlock is zackly old as I;
We's bofe jus' half pas' free."

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SUNSET



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AUGUST

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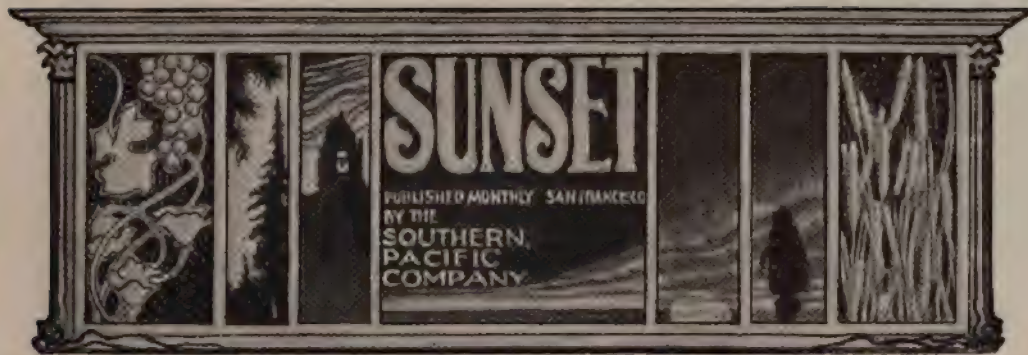
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Belk, Washington, D. C., photo

VICTOR H. METCALF, OF CALIFORNIA
Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor

Frontispiece, *Sunset Magazine*,
August, 1904



EDITED BY CHARLES SEDGWICK AIKEN

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AUGUST, 1904

No. 4

California in the Cabinet

Stories and Facts Concerning Secretary Metcalf, of the
Department of Commerce and Labor

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

TO the credit of the Congressional Directory it may be said that it tells its biographical stories baldly and without unnecessary detail; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that its tales sometimes lack the thrill that a historical novelist of the modern variety would give to them. Here, for instance, is an extract from a recent issue of the Directory:

VICTOR HOWARD METCALF, Republican, of Oakland, was born in Utica, Oneida County, N. Y., October 10, 1853; graduated from the Utica Free Academy, also from Russell's Military Academy, New Haven, Conn., and then entered the class of 1876, Yale; during the college vacations he studied law in the office of Senator Francis Kernan, as also in the offices of Horatio and John F. Seymour, Utica, N. Y.; left the academical department of Yale in his junior year and entered the Yale Law School, graduating therefrom in 1876; was admitted to practice

in the supreme court of Connecticut in June, 1876, and in the supreme court of New York in 1877; practiced law in Utica, N. Y., for two years, and then moved to California, locating in Oakland; formed a law partnership in 1881 with George D. Metcalf (who is also a graduate of Yale) under the firm name of Metcalf & Metcalf; was elected to the Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Congresses, and re-elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, receiving 20,222 votes, to 8,415 for Calvin B. White, Democrat, 1,407 for M. M. Wilkinson, Social Democrat, and 314 for T. H. Montgomery, Prohibitionist.

Thus bluntly, and without unessential verbiage, does the Congressional Directory record the life story of one who, perhaps, at the present time, is more in the eye of Californians than any one who might be mentioned; of one who, in view of his recent appointment as Secretary of Commerce and Labor by President Roosevelt, has become a person

of national note. Such a story is not enough, for the people whom Secretary Metcalf is to represent wish to know something more concerning him than is contained in the bald outline of his life. They desire to know what manner of man, and what manner of official, it is who has been thus honored; in brief, they would have a little of the flesh and blood of the man's actual life hung upon the skeleton of his history.

It is just a quarter of a century since Victor H. Metcalf came to California and hung out his shingle as a legal practitioner. Where he came from and what he had done prior to that time perhaps the Directory sufficiently relates; but it does not tell how he worked his way constantly upward from the time when any young man's future might be represented by an interrogation point, until now he sits in the Cabinet, the head of a department and a trusted adviser of the President of what Americans proudly deem the greatest nation of the world. The story is simple enough, too. Mr. Metcalf made his start and continued it by attending strictly to his knitting, and the knitting in his case happened to be a law business that, once in the embryo, now is far beyond that stage. He attended to it not only with energy, but also with an honor which, as a friend of his expressed it, "is rare among politicians."

But he was not a politician in the popular sense of the word. A Republican of Republicans, and fixed in his faith in the destiny and aims of that party, he went his way, voted, and attended to his personal affairs for more than twenty years after his arrival in California without seeking office. Then he ran for Congress from the third district, and, as is his way, won. For the first time then his law business lost him, and perhaps permanently.

Mr. Metcalf was not one of the talkers in Congress. He decided that the House of Representatives is a place for action rather than for words, and governed himself accordingly. But he had a way of making the friends that count. In the first Congress of which he was a member he was on the Naval Committee

and on the Reform in the Civil Service Committee; in his second term he was appointed a member of the important Ways and Means Committee, a rare honor for a new member. It will be seen that his congressional friends had counted.

An incident or two, as showing the character of the man, as well as the honor, "rare among politicians," that characterizes him, will not be out of the way, and it need hardly be premised that they do not come from Mr. Metcalf himself, but from those who know him well and esteem him much.

When Representative Henderson was a candidate for the position of Speaker of the House, which he later attained, he wrote to Mr. Metcalf, whom he then did not personally know, asking his vote and support. The latter responded that he would be pleased to support Mr. Henderson, but that he could not, as he had promised his vote to another. After Mr. Metcalf's arrival in Washington, Representative Henderson (then the Speaker) looked him up and said to him: "I want to know you. You are the only man to whom I wrote who gave an unequivocal denial to my request that he vote for me." Ever since then the two have been close friends.

Another story along the same line: One day a group of Representatives were gathered in the cloak-room of the House, discussing matters of current interest. In the course of the conversation Representative Cannon (now the Speaker) said to Speaker Henderson: "I would rather be Speaker of the House of Representatives than President of the United States." The possibility of Mr. Cannon's election was not in sight then, and Mr. Metcalf, who chanced to be present, remarked to him, half laughingly: "Well, if ever you are a candidate, Uncle Joe, I will vote for you." Time passed on, as it has a way of doing, and it was not long before "Uncle Joe" Cannon was a candidate for the speakership. Among those who were his rivals for the place was Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania, who probably was Secretary Metcalf's nearest and dearest friend in the House. The ties of affection

pulled his way, but the promise, given half jestingly though it was, pointed in another. Mr. Metcalf explained the situation to Dalzell, and—voted for Cannon.

These little incidents may not add a point to the somewhat popular theory that Honor and the politicians are not friendly, but they are true nevertheless, and if they seem to set the Secretary in a class by himself,—well, so much the better for Mr. Metcalf.

It sometimes has been said that Californians are too much given to "knocking" those of their number who climb upward; it has been suggested that we know our neighbor too well to admit that he, whose backyard we have seen, is great. But, whether or not there be anything in the allegation and the suggestion, it is certain that no protests against Mr. Metcalf's appointment to the secretaryship, which was absolutely unsought by him, have been heard here or elsewhere. As the papers occasionally say, his appointment "has given universal satisfaction." He is the second Californian who has been appointed to a Cabinet position, Judge McKenna, who was appointed Attorney-General, having been his only predecessor. He, too, was from the third congressional district.

The new Secretary has a decidedly military carriage, of which he sometimes says rather apologetically: "It's something you never get over, if once hammered into you at a military school." He does not look like a man who once feared lung trouble, which, however, was the primary reason that brought him first to California. He may be reckoned as among the mighty, in that he has learned to control his temper,

for it is related of him that in his first case at the bar, he knocked a refractory witness down. He now considers himself as what he gives you the impression of being, "a pretty even tempered man."

All his life he has been an athletic, out-of-door type of man, from the days when as a boy he won a three-mile foot-race. While at college he was the winner in eleven boat races out of thirteen, and among the most cherished of his trophies are three silver cups won at Yale regattas. He is a great reader, but not always of the heaviest sort of literature.

This is a common failing with public men, he will tell you: "They read that sort of stuff to outweigh the constant use and wear to which their brains are subjected. You ought to see the kind of detective stories that Senator Platt is fond of reading." He still loves a good game of baseball, but being a good shot is what he speaks of as "my one accomplishment." Up at The Roost, the little shooting box in the Coast range,



MRS. VICTOR H. METCALF Webster, photo

back of Mission San Jose, not far from Oakland, where the family have spent their summers for the past nine years, the Secretary and his two sons can give full rein to these tastes, which they all share. They are all good comrades, and wrestling matches and bouts at boxing are of almost daily occurrence among the three. The Secretary is a fine swimmer, as is also his eldest son, and the swimming pond at The Roost is about the most popular spot near it. When the pond needs cleaning out, the Secretary, in scant array, is one of the hardest workers in that muddy duty. He is fond of taking long tramps over the hills accompanied by his faithful setter, and the smoking-room in his Oakland home is

decorated with many trophies of these trips. Among the things which he "used to do" are riding horseback and singing, for he has a good baritone voice, but now as he says he "only uses it in a crowd."

Among the Secretary's classmates at Yale, where he graduated at the age of twenty-two, were the following men who have also attained distinction since: Senator Kean of New Jersey, Congressman Fowler of the same state, and Arthur T. Hadley, now president of Yale University.

One of the greatest regrets of the Secretary in connection with his new station is leaving his home in Oakland where he has resided continuously for more than twenty-two years since his marriage to Miss Corinne Nicholson, the daughter of a pioneer and former Virginian. Mrs. Metcalf is a woman of a very magnetic and charming personality, and will add as a Cabinet hostess to the many friends she has made during the past five winters spent in Washington. Her pet hobby is photography, to which she gives much of her spare time with the most successful results. Of the two sons, Victor Nicholson Metcalf, the elder, is in his third year at Annapolis. The second son, William Howard Metcalf, has begun a business career in the Central bank of Oakland. Four years ago the little daughter of the house, Corinne, the picture of her mother, died at the tender age of eleven. She was taken ill while her parents were in the east. The wound of this grief has never been healed. The Secretary and his wife probably will spend the next winter in Washington at the Arlington, which has been their headquarters in the past.

Fine presence and dignified bearing perhaps have little to do with success in life, but Mr. Metcalf has them. What is better, he has intellect and energy, and California will have no reason to be ashamed of her second representative in a presidential Cabinet.

The Secretary is very jealous of his word, as a man of whom it may be said that it is exceedingly difficult to get him to make a promise; when once made it is kept. He likes a joke, and is as quick to see through a prac-



Welster, photo

VICTOR NICHOLSON METCALF, SON OF THE
SECRETARY

tical one as witness the following story:

His summer home, a bungalow, called The Roost, is built on a ledge overhanging the mountain side in the Mission range. One of his near neighbors was a tenant in another bungalow owned by A. A. Moore, the attorney. There came one of the most searching and furious of the first rain-storms of the year. Metcalf was in the city and Moore thought this was his chance for a joke. He got the tenant in the mountain house to send him a telegram, reading this way: "Awful storm here. Metcalf's house slid down the mountain. Nothing saved." Then Moore invited Metcalf to go to lunch with him. At the luncheon a messenger brought in the telegram and Moore made a great row about it before placing it beneath Metcalf's eyes. What intuition served Metcalf in the matter will never be known. But in place of the agitation which might be expected under the circumstances he read the telegram and then calmly remarked to Moore: "You tell your tenant to go to the deuce. My house is just where I left it."

It is told of Secretary Metcalf, who is now regarded as a "dead shot," that he never had handled a gun until he was a



"THE ROOST"

Secretary Metcalf's summer retreat in the Alameda county hills, back of Mission San Jose, California.
From a photograph taken by Mrs. Metcalf.



THE METCALF HOME ON HARRISON STREET, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

grown man. He was guileless to a degree in his early days as a sportsman when he first went duck shooting. One evening a crowd of jokers started him out for the marshes with a lighted lantern in one hand and a gun in the other. He did as he was told, which was to set the lantern down in the marsh and wait for the ducks to settle around it,

when he would be able to shoot as many as he liked with very little exertion.

The new Secretary is a great favorite with many of the men prominent in official circles in Washington. He is fond of a game of poker, and is a good comrade, especially with Ex-speaker Henderson, and "Uncle Joe" Cannon also thinks a great deal of him.

The Department of Commerce and Labor

By PERCY F. MONTGOMERY

IT is conceded that the United States is essentially a producing nation. In these days one hears a deal of discussion on the subject of expansion, both territorial and commercial. The inflow of foreign revenue from the sale of home products has been the dream of statesmen since the days of the Continental Congress, but it has remained for the first decade of the twentieth century to bring into being a purposeful and exact organ of government directed wholly toward the achievement of this result. Territorial acquisition, as we understand it in the light of commerce, has for its ultimate result this end, and the arts of war as exercised by the United States must, as in the case of the other great powers of today, net in the end but markets for goods produced at home. In the year 1788, Commodore John Paul Jones, in a letter to the Marquis Lafayette, expressed his views of the coming situation to the effect that, if he were possessed of authority so to do, he would create, in addition to the four cabinet offices then framed, "A Ministry of Marine, a Ministry of Home Affairs, and a General Postoffice; and, as commerce must be our great reliance, it would not be amiss to create also, as an eighth, a Ministry of Commerce."

By the organic act of Congress, approved February 14, 1903, the Depart-

ment of Commerce and Labor was created, and George Bruce Cortelyou, of New York, placed at its head as the first secretary of this department. Mr. Cortelyou was succeeded in office at the close of the fiscal year by Honorable Victor H. Metcalf, of Oakland, California, and California's Congressman from the third district, thus bringing the department under the immediate jurisdiction of a man whose ability and technical training overcame the barrier of great distance, and giving to the allied interests cared for a chief executive versed not alone in the needs of his own section of the land but of those throughout the country at large. Public sentiment rates the choice as one of the happiest events in the Roosevelt Administration and the added impetus of local interest which the selection has given to the great work contemplated is a factor of no small moment in the future history of the organization.

It is the duty of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to promote the commerce of the United States. To do this he is provided with machinery, which, in its extent and capacity, its excellence of organization and its personnel, stands second to none under the Federal Government. Prior to the creation of the department, certain lines of work have been carried on under the heads of the



Rice, photo

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU
Formerly Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, recently selected Chairman of the
Republican National Committee

several cabinet offices, along lines which the needs of American inland and marine growth have suggested to Congress. Under the new law these are collected, grouped and extended until, as a whole, the aggregate result will mean each year, broader scientific knowledge of conditions, better facilities of trading abroad, and, unquestionably, an extension of markets.

This organization may be divided into internal effort, or survey and control of home conditions, and external, or comprehensive exercise of jurisdiction over foreign traffic. The most important of these subdivisions is necessarily the Department of Labor, under Carrol D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor. His department collects, codifies and distributes all obtainable data concerning the relations of labor and capital, their co-related interests and needs, and publishes each second month, a most comprehensive report of such matters, including foreign countries and insular territory. The details of this work and the service rendered by this department cannot be underestimated by those involved in large business interests, and the field covered in the past, if taken as a guide for future betterment of wage scales and market prices, will most patently indicate to the student of political and social economics, the great advance it has assisted the country in making.

Of similar nature, but, perhaps, even more closely allied to sociological study, is the Census Bureau, as now established under the new department, which is definitely charged with, and responsible for, the knowledge of conditions at home and abroad, tending toward amelioration of existing defects in the entire country, and which includes in its investigation special topics far too numerous to mention, save in a treatise upon this particular theme.

Recent conditions having brought before the public both the evils and the advantages of trust management, the Bureau of Corporation, over which James R. Garfield is placed as executive, is perhaps the most interesting to the general public. The press at large has

already indulged in speculation as to its legal strength as applied to restrictive work in specific cases of violation of the Sherman Act, and the private operator is no less awake to the fact that conditions are to be altered for the better within a reasonable time. This bureau is charged with the investigation of all corporations and stock companies, for the purpose of placing at the President's disposal, exact matter which will, from time to time, be embodied in recommendations to Congress.

Such other work as the Department of Commerce and Labor has delegated to it, under its creative act, may be termed either wholly scientific, or semi-scientific, in character. The National Bureau of Standards is purely scientific, since it deals with all measurements, either commercial, educational, or technical, now within the reach of scientific investigators. It supplies duplicate standards in many cases for commercial usages, and fixes relative standards of every kind. Much of its work is done directly for private concerns upon the payment of small charges for the services rendered, which could not be rendered by any other institution in America with the same precision. The Coast and Geodetic Survey has the colossal task of charting navigable waters within and contiguous to United States territory, both main and insular, and with astronomical and marine observations of the very highest type. It is also the publisher of all treatises and monographs of value upon work under its jurisdiction which may prove of merit or commend themselves to its able head officer. Reports and data from both of these bureaus are accessible at all times in permanent form for the public at large, as well as those immediately interested.

Analogous to this bureau is the Light House Establishment which controls the magnificent system of lighting the waters of American harbors and coast lines, the maintenance of craft, and the operation of a supply system. One bit of detail will serve to show the perfection to which this systematic work can be brought, when it is stated that a circulating library of over fifty thousand

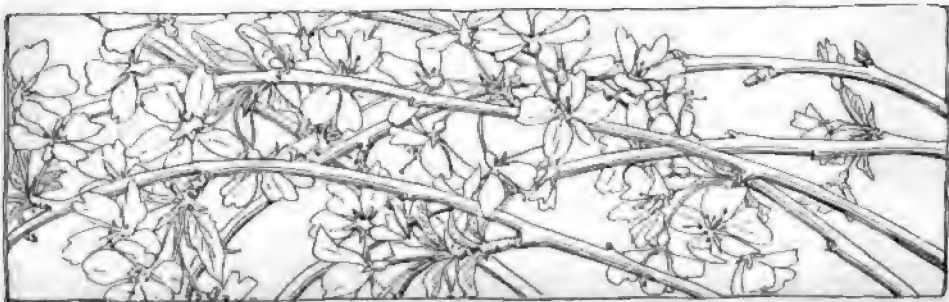
volumes is maintained and utilized for the benefit of the outlying light-houses, which library consists of the current and standard literature of the world. The Immigration Service guards the coast in quite a different way, but with no less skill. Its workings are too well known to be dwelt upon at all in connection with so brief a statement as is herein intended. The Bureau of Fisheries, however, is of more popular interest because of the picturesqueness of many of its details. Its work extends from the Pribilof islands of Alaska to the far-away deep-sea work in distant oceans, and from fish cultivation in rural streams to coast propagation throughout the entire coast line of the fishing waters of the United States. It numbers many scientists of note in its personnel, and their literature is part of the scientific information of the world at large today.

Thus, at a cursory glance, one sees the greatness and the completeness of this new organization as applied to trade and industry. Another element of note is the fact that the Consular Department of the State Department is in active co-operation, through its three hundred and twenty-eight consuls and commercial agents, who give almost daily reports of outlying countries, which are so complete as to embrace practically every branch of foreign trade known to man. A good instance of the scope of the system is the procurement, at a recent date, of a complete history of the tariff rates of the world in book form, which was compiled from replies submitted in response to a single circular letter to consular officers.

The department was sketched out and started in a small way in the White House itself, where Mr. Cortelyou, through the President's courtesy, had his first office, and started work two days after the passage of the law. At the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1, 1903, it took over the allied bureaus previously mentioned, and in twelve months, so rapid has its growth been, it has taken fourth place in the Cabinet. Mr. Cortelyou, in retiring to take up his new work on the National Republican Committee, thus leaves to his successor a field that has been well prepared for magnificent and colossal effort toward progress.

The rapid headway made under his recent administration and the perfection of detail evolved from the brain of this executive officer marked him for the position of trust he holds today, and both the incoming and the outgoing secretaries are subject for congratulation from every citizen who has at heart our ultimate supremacy in the commercial world. One can most readily concur in Mr. Cortelyou's words in his inaugural address:

"If we are to have the highest success as a nation in our commercial and industrial relations, whether among ourselves or with other peoples, we must keep ever to the front and dominant always, those sturdy elements of character, and the dependence upon divine guidance which were so signally shown by the founders of the Republic, and to which we cannot too often revert in these busy and prosperous times, which make memorable for us the opening years of the new century."



Drawing by Florence Clayton



PROSPECTING A NEW STRIKE ON THE RED TOP, GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

Nevada's Latest Bonanza

By JAMES F. O'BRIEN

WHEN Harry Stimler and Will Marsh failed to make their pile at Tonopah they accepted their fate with equanimity and refused to be discouraged. They were young men, natives of Nevada, and they had a "hunch" that some day they would discover a region where mines would be opened greater even than the famous Mizpah, with its \$100,000,000 worth of ore blocked out and awaiting the completion of the railroad to Tonopah, which event doubtless will take place before this article appears in print.

Getting together the usual prospector's outfit, the boys commenced the search for gold. Heading south from Tonopah, they skirted Mt. Butler and followed the road as

it winds about Gold mountain, where George Kernick found the Hasbrouck mine, and sold interests in it to John McKane and Charles M. Schwab, ex-

president of the United States Steel Corporation. When the summit was gained their gaze met a flat, unbroken desert, fifteen miles long and twenty wide. To the right a patch of alkali, several square miles in area, glistened brightly in the sun. To the left lay Klondike mountain, for which spot Jim Butler was headed when he made the discovery of the Mizpah.

But straight ahead, still to the south, they saw Columbia mountain, and thither the "hunch" led their footsteps. When the mountain was reached they found it



"DIAMONDFIELD JACK" DAVIS



GOLDFIELD, NEVADA, WHERE THERE WAS NOTHING BUT DESERT A FEW MONTHS

covered with float quartz. Some of this—a black-looking rock—they panned and found exceedingly rich in gold. But a mile away, in a natural amphitheater formed by low, flat-topped mountains, they noticed a green spot which showed where Rabbit spring bubbled forth. With plenty of grub and water close at hand, Stimler and Marsh determined to prospect for the ledge from which the rich float came.

After a few days' work the boys uncovered a ledge which was twenty feet in width, and an average sample across a good portion assayed \$60 per ton in gold. It was not equal to the Mizpah—it isn't a circumstance to finds which have since been made in the Goldfield district—but the boys thought it was well worth staying with. They located nineteen claims, and with the assistance of Harry Ramsey and others,



AGO, AND WHERE NOW ARE LOCATED SOME OF THE RICHEST MINES IN THE WORLD

did the work and perfected the locations on all, in the meantime telling nothing of their find to outsiders. When the work was completed—in May, 1903—the news of the find was given out in Tonopah.

And then the rush was on.

Hundreds went out to the new El Dorado, staked claims as close as they could get to Columbia mountain—and then returned home. That is, the great

majority did. But there were others. Among the few who believed, and stayed, and worked, was A. D. Myers. He and a partner, after many discouragements opened up a ledge on the Combination, fourteen feet wide, which averaged \$40 to \$50 per ton in gold. This was in midsummer, but neither the blazing sun nor the gold in sight prevented Myers' partner from getting "cold feet." He sold his interest for a song—and the



A DESERT ROSE—LITTLE LULU FESLER, OF GOLDFIELD

Aston Bros., photo

a hotel man, who successfully dabbles in mining on the side.

Two days after he started work Jones uncovered a ledge but eighteen inches under loose dirt. Shipping ore was encountered from the start (at present shipping ore in Goldfield means \$100 or more per ton in value), and it has been growing better ever since. The main shaft is down two hundred and two feet, and a second one a hundred and ten feet. A cross-cut at the one hundred and twelve-foot level shows the vein to be at least seventy-two feet in width. Neither wall has yet been found and not a pound of rock has been taken from the shaft, drifts and cross-cuts of the January that doesn't contain at least good milling values in gold.

Up to May 1st the average value of ore shipped was about \$200 per ton, but of late from a rich streak three to eight feet wide, ore is being shipped averaging above \$700 per ton. The January lessees have shipped \$175,000 worth of ore, and there are \$200,000

worth of mill ore, worth from \$30 to \$60 per ton, on the dump. Conservative miners estimate the amount in sight at over \$1,000,000. Truly a wonderful record for four months' work!

One-fourth mile east of the Combination lies the Jumbo, owned by C. D. Taylor, George Kernick, George McClelland and John McKane. Ore of extraordinary richness is here found within three feet of the surface. Crushing a small piece of rock and panning it leaves a mass of gold sufficient to justify the enthusiasm of the banker, the lawyer, the miner and the prospector standing near. Assays would go as high as \$30,000 per ton. Several sets of lessees are sacking and shipping rich ore from the big, well-defined ledge on the Jumbo, and it will soon prove one of the greatest producers in Goldfield.

A half mile north is the Red Top on which rich ore was recently found. The strike created great excitement and the price of stock in the company doubled in a day. The ledge is forty feet wide,

and nearly the full width will pay handsomely to mill.

Southeast of the Combination lies the Florence, owned by T. G. Lockhart and others. This property is being opened up by the lessees who are producing, in good quantities, such rich ore that a shotgun messenger accompanies each shipment.

Mr. Lockhart is also the principal owner of the Saint Ives, on which rock has just been found which is as plentifully sprinkled with visible gold as is a boy's face with freckles. Some of this ore is worth six dollars to eight dollars per pound, and here again the armed guard is necessary. Smith and Kernick have the extension of this ledge in their Spearhead group, and the values are little less sensational.

Near the town of Diamondfield, four miles northeast of the Combination, are several properties with excellent showings, the best being Keane, McMahon and Fletcher's Great Bend, Frank Ish's Black Butte, the Daisy and the Vernal groups. Diamondfield is named in honor of "Diamondfield Jack" Davis, who has

had a sensational and dramatic career. He was formerly a cowboy, and two years ago was in the Idaho state penitentiary under sentence of death for the alleged murder of two sheepmen. He was thrice sentenced to be hung, reprieved twice, and finally pardoned by the governor, who said that the testimony on which he was convicted was flimsy and insufficient. Jack was one of the pioneers of the Goldfield district, and his holdings will make him a rich man.

Space forbids extended mention of any other properties, but there are many which merit it—notably the Blue Bull, Commonwealth, Kaiser, Lone Star, Sandstorm, Adams, Goldfield-Fawn, and Uncle Sam. As a matter of fact, in a stretch of territory five miles square, there are hundreds of undeveloped claims with as good surface showing as had the bonanzas.

Goldfield—the town—is now a city of tents, but the sound of the hammer and the boom of the blast never cease. Buildings are going up—good habitable ones—real estate is rising, lots on Main street are selling at one to two thousand



THOUSANDS OF SACKS OF ORE, WORTH FROM \$200 TO \$800 A TON, AWAITING SHIPMENT AT THE JANUARY MINE, LEASED BY JONES, KENDALL, REBILLY AND PATRICK

dollars apiece, and desirable living spots at stiff prices. There is an abundance of good water for domestic use, and ten miles away is plenty of wood. It is a high country, about the elevation of Colorado Springs (6,000 feet), and not unlike it in climate and surroundings. Low buttes rise out of the sandy plains all around, and in the distance range the eternal snow caps of the Sierra. From my cabin door the spectacle is grand

and inspiring—so vast the scale of plain and mountain spreading before the eyes of the spectator.

But you probably care little for a description of the country. It is the story of Goldfield's gold you wished to read. I have told it. If you are a mining man, you will seriously doubt the full truth of it. If you are a sensible man, you will investigate and discover that "the half has not been told."



Drawing by Florence Clayton

To the California Poppy

By MARIUS J. SPINELLO

No sooner does the disk of fire appear
 To gladden hills and vales, than you unfold
 In yonder sea of green a sheet of gold,
 Expression of a joy that is sincere.
 In California's fields you have no peer;
 Your beauty is supreme, though yet untold—
 The rose with all her splendor is too cold
 To vie with you, O king of vernal year!

And smiling as you do to light alone,
 And closing up at eve when shadows fall,
 Much happier is your lot than mortal's own!
 When clouds o'erspread the sky with sable pall
 You sleep; but man must think and act and smile,
 Though sadness clutch his throat, and life be gall.



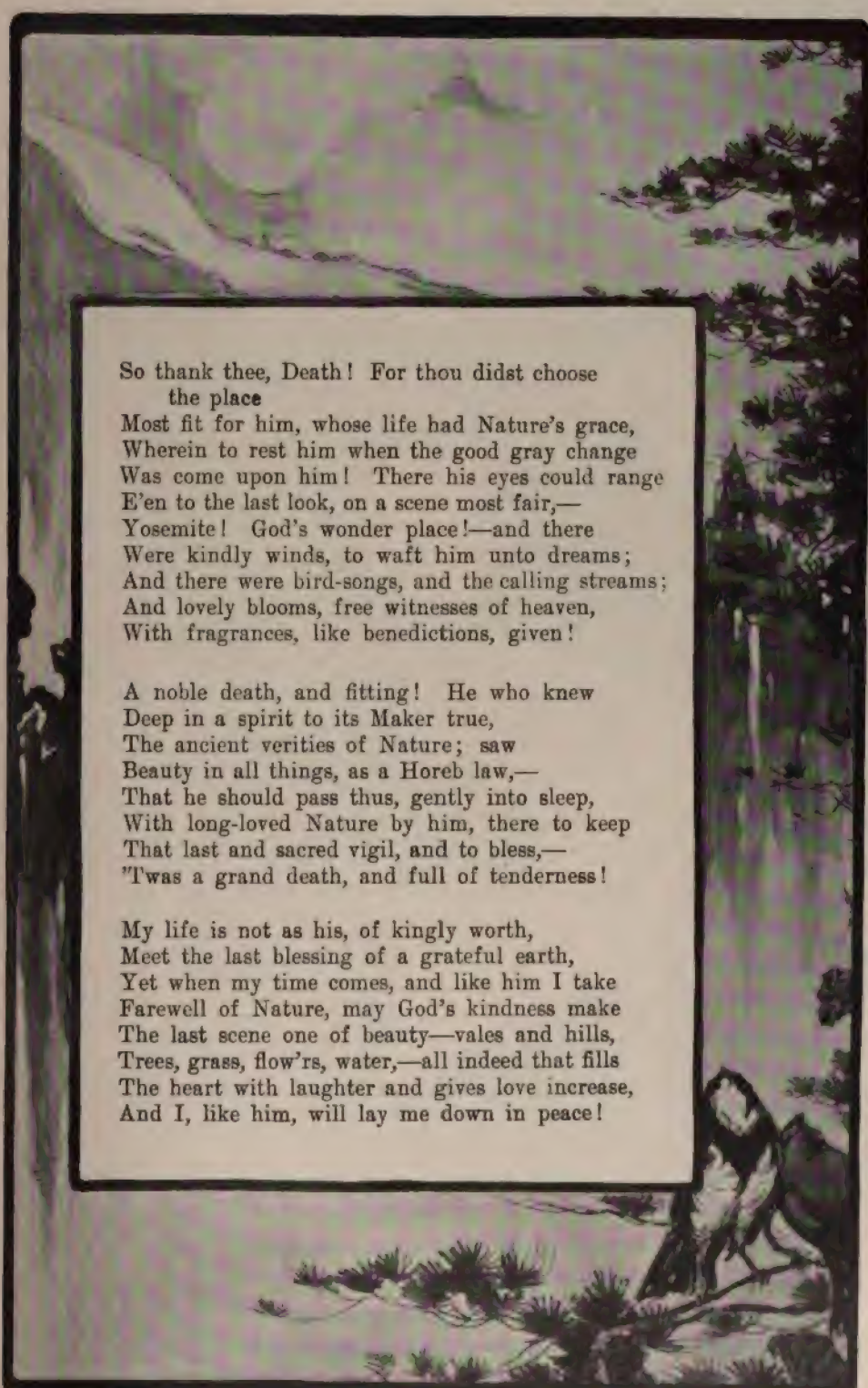
IN YOSEMITE GOD'S WONDER PLACE

Dr. Joseph Le Conte, poet, philosopher and scientist, died in the Yosemite Valley, July 6, 1901. The event was commemorated July 3, 1904, by the Sierra Club of California. (See page 315.) The above portrait of Dr. Le Conte is from a bas relief by Gertrude Boyle of San Francisco.

By ELWYN HOFFMAN

A poet was he, but not one whose song
Was raised to catch the dull ear of the throng.
His was the muse that in the silence sings,
Too earnest for this outward show of things;
Too deeply simple and too strong to know
A vulgar appetite for Fame's white glow;
Too sweet, too tender, too much of the heart
To be of his plain life a thing apart!

But they who knew him—whose lives touched
his own,
Who sometimes walked where he oft trod alone,
Companioned with him in reflective mood
Within the silence of soul-solitude,—
These often heard, and dearly loved to hear,
His muse's music, simply sweet and clear,
Voicing the lyrics of the good green earth,
The joy of light, the free-born wind's large mirth,
And deeper, with a pitying, loving stress,
A rugged ocean-chant of humanness!

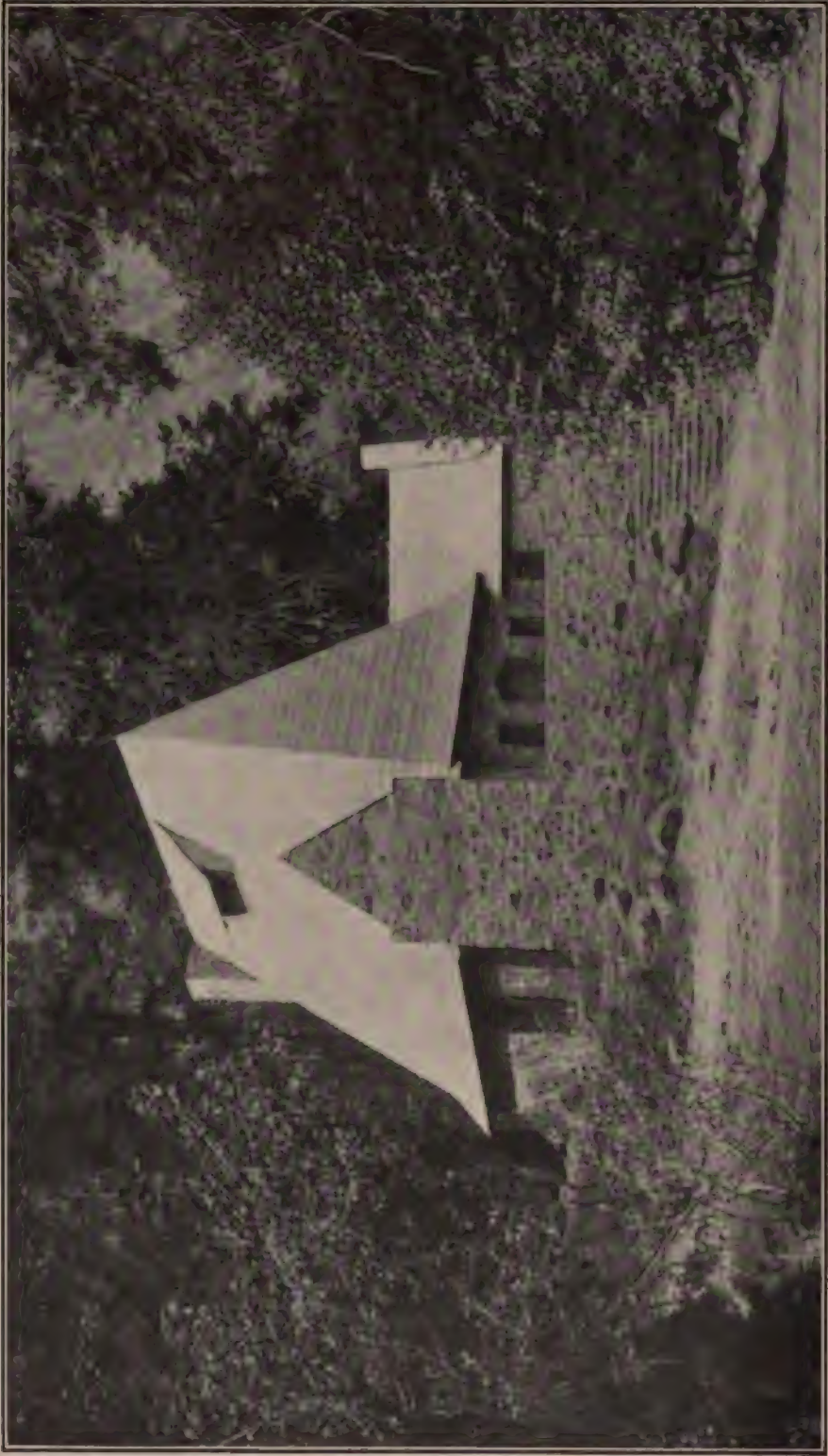


So thank thee, Death! For thou didst choose
the place

Most fit for him, whose life had Nature's grace,
Wherein to rest him when the good gray change
Was come upon him! There his eyes could range
E'en to the last look, on a scene most fair,—
Yosemite! God's wonder place!—and there
Were kindly winds, to waft him unto dreams;
And there were bird-songs, and the calling streams;
And lovely blooms, free witnesses of heaven,
With fragrances, like benedictions, given!

A noble death, and fitting! He who knew
Deep in a spirit to its Maker true,
The ancient verities of Nature; saw
Beauty in all things, as a Horeb law,—
That he should pass thus, gently into sleep,
With long-loved Nature by him, there to keep
That last and sacred vigil, and to bless,—
'Twas a grand death, and full of tenderness!

My life is not as his, of kingly worth,
Meet the last blessing of a grateful earth,
Yet when my time comes, and like him I take
Farewell of Nature, may God's kindness make
The last scene one of beauty—vales and hills,
Trees, grass, flow'rs, water,—all indeed that fills
The heart with laughter and gives love increase,
And I, like him, will lay me down in peace!



THE LE CONTE MEMORIAL LODGE, YOSEMITE VALLEY, DEDICATED BY THE SIERRA CLUB, JULY 3, 1904

George Fiske, photo

In Memory of Le Conte

By MARY EDITH GRISWOLD

AFTER the death of Dr. Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, in the Yosemite Valley, July 6, 1901, his friends began to consider the erection of a suitable memorial to him. The Sierra Club of California took the initiative and a committee, composed of Professor A. C. Lawson, of the chair of geology, University of California; Professor William R. Dudley, of Stanford University; Dr. Edward R. Taylor, Elliott McAllister, and William E. Colby, of San Francisco, was appointed by the directors to accomplish this object. It was the judgment of all that a structure which should serve some useful end would be more in keeping with Dr. Le Conte's wishes than a conventional monument. That it should be placed in the Yosemite that he had so loved, where he died, and where his body rests, was a foregone conclusion, and it was but a step from that to the idea of the lodge which should serve as headquarters for visitors to the Yosemite during the summer months.

The dedication ceremonies were held on the morning of July 3, 1904. The building was decorated with ferns and flags, and a large, representative audience was in attendance. William E. Colby, secretary of the Sierra Club, presided. The Rev. Clarence T. Brown, of San Diego, read the invocation, and Professor Lawson, Dr. Le Conte's successor in geological research at the University of California, delivered an address in which he told the history of the undertaking. Willoughby Rodman, of Los Angeles, read an original poem and he was followed by Alexander G. Eells, president of the University Alumni Association, who made the address of the day. He spoke of "Uncle Joe," as his pupils knew him.

Grove Powell Gilbert, director of the United States Geological Survey, spoke

as a representative of science and paid Dr. Le Conte loving tribute. Miss Caroline Halstead Little, of Oakland, sang Tennyson's "Splendor Falls on Castle Walls." A quatrain, inspired by the occasion, was read by Miss Harriet Monroe of Chicago, who composed the Columbian Ode for the St. Louis Fair. The exercises closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," and the benediction by Rev. Joseph Clemens, of Monterey, chaplain of the Fifteenth United States Infantry.

The lodge was designed by architect John White, and is built principally of rough hewn granite, obtained from a quarry near by. There is one large room, thirty-six by twenty-five feet, and two small rooms. A large stone fireplace is at the end of the main reading-room, and around it are the bookcases and window seats. The library table is the essence of simplicity in design and workmanship, consisting of a heavy top supported by two cross sections of an immense yellow pine.

The lodge is located in a beautiful grove of trees, under Glacier Point. An excellent view of Half (or Le Conte) Dome is had from the doorway, and this was the favorite view of Dr. Le Conte. From May to August the lodge will be open, and a custodian will be in charge to give detailed information about the high Sierra. The reading-room has been fitted with maps, photographs and literature pertaining to the Sierra region, and the daily papers and leading Pacific coast magazines are to be found upon the library table.

A more fitting memorial could not have been designed for a man whose life-work proclaimed him as one who loved his fellow men. His death meant much to California. His life-work remains, and the world is sweeter with his memory.

California's Army Camp

The Coming Military Maneuvers in the Salinas Valley, near Paso Robles, During August

By CASSIUS E. GILLETTE,

Major, Corps of Engineers, United States Army

In the accompanying article Major Gillette tells briefly of the important military maneuvers to be held at Camp Atascadero, San Luis Obispo county, during August. To train both regular and National Guard soldiers in the art of war, and especially to show them how to get ready for actual battle is the purpose of this encampment. The event is one of the results of army reorganization and its significance is shown by the promised attendance of officers and military experts not only of this country, but of other nations. Visitors will be welcome, and every one who would like to see the next thing to real warfare should visit the camp. Paso Robles with its excellent hotel accommodations is less than ten miles away from the camp and visitors will make that place their headquarters, as there will be no accommodations at the camp. Frequent railway train and automobile service will make the camp readily accessible from Paso Robles at all times. Altogether the maneuvers promise to be a novel spectacle, entertaining, instructive and well worth seeing.

DURING the two weeks beginning August 13th next, all the regular troops and nearly all the National Guard in the department of California will be in camp practising that part of the art of war that lies beyond the drill ground and the target range. Congress has provided for this on account of the fact that, while a command that can shoot straight and drill with precision has a good foundation for war, it must still learn a great deal more before it is ready for actual service.

The art of operating in the vicinity of an enemy can best be learned by actual work in the field. To camp in safety, to march so as not to be surprised or ambushed, to be always ready to take an advantageous position if attacked, to protect communications and wagon trains, to arrange the movements of artillery, cavalry, and infantry so as not to interfere with each other and yet be always ready for attack or defense, to make hasty intrenchments, to improvise bridges and roads, to interpret maps

and make reconnaissances, and in general to learn the handling of troops in the field, are some of the things to be undertaken.

With many of these matters the regulars are naturally more familiar than the guard, but there are many lessons for all to learn. It is the intent of Congress that the guard shall learn by association with the regulars, and that all shall profit by the presence of larger bodies of troops than the regulars alone could furnish.

The camp will be placed on a tract of flat ground on Atascadero creek and about a mile and a half from the Southern Pacific station of that name ten miles beyond Paso Robles. It will be in the center of the Rancho del Encinal, containing about 20,000 acres of rolling and hill country, mostly open, grassy or stubble land, with occasional thickets, streams and steep bluffs, all more or less covered with large oak trees. These last give a beautiful park-like effect to the whole landscape. The

western part is mostly a picturesque mountain section too rough for ordinary maneuvers, but a practice march over the range to the ocean with nightly bivouacs may form one of the exercises.

Water for the camp will be obtained from springs and creeks. The camp is at an altitude of about one thousand feet above sea level. It is near enough to the ocean to receive the cool afternoon breezes and yet is protected by the Santa Lucia range from an excess of fog and chill. During the maneuvers it is to be expected that the days will sometimes be hot, but the air is dry and is bracing even in the heat of the day. The nights are always cool and the men in camp will need plenty of blankets. As the weather in California is absolutely trustworthy as to freedom from rain in the dry season, no precautions in this behalf need be taken, which is a matter of inestimable importance to those who appreciate a camp free from dampness, mildew and mud with their accompanying injuries to health. The forces on this occasion should have no worse discomforts than some hot days, a little dust and a considerable allowance of good hard outdoor exercise.

The camp will be commanded by Major-General Arthur MacArthur, of the United States Army, the details of the maneuvers being under Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, Major W. P. Duvall, and Captain S. A. Cloman of the General staff. Neither drills nor sham battles will form any part of the maneuvers. The former is a matter for each organization to take care of at home and the latter is generally a useless waste of time and ammunition. Usually the maneuver will have ended when it is time for the battle to begin.

The school of instruction contemplated is the school of *getting ready* for battle. After each day's operations all the officers concerned will meet in the assembly tent, the reports will be read and the features of the day gone over, explained, and discussed. There will therefore be no time for any social features, but as the camp is far removed from any habitation there would probably be little opportunity for much

social diversion even if time allowed. Day spectators, students of the military art and others interested are expected, and facilities for their transportation from Atascadero station will probably be permitted as well as for their sustenance near camp,—but tentage will be provided only for those connected with the maneuvers.

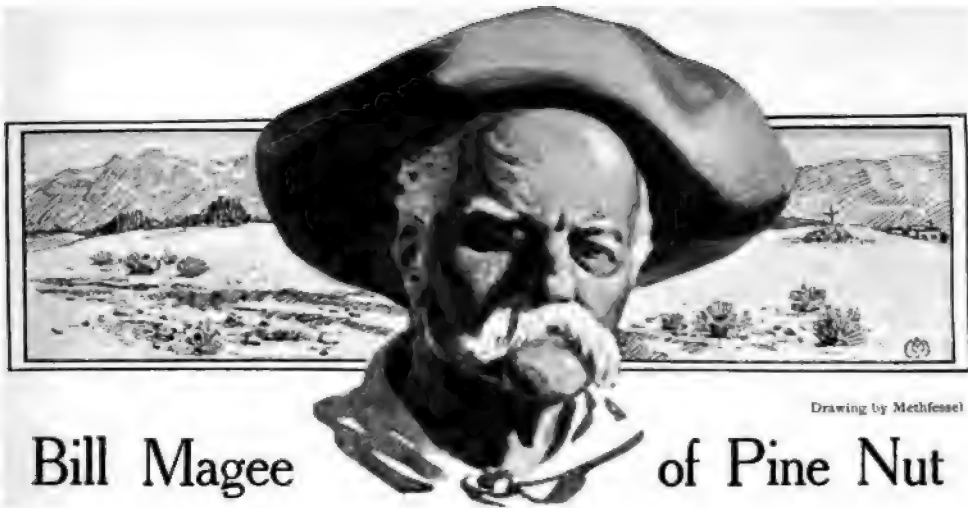
The forces encamped will be required to subsist on the army ration alone; no caterers for the enlisted men will be allowed, nor will any hucksters, pedlers or other dealers be permitted in or near camp.

There will be about four thousand five hundred troops engaged—including four troops of cavalry and three batteries of artillery. Each day the general staff officers will prepare a plan for the day's work, the command will be divided into parts, generally consisting of two opposing forces, and the entire machinery of armies operating against each other will be put in motion. Orders, despatches, signals, reconnaissances and all movements will simulate real war as closely as possible. The camps for the three arms of the service will be of type designs and are intended in all their features as models for the memories of those who use them.

The artillery and cavalry will reach camp nearly a month ahead of the others—the former to hold it and engage in target practice among the hills; the latter to learn the trails, roads and geography generally in order to act as guides to moving commands during the maneuvers.

A number of young officers will make the necessary military maps, while springs will be developed and tanks put in to ensure a plentiful supply of pure water at various points for marching troops, while a liberal number of bathing pools will be arranged along Atascadero creek at the camp.

Under these conditions the two-weeks' maneuvers should not only provide an excellent outing for the forces engaged but should furnish an experience to our officers and men that would be of incalculable value to our country in time of war.



An Epic of a Nevada Mining Camp

By SAM DAVIS

'Twas a dreary day at Pine Nut, and gloom was everywhere;
There was sadness in the little camp and sorrow in the air.
A more doleful set of faces one would not care to see,
The day the boys laid out the corpse of poor old Bill Magee.

'Twas pneumonia or whisky—they couldn't quite decide—
That sent the fleeting soul of Bill across the Great Divide;
But with very little wrangling over life's extinguished lamp,
They arranged a mighty funeral to advertise the camp.

I know of places where a man who shuffles off his coil
Is pitched face down with boots on in scarce a foot of soil;
But now the boys of Pine Nut said such things had had their day,
And they'd bury Bill with socks on, in the decent Christian way.

So they hired a Carson preacher, of noted funeral skill,
And agreed on forty dollars for some extra words for Bill.
There are some parsons in the land that 'd go a little higher,
But this man was no grafter but my own illustrious sire.

At two o'clock the coffin passed through Bill's wide cabin door,
With Otto Shultz and Joe Raycraft and Jackson at the fore.
Tony Kramer, with his goggles, helped to hold the coffin up,
Then followed tall Miles Johnson and his little brindle pup.

Pratt, with a Heitman flour-sack sewed firmly on his pants;
Bill Peckham, Baldy Adams, Lew Stevenson, Old Nance;
And loomin' up ahead of all, the big long-bearded Zern,
All headin' toward the bourn from which no travelers return.

They finally reached the grave that yawned beneath a spreading tree,
The parson told how pure had been the life of Bill Magee;
And as they heard the kindly things the clergyman had said,
They almost thought that angel's wings was sproutin' from the dead.

They lowered the coffin down with hands as steady as a clock's,
And then began to shovel in the gravel on the box,
When suddenly they stopped the work. Somebody hollered "Whew!"
And then a golden nugget came a-flashin' into view.

Joe Raycraft, straddlin' o'er the grave called out, "I locate here";
And then Lew Stevenson gave Joe a swat upon the ear;
Next Johnson jumped aboard of Lew in a most decided way,
And then the savage brindle pup plunged headlong in the fray.

Then Baldy Adams pulled his gun, and Billy Peckham his,
And in 'bout a half a second the lead begin to whiz.
For several humming minutes it was a fearful fray,
With all upon the ground before the smoke had cleared away.

The parson, when he heard the shots, whipped up his old gray mare,
To find the coroner and send that functionary there.
When that official reached the spot, immediately did he
Tack a location notice on the headstone of Magee;

Remarkin' to the wounded: "I regret you can't agree.
I'll record these placer diggin's and consider it my fee."
And so before the sun was down the records was complete,
All in accordance with the law at Douglas county-seat.

And now that thrifty coroner, as many are aware,
Is livin' off that placer claim, a multi-millionaire,
While the parson oft has mentioned, confidentially to me,
From that eventful day to this he never got his fee.





—a fine old buck * * * as large as a good-sized horse

Hunting Elk in Oregon

By SHERMAN POWELL

Photographs by the author

A FEW years ago sportsmen who were interested in the preservation of big game in Oregon were instrumental in having a law passed in that state limiting the destroying of deer and prohibiting for a period of several years the killing of elk. As a consequence both deer and elk, which at one time promised to be practically exterminated by the market hunter, have increased tenfold. This season is the first open one for elk since the above law was enacted, and no doubt many will take advantage of it. It is to be hoped, however, that every sportsman who hunts for elk will be merciful to the cows and young, and be content with one specimen of spreading antlers.

Just where to hunt elk is a question. There are many in the coast ranges, but it is doubtful if one would be as

successful there as in some other parts of Oregon. While they range near settlements, they do not band, but scatter, here, there and everywhere, over many square miles of territory. Generally speaking, the coast range elk, from occupying grounds comparatively uninhabited by deer, have not been disturbed and frightened by the continual sharp crack of the deer-hunter's rifle, but live gentle and content, fearful of nothing.

Last summer a hunter from Eugene, spending his vacation on Fall creek, shot at a fine old buck, not five miles from the wagon road following the Willamette river to eastern Oregon, via the Pine Openings. There was no violation of the law, however, for the elk passed, untouched, into the timber, his magnificent antlers tipping the branching silver firs, saved for the time, to fall, perhaps

this season, a victim under the law to a cooler or more skilful shot.

The most experienced deer-hunter is apt to be desperately surprised at his own marksmanship when he draws bead on an elk. While I have a beautiful mounted elk-head of my own taking, and can appreciate the desire in other sportsmen for the same, my sympathies are with the elk, and I am always glad when the bullet intended for him finds a resting-place elsewhere. His very grandeur is his protection. If the sight of a deer will cause an attack of ague, what can a man expect when he sees before him in the wilderness one of these great animals? His body, with its sleek, cream-colored sides, is as large as a good-sized horse and supports right proudly the symmetrical neck, graceful head and wide-spreading antlers four or five times the size of those of the largest black-tail deer.

The elk that range on either side of Fall creek are a part of the large drove that for many years occupied the high plateaus and grassy benches of the country adjacent to the South Fork of the McKenzie river. This locality is peculiarly adapted to elk, and this immense herd, said to have been the largest then in existence, would probably be at home in the same country today were it not for the Warm Spring Indians. It is greatly to be regretted that the authorities do not protect either elk or deer from these insatiable hunters. The Indians' mode of hunting elk is peculiar. When one of their number locates a band, he quietly returns to camp and sounds the alarm. As soon as possible twenty-five or thirty Indians form a wide circle around the unsuspecting animals, then gradually close in and slaughter the whole bunch. They have no use for the horns and never bring them into camp. The skins are tanned and made into alforjas, baglike appliances that are used in packing on horses. The civilized red men all carry repeating rifles and have a superstitious prejudice in favor of the forty-four caliber. They are not skilful marksmen offhand, but by the ingenious use of a couple of slender sticks, which they carry

when hunting, are enabled to do most of their shooting from a dead rest. The sticks are placed tripod fashion in front of them, the gun lying firmly in the fork so formed.

Fortunately, during the past two or three years, sheepmen coming in from the eastern slopes of the Cascades, to range their flocks on the fine feed of these grassy mountains, have driven the Indians out to a great extent. To be honest, the Indians are not wholly to be responsible for the depletion of the elk.

This South Fork country affords many choice camping places. The lakes and streams are heavily supplied with trout and deer, and grouse are very plentiful. Grazing for horses is abundant and of the very best quality. It is most accessible by stage running daily from Eugene to Foley Hot Springs, thence with pack-horses over a good trail.

Blacktail deer are regarded as almost ubiquitous on the western flank of the Cascade range, and while this may be true, some locations are more satisfactory to hunt in than others. Take for instance what is known as Horse Pasture on the summit of the mountain four miles from Foley Springs, on the trail to South Fork. Some portions of this country, in years gone by, have been burned over by forest fires, destroying the undergrowth, but sparing the tall timber and leaving what is termed as open ground to hunt in. In many such places a big buck makes a fine target at three hundred yards. Down in the canyons range hundreds of small deer, but the large, old blacktail bucks have a decided preference for the high places.

To a hunter the privilege of jumping from ten to twenty-five deer a day is a great one and well worth the time and expense of the trip. Add to this the satisfaction experienced as, in waiting for a fine specimen, you allow one deer after another to go free, finally drawing bead on one, whose proud head branching into a dozen tines, furry gray coat, fat hams and black-tipped tail, remain pictured in your memory for many a long day.



THE MIDDLE FALLS OF THE M'KENZIE RIVER, A WILD REGION IN THE CASCADES BUT SELDOM VISITED

Here one does not cock his gun at the sight of a spike or forked horn, unless for needed camp meat, and no law is required to prevent the killing of does who stand with ears turned forward, looking curiously at you. Better save your ammunition for the five or six-pounder. Even though he disappears

unharmd, you will enjoy the keen whistle he sends back to you and his unconscious imitation of the drumming grouse as he pounds the earth on the other side of the ridge.

For a party of men and women who enjoy roughing it, I can safely recommend the pack-train trip to the South

Fork, and also another of the same nature to the falls of the McKenzie river and Clear lake. Almost any ranchman living along the river can guide to either destination. You will travel through the grandest of scenery, see bear, deer and elk, have excellent trout-fishing, plenty of grouse and partridge and wild berries in abundance.

When we were on the South Fork, last August, the huckleberries were ripening, and the ground in places was red with the wild strawberry. There were two kinds of strawberries, one variety growing close to the ground, and the other, hidden among the wild flowers and grasses, hung in graceful clusters from stems often a foot in height. They averaged as large as a medium-sized tame berry and were most delicious.

We were surprised to find bear in the open berry patches so busily feeding that they forgot their usual caution, and one old black fellow lost his life in consequence. For a trip to the falls and Clear lake, one outfits at McKinzie Bridge and follows the southern bank of the river, more or less closely for twenty-five miles. To one who loves the beauties of nature, every step is a delight. The shade is constant and there are no hardships for either man or beast. Any woman of ordinary endurance can make the journey without more than a healthy tired feeling each day when camp is reached.

Of the many small streams, feeders to the McKenzie, crossed by the trail, Olalla creek is the most interesting. From its source where it gushes from solid rock, a rushing torrent, it dashes and tumbles in one fall of rapids after another, to where it joins the main stream three miles below. On the warmest summer day its temperature never rises, but is as cold as the snows that feed it, and wide, swift and deep enough to be dangerous throughout its entire course.

Just before going into camp the second day, about half a mile from the middle falls, is an interesting stretch of lava. If it were not for an occasional immense fir or pine tree and a scattered growth of underbrush, one would believe that

the upheaval took place but a few years ago at most, so fresh and undisturbed are the lava formations. Between the lava beds and the river lies a rich meadow of thousands of acres, a most generous pasture for the horses.

While neither as great as the falls of Niagara, nor high as those of Yosemite, it is doubtful if anywhere in the United States can be found a more charming sight than either the middle or upper falls of the McKenzie river. It is not only the fall of water, but the picturesque surroundings and wild beauty of the scene, that impress one. The perfect blue of the sky, the dark, heavily-timbered mountains, the delicate tracery of the vine maple, the rushing, roaring torrent, breaking into foam over mighty boulders, the rainbow-tinted spray, the ferns, the moss-grown rocks,—what work of art at the World's Fair can compare with such glory?

We wonder that so few visit this wonderful region, but are thankful that it is so, for half the charm lies in its perfect wildness and isolation. Not a sign of civilization is to be seen; not a mutilation; not an improvement—so-called—not an advertisement; nothing but nature, pure and simple, wonderful and beautiful.

But a short walk above the upper falls is Clear lake, the source of the McKenzie river. Of all the lakes of this favored country, there is none more lovely. On the south side is a lava deposit, but on most of its margin the tall timber reaches to the water's edge. At one point on the lake, looking down through its clear water, can be seen, as though growing from the rocky bottom, a petrified forest, standing tall and stately as the living one upon its shores.

Visible from Clear lake are the distant snow-capped summits of Mt. Hood and Mt. Jefferson; a few miles to the east shine the dazzling white peaks of the Three Sisters. Deer are very plentiful around Clear lake, but there is so much that appeals to the eye that hunting is a secondary consideration. Fishing is also excellent; in fact, in speaking of camping places in the McKenzie river country, one inquires only for the best



THE UPPER FALL OF THE M'KENZIE RIVER, WHERE NATURE IS AT HER RUGGED REST

places to hunt deer, expecting, as a matter of course, that the fishing is all right anywhere.

Traveling over the ground last season convinced me that the western slopes of the Cascades will provide sport for rod and gun to satisfy the most exacting sportsmen. Good accommodations can

be had at many places along the McKenzie river, from Hendricks ferry to Foley Springs. The daily stage furnishes convenient transportation to and from Eugene, and brings the longed-for mail that keeps one in touch with friends and the affairs of the outside world.

THE LOVE OF KENO M'KEOWN

By Gifford Hall



A Story Drama of the Border-land

Illustrated from drawings by Ed. Borein

Here is presented to *SUNSET* readers the fourth instalment of a story of the nation's southwestern border-land. The author, Gifford Hall, has been soldier, sailor, and scout, and knows well the life he writes about; he is fortunate in having as illustrator Ed. Borein, painter and cowpuncher, who, too, knows by experience the strange types on range and desert. In the first chapters appearing in the May, June and July numbers of *SUNSET*, Keno McKeown, a typical cowpuncher, meets his fate in the person of Angela, a Castilian maid who lived with her mother and Juan Padilla, her Mexican stepfather. Padilla wishes Angela to wed Encarnacion Seljas, a fiery young Mexican, but her mother sides with Keno: "She was mine to give, and I have spoken," she says. Seljas curses Keno and Angela, adds significantly, "There is a manana!" and rides away. Keno and Angela are married, and go to El Paso del Norte to live. There a babe is born to them. Keno meets Wynne, an old friend of his cowpunching days, takes him to his home, and Wynne and Angela meet. Wynne is wounded in preventing Encarnacion Seljas from killing Keno and in the fever which follows, tells of his love for Angela. Keno's jealousy is aroused, but Angela convinces him that all is right. With the help of Juanita, a Mexican girl who is in love with Wynne, they nurse him back to life and then Keno tells him to "pull freight." Juanita confesses her passion for Wynne, but he does not reciprocate.

CHAPTER V.

A year passed. It was again fiesta time in El Paso del Norte. Wynne, knowing nothing of his friends, but possessed of an uncontrollable desire to see them, however briefly, had returned. The city was, of course, replete with life; as he paced the familiar streets he felt lonely and homesick.

On the plaza lounged many "old timers," blanketed "greasers" of the lower order, "healthers" also. Even a coquettish señorita tripped fascinatingly

along and smiled in the Americano's face.

Sun-fire touched the rambling quarters of the Mexican soldiery, the great rotunda of the bull ring, the church of Saint Guadalupe. It lit the avenues where moved the gaily-dressed American visitors, girls of the interior, men in blue serapes and much-besilvered hats.

The procession of the bull-fighters, headed by the favorite *espada* in his carriage, wove through the crowds. Vendors of notions offered for sale bloody banderillas plucked from the bravest

bull of yesterday. Beyond all was the rattle and blare of the gambling square, where wheels were spinning, ivory was clicking and fever-eyed humanity, white and swarthy, flung gold to the Fates.

In that day, when Paso del Norte was still the Del Norte of long, low adobes and the subtle aroma of its nationality, it possessed a strange attraction to certain frontiersmen. They drifted from hill and plain and canyon deep in the hour of their leisure, dividing their time over the pleasures, passions, follies and tragedies of the sister cities. They were men, good, bad, and indifferent, who, while less prone to take offense than has been popularly supposed, were sudden and sure of action upon occasion. They had few hypocrisies, few deceits, looked you in the eye and quailed not under your look. They drank openly, gambled openly, loved openly, and fought for their convictions and their loves.

To those who do not know, and have never known, they were all "lawless desperadoes," their consorts vile, their standards low; to those who remember them as they were, Keno, Angela, Juanita and Wynne, are not far-fetched types of those who mingled in the passing throng that once peopled the Del Norte of my story.

It was to this Del Norte Wynne had returned. It cheered him much after his long absence with the scouting columns in Arizona. The kindness of time would have healed many things; there would be royal welcome for him at the house of the McKeowns.

He smiled back at the girl who smiled at him, chaffed with the vender of *banderillas*, and wished the gorgeous *espada* the luck of the day. His cigarettes tasted good. He flipped them jauntily, the philosophy of the sun-kissed, his.

But even as he struck a match on his boot-heel, ere turning into the Calle del Porvenir, the shadow of change fell on him. His cigarette remained unlit, the match burning, unheeded, to his finger tips.

"Angela!" he gasped under breath, "it's Angela." A small figure draped in black had glided by him headed for

the church. It was Angela. But why the somber garb? Where was the flashing glance, so peculiarly "Chiquita's," where was the light, springy step, the lithe willowy sway of stayless form, the coquettish lift of dainty skirt? Wynne started forward, but in his sudden shock he had allowed Angela to get too far.

He followed slowly, watching with increasing pain of heart, the listless, nun-like figure until it disappeared. He would wait for her until after her devotions.

Time went by but no Angela reappeared and Wynne grew almost nervous with tension. At last he stole, hat in hand, through the open door and stood looking about him.

At first he could not see her, but presently, his eyes becoming accustomed to the dim, religious light of the place, he found her over in a far corner kneeling before a glass-covered figure of Mary. Her face and tightly-clasped hands were lifted in earnest supplication.

No vestige of "Chiquita" seemed to remain. Angela's dark eyes, the eyes that had shed mother-light over her baby and wifely joy on Keno, were flaming with a fire that had fed upon, and burned up, all the carnal in her. Her lips moved in passionate prayer in which she had relapsed to her mother tongue.

The man by the church entrance stood stricken. He could not follow her in her prayer, he only knew that grief unutterable was waging more than grief expressed in the woman he loved. There by the door he also prayed:

"Oh, God," he cried in the silence of his soul, "thou gavest me love for her, give me help for her." And, as years ago he had said it at his mother's knee, he added unconsciously, "for thy dear Son's sake. Amen."

A sudden anger fell on him after that. By what right was he prying on a grief like this? He felt as though he had committed sacrilege.

Softly as he had entered he withdrew. It mattered not that he would love her till love should be no more a thing of earth; he had no right there.

At first he thought of going away and postponing the meeting, but, acting



It was to this Del Norte Wynne had returned

upon sudden impulse, joined Angela a short distance from the church. "I've come, Angela," was all he said.

"You!" she cried. "Oh, Señor Jeff! Oh, Señor Jeff!" and had not Wynne caught her she would have fallen. At home her crying was, for a while, terrible. Wynne was masterful. He made her go to bed, got Juanita's mother to

stay with her, and went out to hide and stifle his own dry grief.

"Yes, sir," said the American saloon-keeper on the corner, "poor old Keno's dead, and the kid, too. Lots of trouble Chiquita's had since you left. Why, Wynne, my son, the very night you pulled out Keno killed Poker Miller over a misdeal and some wrong words

that Poker added about you and Chiquita. Sympathy was with Keno, of course. This town knows Chiquita, y'see, and for that matter I guess it knows you, too. Well, sir, Keno jumped south—it happened on the American side—and that's the last we ever saw of him. He was killed by fallin' from his horse over in the Chihuahua country. The baby? Oh, the baby—sweetest little thing in Del Norte—it died three months back of some baby ailment. Lots of trouble Chiquita's had, Wynne. I hope your comin' will help her out. She's far too good a little woman to travel single, and—well, the story is that you've always been sweet on her. No offense meant, Wynne."

A certain sense of possession filled Wynne now. He would take Angela

away—perhaps to San Francisco. That he felt no exultation was characteristic of him, though his very soul was crying to help her.

But a week later, when he delicately pressed his question, Angela as delicately refused him.

"No, dear Señor Jeff, my heart is Keno's till I die. Suppose I marry you, by and by I would make you misery. Oh, Jeff, if so be I could I would, because I love you very much. For your sake and for my own I have tried to forget. Do I not know how good you would be? But I cannot, Jeff; my heart is Keno's all the time."

Quick of intuition, Wynne made no further attempt at persuasion just then. Loving the girl all the more for her loyalty, he settled down to play a waiting



It was Juanita who saved him. She slipped from the shadows and seized his arm

game. Juanita, herself more or less happily married to a fine young Mexican, helped him by many words and divers deeds.

It was because of Juanita he was able to see so much of Angela, the child-matron acting as a sort of chaperon. Angela, however, never altered her attitude.

It was in the third week of his waiting that Wynne was galvanized into action on new lines. He had been loafing all morning about Angela's premises talking to her and Juanita and had entered Angela's own room to look at a photograph.

"Why, bless me!" he cried to the girls, "if here isn't the saddle I gave to Keno years ago." Then he stopped short, for Angela had run in and was pulling him back.

Juanita explained in reply to his inquiry: "Si, that is the saddle that Señor Keno die from. My husban' bring it up from Chihuahua with the señor's other things. Angela she keep them locked up most time, all the same she's jealous some one will see. I show you all the things *mañana* when Angela is gone."

On the next day, choosing a time when Angela was in town, Juanita exhibited Keno's effects. "She keeps them here in her own room all the time," she said, "and often she cries for hours over them and prays. Oh, señor, take her away. I think she go *loco poco pronto* if you do not."

Wynne nodded and looked over the things as one looks over relics. Suddenly his face paled a little, and he began a closer examination without betraying himself to Juanita. At the close of it his heart was aflame. Everything the future offered seemed to narrow down to one red line of purpose. He was Wynne, the avenger.

Acting a part consummately, he followed Juanita out of the room, and went to smoking many cigarettes with Pedro, her husband.

From Pedro, a boy who had adored Keno, who had loved his questioner for his many kindnesses, Wynne learned much that he wished to know. Following up his quest for information, he spent the evening with Angela.

Strange to say she was almost gay, almost the "Chiquita" of old. "Come and see me tomorrow night," she said, as they parted. "I give a little party to many of my friends. After the party—there is no telling what shall happen. Come and see me tomorrow night—at ten by the clock."

"Tomorrow at ten," repeated Wynne. "All right, little woman. I'm surely coming." Then the insanity of his pent love seized him.

In the dimness of the half-light, Angela had thrown back her head as if for a kiss. He brutally kissed her. She did not struggle, but lay against his breast for fully a minute. "Jeff," she whispered, "come tomorrow night." Once again the man kissed her passionately, Keno forgotten, all forgotten but his triumph.

A figure passed him as he turned the corner of the adobe, a figure so strangely familiar that he was instantly arrested. As he stood irresolute a woman's silvery laugh broke the still air and voices, speaking Spanish, drifted to him.

Quick as a flash he wheeled and sped back, jerking his pistol from his pocket as he ran. In the doorway of Keno's house, where but a moment ago he had kissed her himself, Angela was receiving Seljas's kisses.

Slowly the little pocket Colt rose to the level and covered the unconscious pair. Red fire seemed to fill Wynne's brain and a blood-lust his heart. He was there to kill.

It was Juanita who saved him. She slipped from the shadows and seized his arm. "No, no, no!" she gasped, "wait, señor, wait!"

The pair in the doorway disappeared. Wynne shook as he put the pistol back again. "Little one," he said hoarsely, to the girl at his side, "what in God's name, does it mean?"

"*Quien sabe, señor, quien sabe?*" answered Juanita, shakily. "I hear you go. I hear him come. I hear the señor's pistol click as he run by me. Ah, señor, it is all *mucha malo*. I go back now lest Pedro come and find me not. And you, señor, you also go home. *Mañana* may be we shall know. A long time now

is Angela very strange. Let us wait, señor, for her house is her house, and it is not for us to enter when she locks the door."

Wynne sobered. "Little one," he replied, "God bless thee. I'm going now. Here let me kiss thee, child. If thy husband knew why he would not care. Go and sleep, child, and dream of better things than these. The world is not all bad, Juanita, for thou art of it."

And so the man turned from her who loved him to see, against the darkness of his night of sorrow, the face of a traitress.

"Curse her," he cried to the stillness of the plaza, "curse her for a Delilah!" But under the shadow of Saint Guadalupe he smote his mouth because of memory.

CHAPTER VI.

How Wynne got through the next day he never knew. No dissipation the twin cities could offer but he took part in. Intuition told him that the last act of the drama in which he was cast was on. He was at keenest tension.

He was far too proud to seek Angela before the time she had specified, far too proud even to ask questions from those who might tell him things; at ten o'clock precisely he would be at the McKeown adobe to learn what he might, and to act as might prove necessary.

Lights streamed from the familiar old place as he approached it. The music of harp, bandurria, and violin drifted outward. The house was gay with revelry. Very quietly Wynne took his place among the guests. They all knew him. Angela received him with radiant smiles. She was gayest of the gay; Seljas, her gallant attendant caballero. It was all settled, some one told Wynne, for this was the betrothal party.

For an instant the listener was paralyzed, then he got grip of himself. Let the awful farce go on. It was a farce now; yes, let the farce go on. The after-piece should be his.

The band struck up for a dance. With a careless smile Wynne picked out Juanita and led her on the floor. Seljas, with an exultant grin, extended his hand

to his beautiful fiancée. The air was filled with electricity.

Right to the center of the floor went Angela and her lover. There for a moment they stopped. Before them all, the man bent down and kissed his partner.

Something flashed against the light then and fell unerringly. A strangling, bubbling death-cry rent the horrified silence. "Back! Keep back!" shouted Wynne, as he leaped to the slayer's side, "it's justice; it's justice."

Angela turned to him with a strange smile on whitened lips. "Yes, Señor Jeff, it is justice," she said in English.

"Amigos," she went on in Spanish, her voice ringing clear and full over the silent throng, "the Señor McKeown, my husband, whom I loved, is avenged. Here"—spurning the corpse of Seljas with her foot—"lies his slayer. You ask me how I know. Have I not seen the mark of his riata on my dead love's boot, and have I not found hairs from it, sorrel and white, in the crack of my dead love's stirrup?"

"Amigos, I know not how this devil trailed my love that day. I know not how he attained his purpose and escaped. But there is no mistake, no wrong thinking on my part. He tied my love's foot with the rope and dragged him to death.

"The good Señor Wynne did also find this out. Did I not understand when he came to Pedro Gonzales with many questions? Ah, friends, the good señor sought to hide his purpose from me, and to himself kill my husband's slayer in the coming of time. He did not know the heart of Chiquita, though long has he loved her.

"Amigos, for long I waited, fearing my suspicion, hoping for surer light, and I did pray in the church that I might learn to trap this Seljas. My saints were good; light came to me, and I did lure Encarnacion to his own betrayal. How I bore his love-words, ah, Madre! yes, and his—kisses—only the Holy Mother knows. But I did bear them somehow. And then I waited so that his death should be sure indeed.

"Amigos, I have no more to tell. This"—throwing the knife she had used



"Amigo, . . . the Senor McKeeown, my husband, whom I loved, is avenged!"

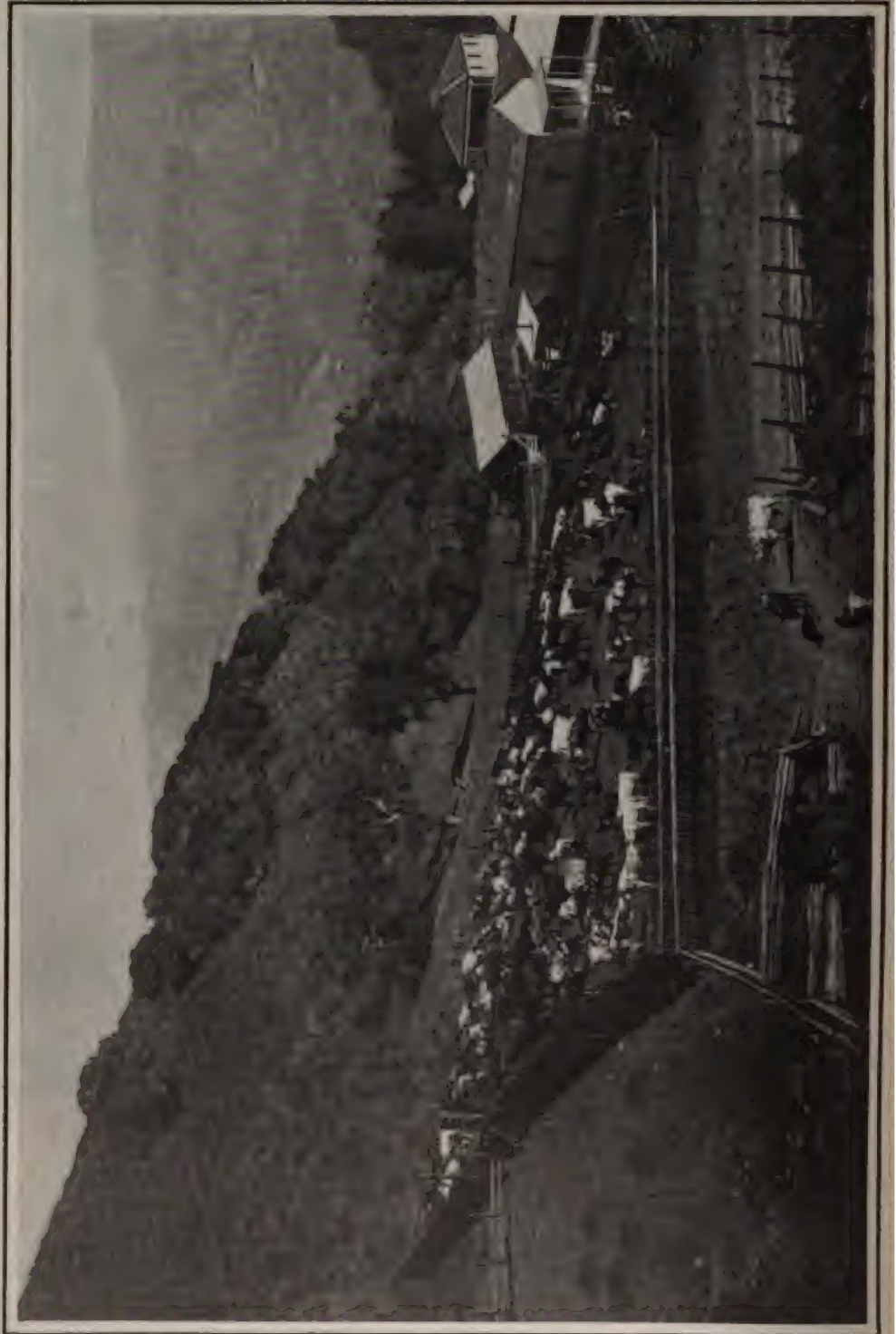
on the bleeding body—"tells you the rest. 'Ojo por ojo, o diente por diente!' The dog was mine to kill, and I have killed him."

No one moved toward the woman and her stern-eyed protector. After all, it was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a

tooth, and the avenger, "Chiquita." The rest would wait.

Some one murmured a few broken, halting words; the throng divided. Then the silence of the night, and its darkness, made veil for the fugitives.

[THE END.]



The Romance of the Spanish Grants

Rancho El Sur

By MARY BELL

Photographs by J. B. R. Cooper

IT shall be the purpose of these articles to select from the colonial history of California those picturesque characters who voyaged to the Pacific coast long before the era of gold, and who obtained from the Spanish government those large grants of land which gave the United States a much more substantial hold upon the territory of California than the influx of the Argonauts.

The adventures of these first Californians are touched with the glamour of the old Spanish régime. The ecclesiastic dignity of the missionary churches in those days won many proselytes, and stirring romances resulted from the introduction of these young Anglo-Saxons into the homes of the old Spanish families.

Into the oldest and most romantic harbor of California, Captain John Roger Cooper sailed in 1820, as master of the *Rover*. There is no more picturesque figure in the history of California than this adventurous founder of one of the largest ranches of Monterey county. Successful as a master of vessels, as merchant and as a rancher, Captain Cooper also held political offices with honor. His name first appears in the records of California when he sold his vessel, the *Rover*, to Governor Argüello, but until 1826 Captain Cooper commanded the *Rover* on voyages to China, and became the commercial rival of Hartnell & Company in trade. Becoming a resident of Monterey, he was baptized in the Roman Catholic church as Juan Bautista Roger Cooper and married Encarnacion Vallejo, the sister of General Vallejo.

Thus did the founder of the Spanish-American family of Cooper establish his claim to the grant of El Sur, which tradition says was described to him by a friendly Indian, who exhibited valuable specimens of quartz, which he declared were found in the almost inaccessible fastnesses where the wild cattle of El Sur ranged.

Before coming into the possession of this estate, Captain Cooper had bought the *Potrero*, also called *La Familia Sagranda*, from José Joaquin de la Torre, to whom this ranch was granted in 1822. In 1833 Captain Cooper was granted the *Molino* rancho of Sonoma. He was licensed to hunt otter at the same time, and in 1839 he resumed his seafaring life as master of the government schooner *California*. He made many trips in the next five years to the Mexican coast and the islands of the Pacific. While sailing the seas, however, the captain did not forget the benefits to be derived from estates upon the land, and he continued to acquire grants at the disposal of the Spanish government. In 1840 he obtained land at San Francisco and the *Punta de Quintin* rancho. The *Nicasio* rancho was granted to him in 1844.

In 1848 he commanded the *Elizabeth*; in 1849 he made voyages to China as captain of the *Eveline*, but when California became a state of the Union Captain Cooper abandoned the sea. He served as harbor master in Monterey during 1851, and in the same year established his claim to the *Bolsas Molina* and *El Sur* ranches.

The picturesque adobe homestead of the Coopers was in Monterey. It became the headquarters for the organization of



PREPARING A CALF FOR THE BRANDING

the foreigners when the mutineers took Monterey in 1830 and cried out for the expulsion of the English and Americans. Captain Cooper was chosen commander of the company which spiked the guns at the Presidio and ordered the surrender of the Mexican soldiers and their commander, Solis. It was in this house that Doña Josefa, the daughter of Joaquin Carrillo, of San Diego, was placed in the care of Captain Cooper, while Captain Fitch, the young American sailor, fought and won his battle with the ecclesiastics, who claimed that his marriage with the young Spanish beauty was illegal.

In 1860 Captain Cooper moved to San Francisco, where he died in 1872 in his eightieth year. Born in the Alderney islands to the buffeting of the winds of the English channel, raised in Boston, fostered during his bachelorhood by the seas of all lands, welcomed by a Spanish family upon his marriage, Captain Juan Bautista Cooper strikingly represents those romantic figures concerned in the conquest of the Latins by

the Anglo-Saxons. It was through his invitation that Thomas Oliver Larkin, his half-brother, came to Monterey. Mr. Larkin, another man conspicuous in the history of California, married the first American woman that lived in California, and their child was the first born of American parents in California.

With the death of Doña Encarnacion Vallejo de Cooper in 1901, all that was typically Spanish passed from the Cooper family. J. B. R. Cooper, the grandson and namesake of the founder of the family, lives in Monterey during the summer. The cross, commemorating the landing of Father Junipero, is near enough to his home for the date to be read on the arms of the white wooden sign; an old whaling station and the first brick building erected in California are opposite; the old adobe custom house and the theater are near, while the ruins of the Presidio, overlooking Monterey bay, are only a few hundred yards away. There is little to remind one of the old Spanish régime either in the town houses of the Coopers or upon

the old Spanish grant. Save in a soft Spanish name combined with the harsher Anglo-Saxon sound of Cooper, the name of a vaquero, or in the combination of a Spanish with an English word to designate a place, the old traditions are unmarked. The rancho is more frequently referred to as "The Sur" than as "El Sur." The little river which marks the most northern point of the ranch, and the larger one which empties into the ocean almost opposite the Sur Rock, are called the Little Sur and the Big Sur.

From the trail high upon the Santa Lucia mountains, one may look down over thickly wooded and grassy slopes to the sheltered plain, bordered by the fluctuating white edge of the ocean. The heaving and foaming turbulence of the Big Sur, where it joins the ocean, can be seen from these heights. Almost half way between the bluff, above which stand the mountains, and the ocean, in one of the hushed places, the

home-builder erected his dwelling from shafts of the sequoias. The stately Spanish lady, his wife, never visited the house in the wilderness, but one can fancy that the captain planted the spreading rose-bush, which is still aflame with pink blossoms every month of the year, for Doña Encarnacion to enjoy. The house still stands, windowless and doorless, behind the long windbreak of eucalypts, the only foreigners among the trees that grow from the mouth of the Little Sur to Cooper's Point. In the days when wild cattle roamed over the range, the branding was done in a stockade near the log house. Now rodeos are held in less substantial corrals.

The old Spanish grants were ruled in an almost feudal style, and Captain Cooper maintained a state as undisputed upon his rancho as upon the decks of his vessel. The vaqueros were furnished with comfortable houses, and his son, J. B. H. Cooper, built them a dance-hall which is used by the descendants



SETTING THE BRAND OF THE OWNER ON A YEARLING AT THE COOPER RANCH



EL PICO BLANCO FROM THE RANCH-HOUSE OF RANCHO EL SUR

of the first vaqueros in the service of the family. The furnishings have been somewhat demolished during the suppers held after the fandangos by the gay-hearted Spanish cowboys and their sweethearts, but no weather is too stormy to bring many high-heeled boots to keep time to the accordion and the guitar in the old dance-hall of the rancho.

El Sur, which originally covered about 10,000 acres, was divided into four parts upon the death of Captain Cooper, and the first section came into the hands of his son, J. B. H. Cooper. Since the deaths of J. B. H. Cooper and Doña Vallejo de Cooper, the grant has come into the possession of Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper, Mrs. Wohler, Mrs. Molera and their children. Three beautiful ranch-houses have been erected on the divisions of the grant. The largest of the dairies is upon the first section, owned by Mrs. Martha Cooper.

Mrs. Cooper personally oversees the work on the ranch. She has added 900 acres to her original portion of 2,591 acres, and is constantly increasing the stock, constructing new pastures and converting more of the fertile meadowland into cultivated fields. About 200 acres are planted in hay, and 80 acres yield corn, beets and pumpkins for fall food. There are about 1,000 head of cattle on Ranch No. 1, about 500 of these being milk cows. About 100 steers are sold to the butcher every year, and 175 pigs went to market in 1901. There are 200 stock hogs. The horses used by the vaqueros are raised on the ranch.

Mrs. Cooper's buildings are unusually attractive and uniform in construction. There is a large two-story, broad-galleried house, with three bathrooms, an unusual luxury for a home situated thirty miles from a town. There are three dwelling houses for the men, two dairies and three barns, the smallest holding 100

tons of hay. There are twenty-five miles of fencing, three calf pastures, and two day and two night pastures for the cows. The ranch is stocked with Durham and Holstein cattle.

Mrs. Cooper is enthusiastic over ranching, and is rightfully proud of the income from the sale of her cattle and cheese.

The road to El Sur is a remarkable piece of engineering. It winds along the bluff of the wild broken coast, with the waves dashing high over the rocks. The first glimpse of the grant is obtained from an immense elevation, with two great canyons opening toward the ocean on either side. The narrow road, which winds up and down mountain sides so precipitously that one involuntarily catches breath at the turns, passes at

intervals through forests of pine, redwood, laurel, tan-bark oak, madroña and birch. The roadside is bordered with ferns and, in early February, seventy varieties of wild flowers were counted during a drive to the ranch.

Upon a rock rising about 300 feet from the sea, a \$100,000 lighthouse was built about ten years ago. Moro lighthouse is on Point Sur, which is one of the most prominent features of the coast line. Another landmark easily found upon the map is El Pico Blanco, which is 3,660 feet high. Above the green, wooded hills in front of the ranch-house, this mountain of marble rises, while the branches of giant redwoods beat slowly and rhythmically to the chant of the winds and the song of the Little Sur.

Palm Reading

QUESTION

You read my palm and showed without a blunder,
That you were perfect mistress of the art;
You read my palm so well, I can't but wonder
Could you perhaps have also read my heart.

—*Miranda Stranahan Brainerd.*

ANSWER

I read your palm; perhaps I was presuming
To boldly seek to penetrate your soul
I read your palm; now here, now there assuming
A missing line to form the perfect whole.

I found the virtues, courage, resignation,
And of the human frailties just a few;
Scorn of evil and love's deathless aspiration,
Clearly written;—but I failed to find just you!

But sometimes through the mists that round us stealing
Keep us, amid the many, so alone,
We stretch our hands before us, blindly feeling,
And in the darkness reach and touch our own.

I read your palm; ah me, by tears and sorrow
We hold our vision of the perfect part!—
I read your palm; but in the great tomorrow
It may be I shall also read your heart.

—*Mary Page Greenleaf.*



Robinson & Weishar, photo

HARVEST TIME IN A TULARE PRUNE ORCHARD

The Story of Visalia

By E. L. MENEFFEE

IN the olden time when California was young, midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco at the upper end of the San Joaquin valley, the logic of environments and events decreed there should be a settlement; and Visalia, one of the oldest interior towns of the state, came into existence. For here at that time, with barren wastes to northward and southward, lay like an oasis the vast delta of the Kaweah river. Beneath the shade of thousand-acre groves of oaks, amongst cottonwood and willow and alder, the rank lush meadow grasses grew, a veritable paradise for the stockman; for here could be rested and fattened the northbound herds. And, as it was found that the rich river-bottom soil produced abundantly of the farmer's staples, and that the production of wheat on the outlying plains was profitable, the settlement thrived and prospered. Thus, finding within itself provision for the peace and plenty of its limited population, and (until the first laying of the Southern Pacific tracks) cut off from the main line of travel and sequestered from the

nervous stress of modern progress, Visalia was quietly content.

For many years the old ways and old methods seemed good to the settlers. Amid the groves the flocks and herds roamed and multiplied, and in the eastward Sierra lay great summer ranges. But there came a day—surprisingly long in coming it was—when men from the north, from the older deciduous fruit-growing sections of the Santa Clara and Solano, saw with amaze the phenomenal growth and astonishing yield of the trees in the small orchards planted in the virgin delta by the pioneers. The day also came when men from the south noted the warm belt along the low western slope of the Sierra, and the striking suitability of its soil for citrus culture, and ascertained the existence there of underground streams of water close to the surface and of great volume. And, too, men came from the east who, noting the evergreen feed and the mild climate, saw in imagination the stock ranch transformed into a hundred dairy farms. World-traveled men penetrated the high Sierra to the eastward, and

saw and told their fellows of a region of scenic grandeur equal to the Alps; of Yosemite's rivaling the Merced; and of a vast forest of giant Sequoias. Then came great changes. And, if slowly, yet the more surely, a far-reaching revolution took place; a revolution not alone in methods and cultures, in pursuits and avocations, in railway facilities and modes of communication, but in men, in ideas and ideals.

Today Visalia stands as county-seat of the three-million-acre domain of Tulare county, a distributing center for a wide area including many small towns, and a shipping center of a rich and diversified tributary country—a modern city. Through it daily pass twenty passenger trains. An electric road now building is to connect it with neighboring towns and the citrus belt. A greater value of fruits, fresh, dried and canned, yearly leaves its marts than goes from any other town of similar size in the state. Yet a little further knowledge of the past changes, the present condition, and the future possibilities of the country is necessary before

the stranger can realize the advantages that Visalia possesses.

The waters of the Kaweah and its branch, the St. John, have been dammed and diverted into a score of canals and water-ways, so that upon some hundred thousand acres in Visalia's immediate vicinity is laid a network of ditches. Thus its contiguous territory for many miles in each direction is rendered irrigable and capable of intensive culture.

Farther up the Kaweah the stream has been yoked to the dynamo, and the electric power thus engendered is distributed to Visalia, its neighboring towns, and through the citrus belt. In this thermal region, the earliest in fruit-bearing in the state, many thousands of acres have been planted to oranges and lemons. About one fourth of this acreage is now in bearing, and required for its shipment the past season 1,250 cars. As from this district was shipped the first car to leave California for the eastern market; as the quality of fruit produced equals the best anywhere; and as besides the present groves lie thousands of acres of like soil,



Robinson & Weisbar, photo

TULARE COUNTY HOLDS CALIFORNIA'S PEACH RECORD



There is not a street in Visalia but is lined on either side by shade

similarly easy of irrigation and held at reasonable prices, the future of this district can scarcely be overestimated. Here, by the pressure of an electric button, water spreads itself upon the land entirely at the will of the husbandman. There are no drouths, no assessments, no law suits.

Nearer Visalia in the delta belt, some half dozen, principally local joint-stock corporations, have brought into bearing between two and three thousand acres of deciduous fruits; and individual growers, in plots of ten acres upwards, five or six thousand acres more. Thousands of acres, too, have been devoted to alfalfa, which in this delta yields greater crops than in almost any other section. So dairying, hog and farm stock-raising have been taken up by hundreds of farmers. Butter, condensed milk and cream are added to the county productions, and fat hogs and cattle are shipped almost daily in lots of from one to ten carloads. The blossoms of orchard, alfalfa field and orange grove, together with those of the natural honey-produ-

cing plants, have attracted bee men, and the county ranks among the greatest honey-producing regions of the United States.

The county roads have received a more than usual degree of attention, scores of miles being oiled; and each year sees a greater mileage in permanent good condition. Rural free delivery of mail has been established, and farmers' lines of telephones place the country residents within a radius of ten miles of Visalia in speaking distance of each other and the county-seat.

The United States government has set aside a large Sierra area as a national park; and for the Giant Forest, built at great cost a magnificent mountain road, and placed rangers, forest wardens and a troop of cavalry to protect its treasures and guard its preserves. The Visalia Board of Trade, in connection with the county supervisors, has improved or made good trails to the principal points of scenic interest in the mountains, rendering them comparatively easy of access.



Moore, photo

rees • • • *The lawns and gardens are well kept and carefully tended*

Every city has an individuality. That of Visalia is strong. Peopled largely by the older type of Californian, with his sterling virtues of hospitality, sociability and good fellowship; with his contented disposition and his easy-going, live-and-let-live policy, no eager scramble for dollars and opportunities has been seen here; no get-rich schemes have flourished, no boom has swelled and collapsed. Blend with this type the newer arrivals, of whom many are men of wealth, brains, energy and acumen, and you have the class of men and women that makes Visalia what it is today; first perhaps a city of sociability, then a city that is live, progressive and modern; a city clean and sanitary, a city beautiful and home-like; a city commercial, where business is good and future prospects encourage.

The city water, pumped from a great depth in ample supply, has been proved by analysis absolutely pure and free from bacteria. The municipality is lighted by electricity brought from the mountains by the Mt. Whitney Power Company, and power, as well, is fur-

nished at reasonable rates. The streets far into the suburbs are sufficiently illuminated. The business streets are paved with an asphalt concrete of the most durable character. Sidewalks, when not of cement, are wide, clean and sanded. Street sweeping is so prompt, thorough and frequent, that Visalia is one of the cleanest cities in the state.

The new sewer system is a source of great pride. Built in accordance with the most modern sanitary engineering principles at a cost of \$110,000, it is complete in every particular. Every lot is reached and a population of 10,000 provided for. Septic tanks deodorize and a city sewer farm disposes profitably of its sewage.

Education, from kindergarten to preparation for college, is provided and is on a par with the best. The high school is accredited to the state university, and is located in a handsome brick building surrounded by beautiful and well-kept grounds.

The Visalia Board of Trade has a membership of 125 and is active, alert



Robinson & Weisbar, photo
THE VISALIA PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING

and energetic. It has extended sidewalks and pavements, improved streets, secured new county roads and rights of way for new railroads; it purchased through subscription the site for the public library, and expended \$1,000 on mountain trails; through its efforts the San Joaquin Valley Commercial Association was organized, which materially benefited the valley; congressional appropriations have been secured, rail and mail services bettered, the city and county advertised in numberless ways, and in connection with the County Board of Trade exhibits of products have been collected and maintained in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The vernal appearance of Visalia, so gladdening to the eye of the visitor, is due only in part to the care bestowed upon its lawns and gardens. True, these

are well kept and carefully tended; true also that in many instances spacious grounds are beautified by all the arts of the gardener; and true, too, that there is not a street in Visalia but is lined on either side by shade trees; aside from this, however, verdure and growth and bloom are here scarcely to be checked. Many of the natural grasses stay green throughout the summer. Unwatered and untilled, the jessamine and the rose leap forth and garland with green and crown with blossom the walls and cottages. Variety, too, assists to please the eye, for, as among the shade trees grow side by side the magnolia, the fir, and the oak.

With twenty daily passenger trains running on admirably arranged schedules, its railway facilities are excellent. Round trips from neighboring railway towns to the county-seat, or vice versa, may be made without inconvenience to business in a day. Now consider the other aids to facile communication: the electric road, rural telephones and mail delivery, and the oiled roads, and it must be conceded that here ought to be good business.

There is; three banks find handling Visalia's finances profitable; the deposits aggregate about \$1,000,000; a flour mill, two planing mills, an ice factory, a foundry, a brick yard, lime works, and a milk-condensing establishment are among its many manufacturing enterprises.

From early summer till late fall however, the fruit business taxes the energies of its inhabitants to their utmost, as also those of a floating population (in and near the city), of several thousand people.

The canneries at Visalia employ from 600 to 800 hands, and have a capacity of 100,000 cans per day, and



Moore, photo

*Jessamine and rose garland with green
and crown with blossom, walls and cottages*

put up a larger pack of peaches by several thousand cases, than in any other town in the state. From four to eight carloads of fresh fruit are daily despatched to the eastern markets, and from one to two carloads to Los Angeles. About 200 women and girls are required in the preparation of these shipments. Three of the largest packers of California dried fruits are located here, and have plants with the modern machinery and facilities requisite to handling the enormous product. Smaller packers operate here, and eastern houses and other California packers send agents who buy in carload lots direct from the grower. About 600 cars of fifteen tons each of dried fruit are shipped annually from here.

This activity in the town, coupled with the greater demands of the fruit-growers in the surrounding country, causes, during this season, a phenomenal rush of business that is felt in every trade and every mercantile pursuit. This is well indicated by the statement of one bank that its average daily movement of money (taking a thirty-day period) was \$46,692.21 per day. During this period more salesmen and deliverymen are required; the butcher rises earlier, and the bank clerk must work later. Good wages are paid. Money is easily made and freely spent.

Visalia boasts of the lowest death rate of any city in the state, the records for a number of years past showing that it is but 7 per 1,000. This low death rate is due to its excellent climatic conditions, its perfect sanitation, its singular freedom from epidemics and zymotic diseases, and the rarity of fatal diseases, such as pneumonia and typhoid. The adjacent mountains afford many health-giving springs, among which Deer Creek Hot Springs, both for recreation



Moore, photo

A TYPICAL MODERN HOME

and recuperation, ranks with the best to be found in the state.

Visalia's chief attraction has been omitted. Beyond its Italy lie its Alps; and within the Sierra region which lies due east of it is embraced Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the United States, with a score of others higher than the Matterhorn; the Giant Forest containing the largest tree in the world and itself the only forest of giant Sequoia; the Kings and Kern canyons, whose titanic heights and abysmal depths make of them scenic attractions second to none. Here are found magnificent pine and fir forests, clear of underbrush, stretching unbroken league upon league. Here are in abundance glacial lakes and meadows of exceeding beauty, and here are the finest trout-fishing grounds in



Moore, photo

VISALIA IS PROTECTED AGAINST FIRE BY A WELL-EQUIPPED, PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT



THE RIVER DRIVE NEAR VISALIA

Moore, photo

the world. Access to this region is now easy. Tri-weekly stages connect Visalia with Giant Forest, fifty-seven miles to the northeast, and with Mineral King, about the same distance due east. Distant a day's journey from the forest is the famous gorge of the Kings river.

Mineral King is a mountain valley at an elevation of 8,000 feet near the source of the Kaweah. With its invigorating summer climate, its thermal and mineral springs, its abundant pasturage, its position near several mountain lakes, and within easy reach of splendid trout-fishing and deer and grouse-hunting, it is an ideal summer resort. From it the visitor outfits for the trip to the famous canyon of the Kern, the renowned fishing grounds of the Kern river and lakes, and Mt. Whitney and the higher Sierra. At present from 500 to 1,500 people

rest or night's abode."

Perhaps he follows the Kaweah from the valley where, shorn of power and strength by the irrigator, it pitifully creeps; or to its lower mountain reaches where, a brawling torrent, it exults in mad dash and splashing leap and thunderous roar, and on and up to where, from beneath an arch of snow, it first ventures forth into the world.

Perhaps he rides, as he may, a full day's journey in a forest of cedar and pine and fir and tamarack; in a forest fair and noble, with no underbrush to obstruct the view of serried ranks, with here dense gloom, there the glinting sunlight struggling through the high-swung branches, anon the opening vista whence gleams the foam of cascade, is seen the glitter of snowy peak, and are revealed the columns and battalions innumerable of the forest's reserves. And riding thus; the pathway soft, springy, shaded, of gentle slope and curve, at the day's end he comes to rest in a mountain meadow, a meadow so green that the fairest lawn is shamed.

Perhaps he goes fishing. Now to speak of fishing in these confines is a delicate matter. Yet, the truth being known sometimes to be stranger than fiction, a few modest statements are ventured. Almost all of the streams in these higher Sierra



Robinson & Weisbar, photo

—among cottonwood and willow and alder
The St. John river three miles from Visalia

not known to contain trout from time immemorial have been stocked with trout. Protected by the inaccessibility of their habitat during much of the year, the fish have thrived and multiplied to such an extent that in the Little Kern and similar streams the usually wary trout ere it touches the water and the frying-pan is much easier filled than it is emptied. In the larger streams and mountain lakes they attain an enormous size. Anglers long for a regiment to dispose of their catch, and are compelled to return all but the larger specimens to the waters. And if, using lightest tackle and discarding the enticing bait, the sportsman succeed in luring one of the more wary old-timers, and after hours of struggle land (as is done every season) the twenty-four to twenty-six-inch specimen, he will surely have the time of his life.

Perhaps the traveler loves flowers. From the sun-kissed slope beside the orange grove, where poppies and forget-me-nots blend in harmonic color, to the sheltered snow-bordered spot beneath the outmost rank of sugar-pine where the crimson snow-plant unfolds its waxen bells, is a far cry. Yet a day's drive compasses it; and, as the flora of distant zones are thus connected in this narrow belt, a wealth, beauty and diversity of bloom almost incredible presents itself.

Or the traveler may visit that famed Kings River canyon where flows the stream in its narrow wooded vale, entrenched by granite buttresses 2,000 feet high. From its sentinel peak on the wall, 1,500 feet higher, he may o'erlook its depths, view the distant summits of Brewer and Tyndall and Kings, with their scores of flanking towers, listen to the deafening roar of cataracts, and trace



Moore, photo

—beneath the shade of thousand-acre groves of oaks

in one glance from glistening snow-field to tumbling cascade the sources of our water power.

He may visit Whitney, crowning fort of all, opposing to the east a wall absolutely impregnable, 14,898 feet high, but to its friends from the west offering an easy approach. He may stand here, upon the highest eminence in the United States, 15,000 feet above the sea, and look down, and yet down almost to its lowest level into Death valley. About him lies perpetual snow, the very source of life for the blooming western valley; visible below him lies the vale upon which perpetual drouth has laid the hand of death.

And surely he will visit the Giant Forest. Nature, so lavish with her creations of beauty and magnitude and wonder, has scattered them over the



Moore, photo

The waters of the Kaweah * * * have been dammed and diverted into canals for irrigating purposes

globe. As if chary of her greatest, however, there is but one Niagara; and there is but one forest of giant Sequoias. There are other groves. There are the Calaveras and the Mariposa, but among the 3,000 giants of larger growth and the regiments of a younger generation gathered here in this field of ten square miles which they have chosen, those groves might be placed and entirely lost. Among these forest peers, near the center of his kingdom, stands the monarch which men have dubbed the General Sherman. This tree measures 100 feet in circumference and 305 in height, and is the largest known. As lord in waiting—noble, but not of royal blood—the proud and dignified sugar-pine stands by; and the silver fir, stately too, is present at the imperial council. And the children too are here; royal babes in long clothes of but fifteen or

twenty years, and lads of a hundred, and the young men of from ten to fifteen hundred years—see how straight and strong and supple they are; and so tall—why, some look above the head of the king. How well their simple suits of russet become their fine figures, and how well they carry themselves. How true and loyal they are, and see how they protect their inferiors and shelter them from the sun and storm. No wonder; for the most royal blood of earth is in their veins.

And as a "cat may look at a king," so even man may invade this pleasure garden of immortals. The more than regal splendor and magnificence of their palaces he may see; he may quaff the sparkling drink that quenches their thirst and breathe the exhilarating air that they inhale. He may sleep upon the sacred ground whereon lie the



IN THE GIANT FOREST, NORTHEAST OF VISALIA

Tibbitts, photo



Tidbits, photo

*—within the Sierra region which lies due east of Visalia
to Mt. Whitney, and a score of other peaks higher than the Matterhorn*



Tidbits, photo

—magnificent pine and fir forests, clear of underbrush, stretching unbroken league upon league



Moore, photo

FROM THIS POINT HUNDREDS OF TONS OF DRIED AND CANNED FRUIT ARE SHIPPED ANNUALLY

remains of monarchs. Too deep for words the impress of their grandeur.

To the California county of Tulare, of which Visalia is the county-seat, Lillian Shuey pays the following poetical tribute:

TULARE

"Old Tulare," loved and fair,
Memory keeps it in her care.
To my loving eyes it seems
Firmament of fondest dreams;
Orchard, meadow, hedge, and town,
Cloud-capped mountains looking down,
Wide Tulare, thou art best,
Dearest home land of the West!

Oaks with branches thick and low
By the pleasant rivers grow;
Meadows sweet with clover spread
Lure you through their depth to tread,
While the golden butterflies,
Flashing, fluttering, round you rise,
Fanning all the perfumed air
Round the rose-sweet gardens there.

Fruit trees bending, breaking low
Where the shaded waters flow;
Fig trees burdened more than all
Letting luscious treasures fall;
Grapes of Eschol, purpling, sweet,
In their leafy low retreat;
Golden gleams among the trees—
Apples of Hesperides.

Gorgeous roses trained to grace
Deck the bright, new cottage place,
Or, more lovingly they fall
'Gainst the brown old homestead wall,
Where the kindly pioneer
Tells you of that famous year,
When he came and settled there
In the land beyond compare.

Old, old homes today as fair!
Wings of peace are brooding there,
O'er the river's quiet tide,
O'er the tree-clad mountain side,
Orange groves and orchards bright
Olive lanes and harvests white,—
God be with the dwellers there
In that land beyond compare.



Drawing by Oscar Bryn

A California Vacation

By JAMES R. DAY, D.D.

The writer of the following enthusiastic tribute to California is Chancellor of Syracuse University, and one of the best known and most popular clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal church. He has the peculiar distinction, also, of being one of the few men who has ever declined a bishopric. At the recent national convention of the Methodist church in Los Angeles, California, he was elected a bishop, but declined the high honor, explaining that he considered his abilities better fitted to fulfil the duties of his present educational position:

CALIFORNIA, now in the middle of Uncle Sam's possessions, is our country's natural vacation ground, adapted to every month of the year and to people of every physical condition and mental temperament. It has every climate under the sun, including in its valleys and mountains the extremes of heat and cold. And by ample railway facilities one can pass from one to the other in rapid succession. The scenery varies from the blue waters of the bay and ocean to the unrivaled sequoias of the Yosemite, from the beautiful valleys to the foothills and sublime heights of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

One is amazed at the agricultural capacity of the state. The delusion that its chief product is the precious metals has been dispelled by an endless procession of trains eastward, loaded with fruits and grains from its inexhaustible valleys, and the fleets of great steamers and sailing ships that constantly are passing out of the Golden Gate with all kinds of merchandise. Perhaps nowhere in the civilized world can a man support himself upon so few acres with so little labor. Nowhere else can he work so many days in sunshine with so little fatigue from oppressive climatic conditions. On the same patch of ground every variety of fruit and vegetables will grow. The air is fragrant with fruits and flowers. Yet it is no place for the lazy and shiftless. Nature out there, as everywhere, seems to resent such imposition.

I went for a vacation. I found it among the mountains of the north coast,—a camp in the redwoods. A tent, well worn, for there was no fear of rain; dreaming days, without heat or mosquito or thunder shower; the air an invigorating ozone, fragrant with wild flowers and tuned by bird-notes both strange and familiar; warm in the sunshine, cool in the shade. The train passed up at noon and left the papers, and went back a couple of hours later to leave us undisturbed in our solitude. What a place to sleep! For exercise, you can climb a mountain and look out upon the Pacific, which must have been named in summer. You can catch a black bass or shoot a cottontail or wild dove for your table, which is set in the open among the trees. But you can sleep,—until you are rested. You return to business, not by a hard-pushing purpose, but by fulness and radiance of life.

It is a long way from home? I thought so when I went by the isthmus years ago, but it is not so now. It was June 30th, at 3:40 P. M., when we took the New York Central fast mail. It was July 4th, about the same hour, San Francisco time, when we left the 'cross-bay ferry steamer at Market street. A night's sleep, and the next noon we were in camp. Five great roads working as one had carried us across the continent in incredibly brief time. A generous policy is making the tours of the common people practicable and making California accessible for those to whom it has been hitherto only a dream.

ALL ABOUT ANGELS

BY S. H. SMITH



Being the Narrative of a Summer Venture Into the Bret Harte Region of the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California

Photographs by Tibbitts

“THE Grand Canyon is all right, but we haven't the time to take it in on this trip.”

This is the remark that greeted my ears as I entered the room of a San Francisco hotel and found the doctor and his wife discussing the question where they could go for a couple of days' recreation, whereupon I asked them if they had ever taken the trip to Angels in Calaveras county.

“No,” was the answer; “what is there to see?”

“Come and find out for yourself,” I replied, “and if you are not satisfied when you return, I will pay your railroad fares.”

So the following morning found us on the 8:30 boat en route to Oakland, taking the Southern Pacific train

through Niles and the Livermore valley to Stockton, where we transferred to the train running over the Stockton branch to Oakdale, the junction point with the Sierra railway. The train from Stockton is run jointly by the two railway companies, so that there was no further transfer until we arrived at Jamestown—the Jintown of early days; and here began the journey proper, as my friends had been over the earlier portion of the trip a number of times.

Jamestown is the junction of the main line and the Angels branch, and of itself is worthy a visit, so let us start from here. As one stands on the platform in front of the Hotel Nevills, there is a beautiful view of Table mountain, with Pulpit Rock directly in front. The air itself seems full of Bret Harte,



WATER-WHEEL OF AN OLD ARASTRA NEAR CROCKERS

and the conversation naturally turns to "Truthful James," to "Poverty Flat" (only a half mile distant), to "Whiskey Hill," and to other points made famous by this writer of early days. Jintown

is one of the oldest towns in the state and in the early '50s was a place of several thousand people. The old placer mines are a tradition of the past, but instead thereof we now find a number of well-known quartz mines, steadily boring into the earth and extracting goodly quantities of gold. Almost in sight are the Harvard and Crystalline mines, while on the other side of Quartz mountain, and only a couple of miles away, are the Dutch, App, Golden Rule, and Jumper properties.

Our train is waiting for us, so it's "All aboard!" But before starting, the train itself is worthy a moment's notice. The curves on the branch preclude the use of regulation equipment; consequently the cars have been specially built for the service and are not much over one half the length of an ordinary coach, the engine being one of the geared pattern, a Shay.

Leaving Jamestown, the road crosses Woods creek at the north end of the town and immediately commences a stiff climb to Table mountain cut, the highest point on the branch. Swinging to the right



LAKE JESSIE AND MOUNT DANA IN THE BRET HARTE COUNTRY



A FIELD OF BLUE LUPINES ON TABLE MOUNTAIN WHERE "TRUTHFUL JAMES" WORKED HIS POCKET



ON THE WAY TO ANGELS, NEAR TUTTLETOWN, WHERE BRET HARTE ONCE TAUGHT SCHOOL



FROM IRVINE TO ANGELS IS BUT THREE MILES, AND THE TRACK IS NEARLY LEVEL. THIS IS IN THE HEART OF THE RICHEST GOLD-MINING REGION OF CALIFORNIA WHICH GAVE TO HARTE THE FANCIES AND CHARACTERS OF HIS ROMANCES



FIRST VIEW OF TUOLUMNE, THE HOME OF "ROSE OF TUOLUMNE"



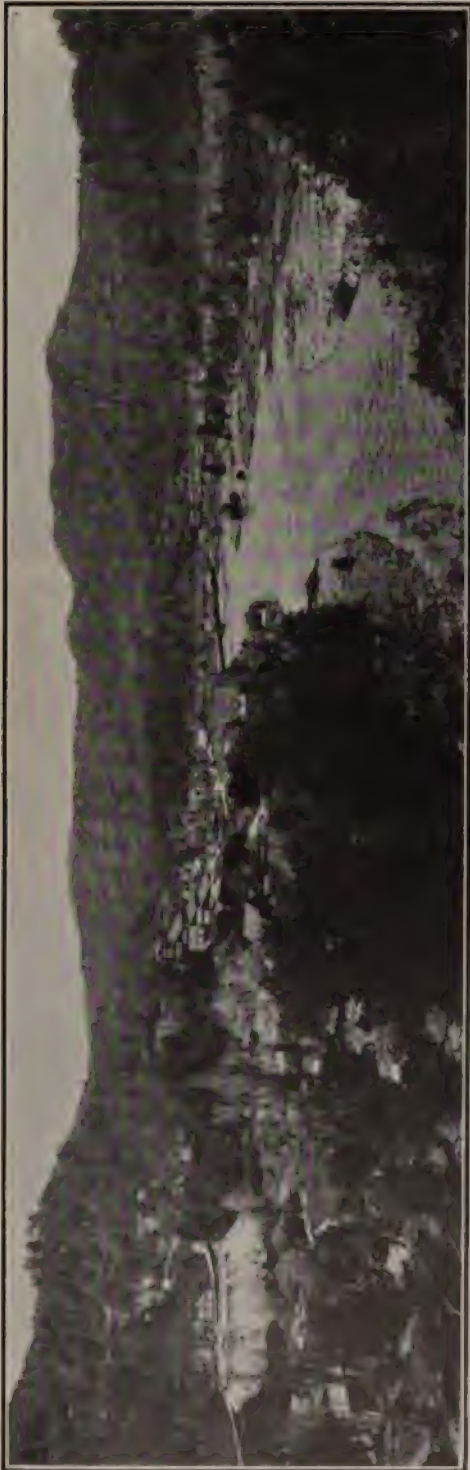
Angela Comp • the mines themselves are right in the heart of the town

after leaving the cut, the famous Rawhide mine, one of the greatest gold producers in the country, comes into view, and from here to the end of the line the road follows the mother lode. In succession come the Rappahannock, Alameda, Alabama and other mining properties. Next is a little settlement called Jeffersonville, and the road, following the western slope of the mountain, quickly brings Tuttletown into view.

Old timers boast that Bret Harte once taught school here, and in that way acquired knowledge of the localities in this vicinity that he afterward worked into his writings. Mark Twain clerked in the only store in the town at the same time. The town itself is a small village nestling at the foot of Jackass Hill, the latter being a veritable quarry of gold. Nearly all of this hill is owned by James Gillis, the original "Truthful James," and is covered by parties working small pocket mines "on shares."

The road has been steadily down grade since leaving Table mountain cut, and, shortly after leaving Tuttletown, the train comes to an abrupt stop, seemingly having run into the face of the mountain. This is, in fact, the upper end of a switchback, there being two on the branch, this and another on the other side of the Stanislaus river. Here the Norwegian mine is in sight, only a few hundred feet from the track. The train now backs down the center arm of the switchback about three quarters of a mile to the lower end, and then goes forward in the regulation manner. Very soon one gets a glimpse of the Stanislaus river and, after rounding a curve, the stream is in full view, with the track on the opposite side of the stream winding up hill again.

Melones consists of the Melones mine and the buildings belonging to it. The mine is an immense body of low-grade ore, which requires working on an extensive scale to make it profitable. The mill has 60 stamps dropping day and night, and will be increased to 100 stamps in the coming spring.



The Stanislaus river, just below Melones, sweeps around a bluff on a huge arc, nearly completing a circle

Crossing the river on an iron bridge fifty-five feet above the level of the river, the road makes a sweep to the left, but almost at once starts the second switch-back and begins to climb Carson Hill at a steady three-per-cent grade (160 feet to the mile). The view from the north bank of the river surpasses that which has been seen so far, as the road has been dug into the side of the mountain, so that for the next three miles one has an uninterrupted and ever-changing view, with the river steadily dropping down and becoming smaller. The Stanislaus river, just below Melones, sweeps around a bluff on a huge arc, nearly completing a circle, and the knoll thus inclosed is frequently referred to as the "island." Just opposite the island the road turns to the right, and the view from here is one long to be remembered. The place has been endowed with the euphonious name of Gee Whiz Point, and when some nervous passenger sees it for the first time from the rear platform, the bank dropping straight down for nearly 1,000 feet, the first part of the name naturally drops from the lips.

The road turns here and follows up Carson creek for a short distance. On the opposite bank of the creek one sees an old chlorination plant, and about one half mile further up stands an old mill, the property of former Senator Jones of Nevada, which has not been operated for a number of years. The advent of the railroad has resurrected this, with other properties, and the plant will shortly be running, as new people have recently bonded the property and will re-open it on a large scale.

About one mile beyond this mill is a small hamlet, called Irvine, but better known to old timers as Carson Hill. In early days Carson Hill counted among its prominent citizens the late James G. Fair of Bonanza fame, he at that time being superintendent of the Morgan mine, and the family residence is still standing within a few feet of the railroad track. In this same Morgan mine was found the largest nugget of gold ever dug up in the United States, the



—an uninterrupted and ever-changing view
with the river steadily dropping down and becoming smaller

nugget weighing 195 pounds and being valued at \$43,534. This was in 1851.

From Irvine to Angels is but three miles, and the track is nearly level, so that the Cross shaft on the hillside, one

of the large and extensive properties of the Utica Mining Company, soon comes to view and the train slows up and comes to a stop as the station is reached.



The place has been endowed with the euphonious name of Gee Whis Point

Angels Camp is a mining town pure and simple, depending entirely upon that industry for its existence, and the mines themselves are right in the heart of the town. Proceeding up Main street, one passes in succession the old Utica, the Lightner, Angels and Sultana mines, while adjoining these on either side are the Gold Hill, Crystal, Maltman, Cross, and others. New life seems to have been infused into this territory with

the advent of the Sierra Railway, and properties which have been dormant for years are being re-opened; while others that have been tied up in litigation are gradually being freed from the meshes of the law and resuming their place among the producers in this section.

On the return trip the next morning,



*Leaving Jamestown, the road crosses Woods creek
and commences a stiff climb to Table mountain* * * *

I asked the doctor if he wished his money back for his tickets.

"No, most emphatically!" was the reply; "not only that, but I am coming up again. While at the hotel, I was told of a very beautiful cave at Murphys, and I also find that the Calaveras Big Trees are not far away."

A Song of Praise

TO WILLIAM KEITH, THE CALIFORNIA PAINTER

By BERTHA MONROE RICKOFF

Men say he paints with skill; God knows he prays.
He prays for glories from the great unknown,
Until his spirit lifted up has grown
To unity with everlasting ways,
And contemplation crowns his patient days
With insight. Then the truth of God alone
Upon his canvas speaks, its every tone
In color radiant, a song of praise.
He paints the power of the adoring hills,
The litany that through the forest thrills,
The peace that on the placid wheat-field lies,
The benediction of the sunset skies,
Till beaten paths and daily sights confess
The secret of eternal consciousness.

Forests Grown While You Wait

Some Straightaway Facts about the Precocity of Trees in the Kern Delta, of California

By EDWARD T. HOUGHTON

Photographs by the author

To cultivate an untilled field, to plant fruit trees, to destroy noxious animals, to bring water to a dry and barren land, were all actions beneficial to mankind, and, therefore, most agreeable to the Divinity, who wills perpetually the highest happiness of his creatures.—*Tytler's History.*

ONE of the earliest, and one of the most extensive of the irrigation systems of California was inaugurated in Kern county in the year 1868. From this beginning has followed, with rapid strides, the development of a vast water system which today supplies with water hundreds of thousands of acres, which were formerly expanses of sage-brush desert and arid plains. It is with this area of territory, and more particularly with what is known as Kern island, that this article has to deal. Kern island, so called, is not now and never was an island. It is a strip of land extending due south from the city of Bakersfield to the bed of the now dry Kern lake, a distance of fifteen miles,—bounded on the east by the old channel called South Fork through which the waters of the Kern river formerly flowed on their course to the lake, and on the west by Old river, a branch of the present river channel. It is the presence of these boundary water channels that has led to the adoption of the term island as applied to the surrounded territory.

Water for the purpose of irrigation is in great part supplied to the island through the Kern island canal which holds the first or superior right to divert water from the Kern river. By means of the main canal, with its branches and innumerable laterals, water is brought to, and distributed over, the greater part of this expansive acreage and has resulted in the establishment of several large and numerous small ranches, bearing

crops which for size and quality compare favorably with the best.

It is with the growth of the trees that this article is concerned, and may the writer not be adjudged guilty of departure from that particular subject, when he introduces his remarks by reference to the growth of a grape-vine and the crop of grapes produced upon it in one year,—for this particular grape-vine is a veritable tree. The Alameda vine, now thirteen years old, was planted when three years of age in its present location on the Alameda Farm in the year 1893. The arbor projected for its support was so constructed that the vine could grow over it to the north, the east, and the west, leaving the trunk and the ground above the root of the vine ever unshaded and fully exposed to the rays of the sun. In the fall of 1902 the trunk measured eighteen inches in circumference, and the vine had grown to extend, from tip to tip, over an arbor having a frontage of one hundred and forty feet, and covered the greater part of the same to a depth of forty feet. There was picked from this single vine in that season over one ton of grapes. Witness the following:

ALAMEDA FARM, Kern Co., Cal.
15th Oct., 1902.

This is to certify that I, Antonio Azevado, picked from the Alameda vine on the above farm on the 14th and 15th of October, 1902, two thousand and twenty-two and one-half (2,022 ½) pounds of Isabella grapes.

(Signed) ANTONIO AZEVEDO.

Witness:

(Signed) E. T. HOUGHTON.



—a bare stretch of plain may be converted, in less than a decade, into . . . a grove

The accompanying picture shows only a portion of the vine. On a neighboring arbor it was no uncommon thing for well-established vines to put forth laterals seventy feet and over, in a single season.

Nature has provided this section of country none too generously with shade trees, the indigenous cottonwood and willow doing duty jointly. It is a remarkable circumstance that there is not a single oak tree and not more than a dozen sycamores on the whole island,

while the main channel of the river is lined with those trees for miles above the point of diversion of the Kern Island canal.

This lack of variety in the native trees is in a measure compensated for by the great variety of form in which the cottonwood grows, now tall and slender and with the light foliage of the sycamore, again massive, low, and spreading with the thick foliage of the oak, or tall and majestic like the elm. This tree, in long trailing stretches or in bold



—a driveway lined on one side with . . . ash trees and palms, and on the other with chestnut and pecan trees



—where even the noonday sun can scarcely penetrate

groups, marks the level landscape with its luxuriant green in summer and with the rugged outline of its naked limbs in winter. Here and there it will stretch away in a regular, straight line for a mile or more marking an ancient fence whose posts were formed of branches cut from the parent trees. The vitality of the tree is sometimes the source of no small degree of annoyance to the settler, and a row of budding fence-posts has caused the chagrin of more than one resourceful and thrifty farmer who has sought to defeat the reproductive process

of nature by setting his improvised fence-posts upside down.

But it awaits only the smallest effort of man to relieve this immense plain of the monotony, if such it can be considered, of its tree life. The foreign sapling, once established and favored with a moderate amount of moisture until its rootlets can strike down, will soon expand into a spreading tree. A bare stretch of plain may be converted, in far less than a decade, into what may be dignified fairly with the title of a grove; an open driveway may in less time



—fresh green corn contributed somewhat to relieve the winter's landscape



A QUARTER OF THE VINE ON THE ALAMEDA FARM, FROM WHICH OVER A TON OF GRAPES WERE PICKED IN ONE SEASON

become a shaded lane into which even the noonday sun can scarcely penetrate.

One of the views here shown pictures a driveway, lined on one side with alternate Texas or Arizona ash trees and palms which were eight years old at the date the photograph was taken, and on the other with chestnut and pecan trees, then twelve years of age. The ash trees at that time averaged about fifty-three inches in circumference, measured at a distance of one foot from the ground where the trunk had assumed a regularly

cylindrical form. The largest measured fifty-five inches and was about sixty feet in height. The palms averaged twenty feet in height. The chestnut trees measured almost uniformly forty-two to forty-four inches one foot above the ground and are overtopped by the ash trees. The pecans, forest trees, are considerably taller than the ash, and are of an average girth of forty inches.

There is, perhaps, no more striking or convincing demonstration of the practical results of irrigation than is shown



SUMMER STABLES ON THE ALAMEDA FARM



WHEAT GROWN ON LAND WHICH WAS FORMERLY AN ARID PLAIN

in the tree growth of this locality. The trees which are here described are so situated that they receive flooding almost every month in the year; other trees of the same varieties and of the same age, grown on a neighboring avenue, but receiving one irrigation a year, are at least three years behind in growth.

Such are some of the results of planting and waiting; but Nature, with only the trifling contribution of an occasional flooding by the turning of water into ditches running under the trees, rewards man with a generous and ample return.

A visit to the Alameda Farm, situated on Kern island ten miles south of Bakersfield, will readily convince the skeptic who doubts that earth, air, sunshine, and water can produce such results. Prior to the year 1889 a more desolate ranch-house could not be pictured than was exhibited in the old Spanish adobe which stood straight and gaunt above an unbroken level plain expanding in long stretches to the distant Coast Range on the west, to the Sierra Nevada on the south and east, and rolling away to the north in the vast,



THIS FIELD OF BARLEY ON KERN ISLAND SHOWS HOW EASILY A MAN CAN GET LOST IN A CALIFORNIA GRAIN FIELD



EARTH, AIR, SUNSHINE, AND WATER CAN PRODUCE SUCH RESULTS IN DOUBLE QUICK TIME

vast valley of the San Joaquin. The desolation and utter monotony of the immediate surroundings were relieved each spring by the annual crop of corn, whose fresh green contributed somewhat to relieve the rigor of the winter's landscape.

In 1889 the owner of this farm commenced the carrying out of a preconceived plan to relieve the barrenness of the ground immediately surrounding the ranch-house. A large lawn was set out and beds arranged for roses. Borders of bulbous plants and shrubs were

planted. In 1895 the scheme for tree planting was inaugurated, the lawn having become well set and a sod formed. Photographs truthfully tell the story of the changes wrought by succeeding years, changes which were ever progressing in geometric ratio. For the first few years the growth, while perceptible, contributed in no great degree to a decided breaking up of the expanse of treeless stretches; gradually vistas were formed, which as the years rolled on were closed by the spreading growth of green. This growth has, in fact, so far



This growth has far outstripped what had been anticipated



WHERE TREES HAVE HAD BUT A FEW YEARS FOR DEVELOPING

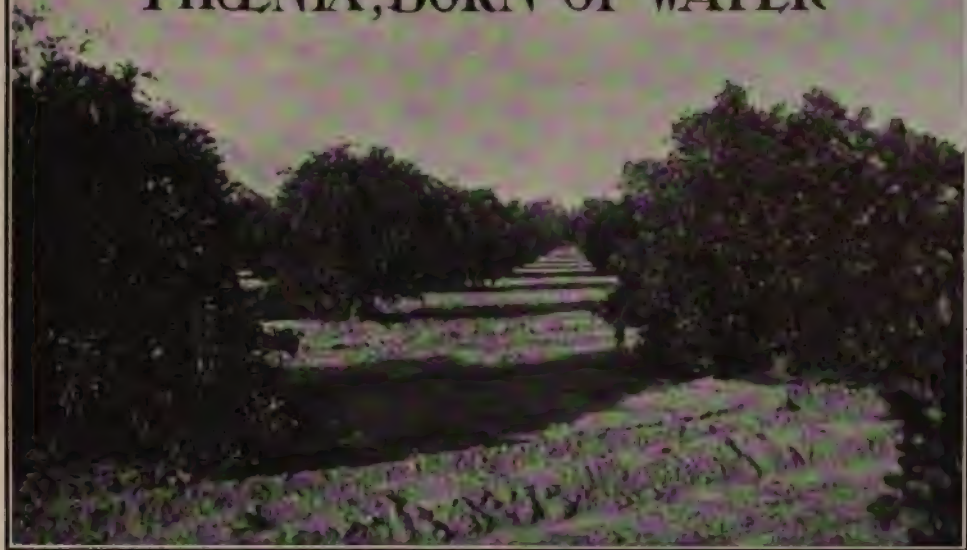
outstripped what had been anticipated, that what were designed as avenues of view have failed of their original purpose. Ere long there must be a sacrifice unless the grove is to be preserved intact as a group of specimen trees. Among these are to be found the New England, English, French, Huntington, and Camperdown elms, also the variegated and purple leaved varieties; magnolias, birches, deciduous cypress, the oak, horse-chestnut, mulberry, also American and English walnuts, and the tulip, service, linden and Judas trees.

Elm trees, which were three inches in circumference when set out about eight years ago, measure today thirty-eight to fifty inches, one foot above the ground. The most rapid growth is exhibited by the English elm, one of which trees reached a height of sixty-eight feet, representing an average growth of almost eight feet a year. Poplar striplings set out the same year measure today sixty to seventy-two inches in circumference, and a mulberry tree planted one year earlier has attained the remarkable girth of sixty-seven inches.



A CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION OF THE RESULTS OF IRRIGATION

PHENIX, BORN OF WATER



WHERE WATER HAS TOUCHED THE DESERT

By J. O. DUNBAR

ARIZONA, with its marvelous past and bright future, with its history dating anterior to the landing of the Mayflower, with its great developed and undeveloped resources, with its thousands of acres of virgin soil, and immense deposits of gold, copper, silver, and other precious metals; with its thousands upon thousands of square miles of range land, with its vast supply of pine and other forest trees, and with its genial climate, solicits the attention of the capitalist, the homeseeker and the tourist to the golden opportunities now awaiting them in this land of promise.

The territory of Arizona contains 113,000 square miles, and within the limits of this vast empire metals known to the mineralogist, trees that are useful to commerce, vegetables that the appetite of man demands, and figs, vines, dates, oranges, lemons and pomegranates find a home.

Under the magic touch of water, Maricopa county, containing the beautiful Salt River valley, is on the verge of entering upon a new and important era, for the government has undertaken

the improvement of the irrigation system and the transformation of arid lands into garden spots. The average resident of the eastern states cannot understand how population can exist, as it does in the West, where six months pass sometimes between showers. Yet it does exist, and in prosperity. The uncertainty of direct rainfalls for crops already is removed here in a measure by means of ditches that take from the river supply the water that is distributed upon the once arid but now fertile plains. The government has undertaken to regulate in a more reliable manner and to increase manifoldly the supply for irrigation by the conservation of flood-water.

There are about 150,000 acres in Salt River valley under cultivation, of which probably sixty per cent has been insufficiently irrigated during the past three years, and seldom has there been an adequate water supply for the reclaimed land within the last decade. There are located, however, under the canals already built 254,000 acres of land which are barren, but are susceptible

of a high degree of cultivation and production when fed by the flow of the Verde river and the conserved floodwaters of the Salt river.

When the government determined to expend \$3,000,000 in the construction of the Salt river dam, sixty miles north-east of Phoenix, it took the first step in the creation of the greatest artificial lake on earth. The Salt river dam will be 270 feet high, attaining the greatest height of any reservoir dam in the world, and it will store 1,478,000 acre-feet of water, backing it into the mountain canyons for miles. It is to be the greatest irrigation project ever developed in this country. It means an abundant water supply for an immense district which has been in process of retrogression through thirst. It means the addition of millions upon millions to the wealth of the territory, and probably means the solution of the problem of irrigation in the West, for it is generally agreed that upon the success of this measure will depend the building of many other great irrigation works west of the Rockies. The Salt river dam site presents conditions most favorable from an engineering standpoint, and it is said to be the best site in the country for testing the efficacy of water storage and reservation. Hydrographers and construction engineers believe that this dam and reservoir will serve in the future as models for dam-building throughout irrigable regions of the western part of the country.

Aside from the favorable engineering conditions which are probably responsible for inviting the early attention of the government, it seems a matter of justice that one or more reservoirs should be built in Arizona for the benefit of the settlers, for the reason that, owing to the lack of forest restrictions and over-grazing on the watersheds in the past, the water supply gradually has diminished and the reclaimed land has been returned to the desert. The watershed of the Salt and Verde rivers embraces more than 12,000 square miles, and was once well covered with a luxuriant growth of grasses and an undergrowth which conserved the water and

regulated the drainage. The government is now making a vigorous effort to improve conditions on the watershed, and under the administration of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, chief of the Division of Forestry, the forests are being preserved, and grazing is being restricted where it interferes with the reservoir capacities of the watersheds. This division of the government plans a re-forestation of the drainage area, and its co-operation is of distinct advantage to the reservoir.

In this or any other irrigated country a reasonable supply of water, regulated and furnished to the crops at periods of greatest need, will produce much greater crops than large supplies of water applied spasmodically and without regulation, as is done here today. With the regulation of the water supply by the reservoir, highly intensified and diversified farming will be possible. The records of the flow of the Verde river have been kept for about seven years, and the record of the Salt river for more than fourteen years, showing the water supply to be in no wise a matter of conjecture.

The place where the dam will be built is in a narrow canyon on Salt river, just below the junction of Salt river and Tonto creek. The solid bed-rock on which the dam will rest is less than twenty-five feet from the surface of the creek. This is one of the best features of this project, from an engineering standpoint, giving the foundation for the dam which will insure its stability. At both ends the dam will be built into solid rock, and, once constructed, will endure for all time. It will be so built that the heaviest flood can pour over the top of the dam without injuring it in any way. This is the most important part in the construction of dams in Arizona. The rivers of the territory are torrential in their character, rising at times with great rapidity and carrying an immense volume of water for a short time. During one month there was a solid wall of water five feet in depth pouring over the Arizona dam on Salt river. Over 400,000 inches of water were then going to waste. The river immediately sank, but even when it is



PHOENIX IS THE ENTREPOT OF THE GREAT VALLEY OF THE SALT RIVER



TYPICAL OFFICE BUILDING, PHOENIX



MARICOPA COUNTY COURT-HOUSE

comparatively low there is much water running to waste.

The cost of the dam alone will be about \$2,700,000. The cost is small in comparison with the magnitude of the work, because the rock from which the dam will be built will be quarried from the face of the canyon right at the dam. The cement used in its construction will be manufactured at the dam from materials existing in abundance in the immediate neighborhood. The power canal will leave the river above the reservoir and, running around above the water-line of the proposed reservoir, will carry the full amount of the natural flow of Salt river, which is now appropriated under the old water acts on the river. This canal will be brought down to a point

on the side of the canyon just below the dam, and then it will be dropped through a stand-pipe to the power-house, generating at least 1,500 horse-power, which will be used in manufacturing the cement, and furnishing the light and power necessary for the construction of the dam. It will require seven hundred continuous working days of twenty-four hours each to complete the structure. Electric lights will furnish the illumination at night. Once begun, the work of laying the stone and cement must be continuously carried forward until completion to insure an even strength in the structure. The water drawn from the reservoir for irrigation will be let out through gateways which can be placed at least one hundred feet above the base



In the Salt River valley, six crops of alfalfa are cut each year

of the structure. These gateways will be operated by electrical power, which will turn great screws passing down through the stonework of the dam. The height of the dam above the water surface will be two hundred and thirty feet; and the area of Tonto basin, the reservoir site, is so large that the lower one hundred feet can be given up so as to give this one hundred-foot drop for all the water drawn from the reservoir. This will generate a very large amount of power in addition to that generated from the power canal. It is estimated that over 5,000 horse-power will be generated from all sources.

One of the most remarkable features of this great project is the fact that

there are many thousands of acres of land in the Salt River valley having an ample underground supply of water within thirty to fifty feet of the surface. Every investigation so far made indicates that this underground supply is fed from the high plateaus and mountains to the northeast of the valley, and is practically inexhaustible. It is not seepage water from the present canal systems, though there is a considerable area of the valley comprising the lowlands along the river which has a good underground water supply from seepage sources. One pumping plant, about three miles southwest of Phoenix, pumps a continuous stream of two hundred inches of water from this source, which



Countless cattle ranges scattered over the country that is tributary to Phoenix



would be fully enough to irrigate a section of land.

The construction of the reservoir will regulate the flow of Salt river for fully fifty miles through the canyon between the Salt river dam and the diversion dam at the head of the valley. The river has a very considerable fall through this dam, and a large amount of electric power can be developed along this part of the river, which will increase immensely the total amount of power available for pumping.

All the land on both sides of the river at these points is government land and has been reserved from entry by the government. The purposes of the government are to reserve it permanently to increase the area of desert land that can be reclaimed by pumping water from underground sources known to exist over a wide area of territory in the Salt River valley, lying chiefly between Phoenix and Maricopa.

The capital city of Arizona is situated in the Salt River valley, and is one of the model cities of the southwest. Its present population is about 15,000, and with the completion of the Tonto basin reservoir, which is now under construction, it is believed that the city will at least double its present population.

The origin of the name of Phoenix was as suggestive as it was appropriate. The ruins of cities, whose relics only remained to tell of their former existence, were on every hand around the site of the prospective city, and although it could not be definitely ascertained, or even approximately guessed that they had been wiped out by fire, and their inhabitants exterminated by a stronger power, it was agreed to give the name of Phoenix to the new city, inasmuch as it had risen on the ruins of a previous and extinct civilization.

The site chosen for the new city was well selected. It lies, as nearly as possible, in the center of the valley, on the northern bank of the Salt river, at a point twenty-eight miles from where it enters the valley. It comes into view as a surprise to the traveler, who has for hours been traversing a barren plain covered with cactus and mesquite. On a sudden he finds himself in a perfect bower of verdure and vegetation. The city is the entrepot for the great valley of the Salt river.

The beauty of the city of Phoenix, not only that of its residences but of its natural surroundings, strikes the most unobservant visitor. The shaded streets are hardly to be matched in the world for



FEATHER FARMING IN THE SALT RIVER VALLEY

beauty. The leafy bowers that surround the residences have all the luxuriance of growth that is characteristic of the countries bordering on the tropics and fostered by a semi-tropical sun, and in few other countries can such a setting of leafy shade and sheltering boughs

be found around the homes of citizens as are found in the queen city of Arizona.

To this city come the settlers along the Gila, for a distance of a hundred miles east and west, to do their shopping and to sell the products of their ranches. From the many rich mining districts that are tributary to Phoenix come the mine-owners or the superintendents of mining companies to buy their supplies and to arrange for the shipping of their ore. From the countless cattle ranches that are scattered over the territory that is tributary to Phoenix come the proprietors for their household supplies and to arrange for the shipment of their stock to various markets.

The Salt river carries in winter a large quantity of fertilizing material of incalculable value to the soil. It is estimated that the water is worth to the land all it costs, as a fertilizer alone.

A beet-sugar factory of eight hundred tons daily capacity is being built at the town of Glendale, about ten miles to the northwest of Phoenix, by the Eastern Sugar Company. The factory will handle the product of 8,000 acres of beets. About half of this amount has been contracted for with individual growers, while the balance is to be grown on the company's lands. The buildings and the machinery of the plant will cost \$600,000.

The main buildings of the factory are of substantial steel construction on foundations of concrete and stone, with brick walls. The factory is 67 by 298 feet, and three and five stories high. The building for the boiler-house, machine shops and lime-kiln is 60 by 325 feet. The sugar warehouse is 67 by 325 feet. A beet shed 150 by 400 feet is built of concrete, stone and lumber. The working up of eight hundred tons of beets means the production of about 150,000 pounds of granulated sugar daily, and the employment of from two hundred to three hundred men in the factory. According to the average yield of beets, about 100,000 tons will be required to keep the factory going for a season, and for these about \$450,000 will be paid to the growers.



Caspar W. Hodgson, photo

EL SAGUARO



El Saguaro

El Saguaro (pronounced sa-gwar-o, with accent on the middle syllable), is the Indian name for the giant cactus, *Cereus giganteus*, a columnar species from twenty-five to fifty or more feet high, growing on the mesas and low hills of Arizona and Mexico. The wood has long been used by the Indians for lances and bows, and by settlers for rafters of adobe houses and for fencing.

By AMY DUDLEY

With its massive arms uplifted—
A candelabra grand,
In savage beauty springing
From the desert's glowing sand.

Gathering the great heart secrets
Of that sun-baked, burdened breast,
Till a purple flower of passion
Illumes each thorny crest.

Her Secret Heart

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

MISS LUCIA was thirty-nine, and that was middle aged in Marysville, that California town of New England characteristics: so indubitably middle aged that she accepted the verdict without a question, and felt secretly ashamed of certain thoughts and stirrings—which still asserted themselves on occasion—as obviously unsuited to her time of life. She was still straight and dark and slim, but she would have worn a cap if Marysville had expected caps of its junior old ladies. The quiet, gaunt family house was middle aged, too. Poverty had cut down its resources and death and marriage had taken away its youth till now the only noise about it was that of Ellen, the maid servant—for neither Miss Lucia nor Pierre could be said to make any.

Nine o'clock had struck, and Pierre, purring soundly, had opened his sleepy eyes for his good-night caresses, but Miss Lucia still sat with her elbows on her knees, staring into the fire. There was hot rebellion in her tonight, stronger even than the shame Marysville had taught her for the unseasonable vitality of her secret heart.

"An old fool is a pitiful spectacle," she said with her lips; but her eyes burned and she took the letter out of the front of her gown to read it for the twentieth time.

It would have seemed a commonplace little letter to any one who did not live in Marysville, and who was not middle aged. The writer was going to be in the town over Sunday, and hoped she remembered him and would let him come and talk about old times. He would call Sunday afternoon, and he was hers very faithfully, Gilbert Adams.

If she remembered him! Miss Lucia could have told just what waltzes were played the last time they had danced together fifteen years ago in this same drawing-room, dignified then instead of gaunt. It had been her last dance. Death and change had followed close upon it, and Gilbert Adams had gone away, and when courage and youth would have come back to her, she had found that she was middle aged.

And he was coming tomorrow. He was in the same town with her now, perhaps even strolling about the quiet streets, moonlit under the elms. He

would realize that she was no longer young, of course, and would not expect to find— She was glad she had not grown stout, anyway. The blue silk gown that he had admired so much would fit her quite as well now as it had on the night of their last dance, though it had lain untouched in a chest upstairs for fifteen years. How pretty and becoming it had been! Of course she would look absurd in such things now—

The light of rebellion deepened in her eyes and she glanced over her shoulder as though listening to a tempter. Suddenly she started up and, lighting a candle, left the room. Pierre looked after her uneasily. She had not said good night, or put out the lamp, or even closed the shutters of the long French windows.

Presently hurried, furtive steps sounded in the hall and a quaint figure entered, and closed the door. Miss Lucia's dark hair was loosened out of its usual prim arrangement and about her flowed shimmering folds of blue silk, looped and draped after an ancient pattern, with the neck cut out in a deep V, and her arms bare to the shoulder. She looked guilty, a little frightened, but above all triumphant. Candle in hand, she rustled over to the long mirror between the French windows. Pierre sat up and stared in dignified surprise. Miss Lucia turned and bowed to him.

"Not a bad neck and arms for an old lady, Pierre!" she said. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes began to look black instead of gray. She set the candle down and, lifting the blue skirt in her fingers, she held her right hand high, as though touching that of an imaginary partner, and stepped gracefully down to Pierre in the motions of first four forward and back, first four forward and bow.

"Ladies change, Pierre!" she said in an excited whisper. Her cheeks were scarlet now, and her feet began to move with new daring. "Chassez!" she commanded, and swept off sideways with her face turned back to the partner who was not there: then she came flying down upon Pierre. "Swing the lady!"

she laughed, and catching his fore paws, whirled him from his cushion.

"La l'la, la l'la," she sang—the waltz that had been the fashion fifteen years before, and danced recklessly about the room with the outraged cat, all the repressed, imprisoned life beating through her veins in sudden riotous freedom. Her cheeks were like fire and her hands were ice. She was young, young! And she was handsome, even in this queer old silk gown, and her steps were light, and her heart was as—

And then suddenly—perhaps the fire died down a little, perhaps it was the striking of the clock—the waltz broke off in the middle of a bar and, letting Pierre escape, she stood in the center of the room with her hands pressed to her cheeks. Then, throwing herself down by an old chair, she buried her face in her bare arms and cried out bitterly.

Pierre, forgiving, came and rubbed against her, and presently, with quick, sobbing breaths, she dried her cheeks and, rising slowly to her feet, pushed back the chairs as usual, and closed the shutters of the long French windows. Pierre, shouldering into her skirts, looked out wisely into the dark, but Miss Lucia's eyes were now blind with tears.

She was very middle aged indeed when Mr. Adams came the next day, but he did not seem at all dismayed. Something in his warm friendliness comforted her shamed and sore heart, till she relaxed and was more like the girl of fifteen years before than she could have believed, herself.

"What a lot we had to learn," he said with a long sigh of reminiscence. "I went away thinking I should find a world full of girls as nice as you, Lucia—whole streets of them in every city. But I never found one, not one—though it's only since the last year or so that I gave up hope!"

"And now I am a middle-aged woman," said Miss Lucia. But Pierre looked up at her so significantly that she made an excuse of the sun, streaming in the French windows, to rise and move away



for a moment. Mr. Adams exchanged a long, intelligent look with the cat and smiled to himself.

"You're not middle aged—not in your secret heart, Lucia!" he said securely.

"But I ought to be!" she faltered. He followed her across the room and drew her in front of the tall mirror.

"You are as handsome as ever," he declared. "And you'd look as young

if you'd let your hair curl, and change this black dress for—blue silk, for instance. My dear girl, what is it?" For Lucia had suddenly buried her shamed face in her hands.

"I didn't mean to hurt you. You know you used to wear blue silk," he murmured innocently; but over her bent head he and the cat exchanged another long and intelligent look.

The Art of Head-line Making

By THE ANCIENT MARINER

THE gentle art of writing head-lines for the newspapers not very often finds its highest development. It may be easy enough to write a staring, wild and woolly head for an article, a truly scare-head, but the really artistic head-line is rare. It is not very easy to formulate the principles or limitations that mark the perfect index finger for an article, but perhaps some examples may be given.

John F. Finerty was correspondent for one of the Chicago papers during the Indian war in 1877. A trooper of the company to which Finerty was attached happened to be named Paddy Nihil. He had a stiff fight single-handed with a couple of Indian braves whom he finally took into camp. It made a good story and Finerty led it with the witty head-line, "Nihil fit," an agreeable combination of Webster's dictionary Latin and the actual facts.

In the back files of a San Francisco newspaper may be found a head-line introducing a story concerning a visit paid by the Legislature during one of the historic "slickens" campaigns, to the site of an impounding dam on Bear river. An account of the visit was printed, and the head-line maker expressed his opinion of the collective wisdom of the state in the biting phrase "Solons by a Dam Site." Possibly a

little irreverent, but that may be forgiven.

An Oakland paper had a telegram one day about some international complications in which Turkey was involved. The despatch concluded with the statement that "the Porte was greatly exercised" over the affair. The telegraph editor, not having in his heart much reverence for the potentate, headed it up in a line "Exercise for the Porte," as if it might be something good for the old man's health.

It will be observed that in these examples there is a pun or play upon word in every instance, and although this is not at all essential to the perfect head-line, yet if there is a place where a pun comes in handy and is most effective it is at the top of an article in display type. It is justifiable there if anywhere.

Robert Louis Stevenson did not like the American newspaper. It is not easy for the Englishman who has been brought up and nourished on the solemn British journal to accept a style so very distinct; and the bad examples of American newspaper fashions—there are bad examples, lots of them—strike him with a sense of personal injury. In "The Wrecker," Stevenson poked fun at the San Francisco press of a period which may be located somewhere in the late seventies. He quotes in derision

as an example of vulgarity a set of head-lines which may be given here:

ANOTHER OF PINKERTON'S SPICY CHATS.
ART PRACTITIONERS IN PARIS.
MUSKOGON'S COLUMNED CAPITOL.
SON OF MILLIONAIRE DODD.
PATRIOT AND ARTIST.
"HE MEANS TO DO BETTER."

It will be evident at a glance to every newspaperman that no such head could ever have appeared in an American newspaper, at least of that period. Mr. Stevenson had not mastered the mechanism of the art because this head is built the wrong way. The first line is the longest, whereas it should have been the shortest to admit of being set in a one-column line of large type. As for the spirit of the lines, that is another matter. It will happen sometimes that the horse reporter, or his equivalent in other fields, will get hold of an interview on art matters, and if it is news there is no time to put it in proper shape.

Politics makes many a queer and peppy head-line. No one is so angry as the man who gets the worst of it in politics.

In the way of political imbecility it would be hard to outface a set of head-lines that appeared in a Cincinnati paper after Cleveland's election for a second term. Read it:

RUTH TO BENNIE—NOW 'OO DIT OUT,
BENNIE M'TEE, MY PAPA'S TUMIN' BAT
ADAIN, AN' I'SE TUMIN' TOO. 'OO WILL HAVE
TO DIV ME DAT WATTLE-BOX AND 'SPRESS
WAGON, AN' 'OO GAN'PA WILL HAVE TO DIV
HIS WOOM TO MY PAPA. 'OO SINK 'OOSE
SMART TOZ 'OO LIVES IN DE WHITE HOUSE.
BUT 'OO DIS NEVER MIND; WHEN MY PAPA
TUMS BACK, AND I DIT IN YOUR PLAY HOUSE
AND DIT ALL DEM NICE SINGS, 'OO SHAN'T
TUM IN AND PLAY; I DON'T WANT 'OO TO
EVER SPEAK TO ME ANY MORE, 'TAUSE I'M
MAD TO YOU.

There are newspapermen who maintain that it pays to be foolish and ridiculous in print sometimes, because it makes people talk about you, and if that was the object of the writer of the lines quoted he should have been pleased, happy and content.

The alliterative head-line has hurt the feelings of the just as well as the unjust many a time and oft. It has come to be

regarded in newspaper offices as the unpardonable sin, although it was at one time very fashionable. You rarely see it nowadays except in articles that have an advertising flavor. A more than usually offensive example is quoted:

PLAYFUL PLETHORIC PLEASURE—BUXOM BEAUX
AND BEAUTIFUL BELLES BOWL OVER THE BIL-
LONS AND BATHE IN THE BRINE—A ROSY
RESPLENDENT REGATTA—READABLE RAYS OF
RACY WRIT ABOUT A RINGING RIVALRY OF
RURAL BOWERS AND A RISORIAL ROUND
OF RUSTIC RACES.

This was used to introduce an article booming a summer resort.

A combination of rhyming head-lines with badly mangled quotations delighted the soul of a certain editor inspired long years ago by the prize fight between Sullivan and Corbett at New Orleans, and this is how it struck him:

WHO'LL CARE FOR SULLY NOW?—BUT YESTER-
DAY HE MIGHT HAVE STOOD AGAINST THE
WORLD—NOW NONE SO MEAN TO DO HIM RE-
VERENCE—THEY TOOK HIM UP TENDERLY, THEY
HANDLED WITH CARE, THE BIG ONE FROM
BOSTON—THE BOY FROM KILDARE—SMASHED
WAS HIS NOSE IN—BLOODY HIS FACE,
BLACKED WERE HIS EYES TWO, GONE WAS
HIS GRACE—FOR CORBETT THE YOUNG ONE,
CORBETT THE CHIEF, KNOCKED ALL HIS BLOW
OUT, POUNDED HIS BEEF, BRANDED HIS
BREAST PLATE, TOYED WITH HIS LIP, CARVED
OUT HIS EAR FLAPS—JUMPED ON HIS HIP,
DID HIM UP BEAUTIFULLY, SO NEAT AND
SO FAST, DID CORBETT THE YOUNG ONE, FAIR
FRISCO'S BRAVE LAD—BUT TEARS THEY COME
NEVERTHELESS TO THINK OF THE MONEY
THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WON—THE FIGHT-
ERS—AT THE RINGSIDE—HOW THE NEWS
WAS RECEIVED HERE.

There is a painful slump from the high poetic levels of the start to the bald, disjointed prose of the tail.

Any reference to the art of head-line making would be incomplete without something about the baseball man, God bless his crooked English. There are times when he thinks he owns the paper, and only tolerates with superior scorn the high lights of the editorial room. But he has a large constituency who love his luxuriant absurdities and copy his extravagant airs. He revels in curious metaphor, and is happy in a nickname. The uninitiated may not quite understand or be able to classify the nature of the insect which he describes

as a "red-hot fly," nor perhaps are they prepared to fall down and worship the "smiling mickeys" of the field, but they find these phenomena—the baseball man calls them "phenoms"—put under their nose all the summer long, and the best thing for them to do is to come into camp and accept the gorgeous display not as a nightmare, but as a benediction.

Remember that on a recent occasion when a test of wireless telegraphy was being made between the Golden Gate and a transport well out to sea on the way to Manila, the one bit of information those gallant soldiers wanted was: "Who won the baseball game?" Given that knowledge they were fortified and thrice armed to meet the foe.

Over the Kearsarge Trail

By MARY AUSTIN

Author of "Winnedumah," "The Land of Little Rain" and other stories.

THE particular distinction of the Kearsarge trail is that it does not go to Kearsarge. It goes toward it, round about the flanks, sidles and dips and, just at the point where it seems about to scale the southern wall, sheers away westward and leaves the bulk of the mountain standing sentinel to the pass that takes its name. Mt. Kearsarge fronts so boldly on the valley, scorning foothill approaches; rises so nakedly from its scant ring of pines, wears so constant a coronal of snow on its cone-shaped peak, that you understand at once how its Indian name should be *Bo-kee-nap*, meaning chief.

The beginning of the Kearsarge trail, if you go west from the railroad, is at Independence, very properly, too, since they were originally responsible for each other; a dear little town, a rare little town, a town with a history, a town where are curiously commingled the last savors of golden romance with the scents of ploughed fields and fruiting orchards, a town putting up new enterprise like a perennial shrub sprouting through the faded petals of its early bloom, a town where one meets the latest fashions going about the streets and the newest magazines lurking in parlors, and finds quaint, quiet-mannered old gentlemen sitting about corners who can tell hair-raising stories of adventure and privation, too modest to

know themselves the heroes of their own tales. The trail begins here, I say, and goes out along Naboth's field, keeping parallel with Pine creek with its single file of pines linked by tradition with the stark boulder that rises out of the crest of the opposite Inyo range. Midway between the town and the mountains the trail crosses the line of the Sierra Reserve, and crosses another trail not set down on the maps nor advertised by any signs patent to tourist understanding. Here, between the farming lands and the reserve, pass and re-pass twice in the year wandering shepherds with a hundred thousand sheep, going north in summer to the Sierra pastures, going south at the beginning of snows to the winter pastures of the coast hill ranges. Hereabout the slope is clothed with social shrubs, *artemesia*, *coleogeny* and *biglovia* (bitter brush, which you will know by its minute foliage and shaggy, fibrous bark), and nearest the hills vivid green hummocks of leafless *ephedra*, a twig of which, when chewed, is a corrective of thirst, at least to some degree.

One usually gets over this part of the trail in considerable distraction of mind, the attention wandering from the tremendous cliffs of Williamson on the south, to the tight, steep front of Kearsarge, or to the enchanted, mirage-breeding vista of the valley where White

mountain rears in mid-air its opalescent bulk.

The trail keeps on steadily up the slope; birches begin to appear along the creek, great patches of vermilion painted-cup grow, with rank ferns, among the willows; pines stand closer together, the mountain nears and grows less. The creek is forded at the lower limit of silver firs, from which turn the sound of its gliding and falling waters follows the traveler to the knife-edge pass. First after the ford is the ruined mill of Rex Monte, beyond it the wreck of two others and traces of what was once a mining town. Mines were discovered here as long ago as 1864, and worked profitably to within twenty years. The town was chiefly remarkable for the snow-slide that obliterated it. The mountain threatens still upon the north. Down in Independence there are still some of those quiet old gentlemen who can tell you of this and of the pass which they knew when it was a footpath trodden only by wild sheep, and Indians almost as wild as they. Around the sharp iron-stained peaks of the northern canyon wall there are still open shafts and tunnels in unthawable earth that mines like brittle ice. The trail keeps far below them, but above the stream-tangle and the configuration of the canyon keep the gaze turned always toward the serrate ridge of the pass or back to the fawn-colored valley and its eastern barrier of desert hills. The air is always warm here, always heavy with the scent of sun-steeped shrubs that so secretly entangle themselves with the rocks and with one another that only the accustomed eye can form any idea of the numbers and variety of them: manzanita, buckthorn, spiny burrs of chinquapin, brightened and blended by bindweed and sulphur-flower. Below the old town is a colony of young firs, with here and there a three-hundred-year-old shaft supporting its fan-spread crown. There are trout anywhere in these waters, from the mesa to the last but one of the jade-green lakes, but there is too much brush along the stream for successful casting until Onion valley is reached.

Onion valley is a considerable widening of the canyon, the confluence of three rifts in three noisy creeks; a place of good pasture and open waters. Off to the right a creek falling over a precipice streams out like a white scarf on the wind, to the left unseen cascades under cover of sharp boulders and thickets of quaking asp come sounding down from Snow canyon. In front a barrier scantily clothed with shrubs cuts off the view of the pass and seems itself the journey's end, but down it comes Kearsarge creek and up it go the panting pack trains, resting often to look out over the valley with the roads beginning to stand out whitely from the sage, and the river showing only its green borders like a great vine sprawling over a warm, brown wall; or sometimes straining forward for glimpses of the nearing peaks of the pass. But, however much you may intend to keep your eye upon it, you never quite catch Kearsarge in that juggling of high places which the Psalmist must have had in mind when he wrote, "The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs." You think you know very well where Kearsarge should be to the right, and University Peak in front, but when you come to the top of the barrier they have skipped to distant and unrelated places. The view of University Peak from Bryanthus is the best, but so impressive is its naked head from any point that, once located after leaving Onion valley, it becomes the guidon of the way, constantly beckoning the traveler to journey in its direction.

The trail goes on, and you with it, resisting the temptation to linger in little soggy vales of pleasantness, or to sun yourself on stony slopes in the fragrant white drift of meadow-sweet, or to explore hanging meadows where there are a million asters and tall yellow lilies growing amid the fern. Nobody has any real right to slight a mountain trail, and a week is a moderate time to give to this one, but sordid souls, bent merely upon getting there, make the pass in a few hours.

The lakes that lie in the dips and glacier-worn hollows east of it are seven

in number, with pot-holes and shallow pools beside, though all but two of the largest are hidden from the casual eye. Of these the highest of all is reputed bottomless in neighborhood lore, and Flower and Gilbert lakes, lying within hail of each other, are favorite camping places of the townspeople. Here you really must stop if for nothing but the fishing. Bait in the shape of larvæ is to be found on the under sides of sticks and stones, and no sort of skill is necessary to get some sort of a catch from these well-stocked waters. The hidden lakes may be found, like rare birds, by the song of the waters that flow from them, crooning under willows, gurgling about glacier slips or tinkling from the icy edges of disjointed stones.

I am convinced that every flower that grows at this altitude is to be found about these lakes by looking for it; at least, I know of none that first or last has not been identified here; purple and white heather,—and though the secret of heather ale may be lost, tea of white heather is not to be despised—great mats of cassiope sprinkled with white bells, and in the damp meadows monk's-hood, shooting-star and broad leaved, false hellebore. As for saxifrage and such small fry there is no end of them. Somewhere about Flower lake—I can hardly give myself leave to tell you just where—there is the finest plantation of white columbine to be found in this part of the Sierra.

The trail goes on, however; mysteriously under the pines, perilously over stony places; the trees grow smaller and crouch in the habit they have learned under nine months of deep-piled snows, and little plats of rosy primroses come out along the slope contending with meager drifts for the shelter of the largest boulders. The cheery whistle of the Douglas squirrel drops behind with the larger pines, and only the shrill jargon of Clark's crow follows the traveler so far. The horses pick their way over such a quantity of sharp, loose stones that look to be newly spread down from the threatening steep that one gets all the excitement of impending avalanches without the least fear of their

dangers. After this comes the Staircase, and why it should be attributed to the devil's workmanship is no mystery. The tortuous windings of it, the bleak wall on one side and the sharp descent on the other, and the winking pool far below it, like an evil eye, are quite enough to give you serious doubt of the guide's assurance—which let me hasten to make doubly sure—that no accident has ever happened here. Beyond all these, beyond a considerable waste of broken boulders, beyond the highest of the tortured white-bark pines, lies the pass.

A mountain pass! I suppose there is no prospect so bleak, none so desert, none so stripped of verdure and forbidding of form and line, but the very phrase would lend it something of interest and inspiration. Kearsarge pass, as one nears it by the trail, looks to be a mere sag in a very jagged, snuff-colored saw-tooth, but it commands a wonderful spread of country; canyons and piney woods, steel-colored lakes, and lesser hills buttressed against stark and awful domes. Eastward the rift through which the trail has climbed plunges with dark intention toward the middle earth, with Kearsarge keeping ward over the place of its disappearance. Out over the valley, drowned in mist, floats at your level a froth of cloud, and down at the bottom the town and all the huddling patches of green that you guess to be farms lie like dregs in a cup. Westward the trail goes on down toward the lowest of a chain of trout-abounding pools called Kearsarge lakes, having their source in the perpetual snows under University Peak.

In the meadow of Lake Bryanthus one must stay long enough—it is but a day as packers' count from the town—to see its imperial bulk flush and pale with the alpenglow and pulsate with light long after the neighboring hills are shadowless and deeply blue; stay long enough and go far enough to see the shining heads of the Videttes that watch over the headwaters of Kings river; but go no farther, for though the trail goes on bewilderingly in a maze of canyons, it goes under another name and the following of it is another story.



Tibbitts, photo

WHERE VACATION IDLEERS LAND FOR TALLAC

Ho, for Tahoe!

By ANNA AVIS ODELL

WITH California's famous beauty spots in mind, with deliberation and malice aforethought, I declare I've never seen a prettier view than the California shores of Lake Tahoe.

And the way hither is—but that depends upon when you go, and whether you start in the morning or evening. If to get there be your chief aim, leave San Francisco in the evening and in the morning you are there; but if you wish to avoid night travel, and see as much as possible of this wonderful state, leave San Francisco in the morning, via the Oakland ferry, and reach Sacramento in time for an early lunch before continuing the journey.

That far, the way lies mostly through the Sacramento valley. In July the whole country is sere and yellow, save where there is a clump of live oak, or where a river wends its way. As the train whizzes past farms with their thousands upon thousands of acres of wheat (surer than gold in the mine), and countless orchards bending under their wealth of fruit, the traveler realizes that it is not necessary to delve deep into the earth to prove our claim to the proud title "Land of Gold." There is more gold in the soil of California than is stored in her mighty mountains.

Shortly after leaving Sacramento the big engines begin climbing and puffing in good earnest, for Tahoe is more than six thousand feet above sea level. The scenery changes from pastoral to grand; from grand to grandeur too great for small souls, but every soul finds its full measure of beauty.

At Dutch Flat one realizes that Mark Twain was not irreverent when he spoke of "the air the angels breathe." Oh, ye gods! such air, and it simply gets "sucher" all the way to Tahoe.

Since tongue and pen have failed me before reaching Tahoe, what can I do to make the reader realize the perfect, all-satisfying Tahoe? "Eye hath not seen" anything to surpass it. It is one

of the finished spots of creation. Just one thing left to wish for—more time to spend there.

If I were an artist—but, even so, canvas and brush cannot reproduce Lake Tahoe; only the soul that has seen it can comprehend its wonderful blendings of blue and green. It matters not how small the boat, look over one side of it and you will say the waters are bluer than heaven's own blue; turn and look over the other side, and you will perjure yourself by swearing that they are green of ten thousand shades and hues. 'Tis a joy forever.

It doesn't matter where one stops—from Tahoe city around to Tallac there is joy for the angler; joy for the boatman; joy for the pedestrian and equestrian; and joy, full and complete, for the "idle dreamer of idle dreams." To him who can look across blue Tahoe to the almost bare gold hills of Nevada, and from their barrenness and everlastingness draw strength and courage to take up again what seems a mean and worthless part in God's infinite plan—to such has Lake Tahoe most to offer. There is rest and inspiration for him "who in the love of nature holds communion with" majestic Tallac.

Tallac is not covered with snow at this season of the year, but has immense dimples that are filled with snow that glistens in a setting of green, under a tropical sun.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

Tahoe is always beautiful and satisfying, but perhaps most so on a beautiful night, for "night unto night showeth knowledge"; and when all the stars come out to watch there is a feeling of complete security from every ill, a freedom of spirit that makes living a joy and life a thing to be desired.

If one be on the lake, with the starry heavens reflected in the waters beneath and around one, it doesn't require a vivid imagination to believe Heaven is here. The melodious strains from the shore recall Longfellow's assurance:

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.



Tibbitts, photo

A SUNSET SILHOUETTE STUDY AT M'KINNEY'S



The Course of Empire

Devoted to Facts of Material Progress in the West

Merchants' Association Decennial Dinner

The members of the Merchants' Association of San Francisco, recently assembled at a dinner in honor of the close of the first decade of the existence of that organization. Many well-known citizens were present at the banquet, and the addresses were full of meat for thought on the part of those who are interested in the welfare of the western metropolis. The growth of the organization in its ten years has been phenomenal, but not more so than an association of such a character merits. Beginning with a membership of forty-seven, it has constantly increased, until, at the time of the decennial dinner, its membership numbered 1,320, thirty-three names having been added to the list during the last previous month. The meritorious work performed by the Merchants' Association is a part of the history of San Francisco.

Advertising California

The California Promotion Committee has ordered two and a half million of statistical envelopes which will be used by the merchants of California in advertising the state. These envelopes contain upon the back the latest statistics of California productions and the face of the envelopes is reserved for the business card of the firm using them.

The California Promotion Committee is doing a great and far-reaching work for the state by securing the publication of illustrated articles concerning its resources and advantages in foreign publications of many languages. It is proceeding on the wise assumption that to insure immigration the remarkable natural wealth of California need but be made known.

Value of Oregon Farms

The United States census for 1900 shows that Oregon then had 35,837 farms, valued at \$172,761,287, with a total of 10,071,388 acres. The improved acreage was 3,328,308 acres. The value of the land and implements (except buildings), was \$113,137,820; of buildings, \$19,199,694; implements and machinery, \$6,506,725; livestock, \$33,917,048. The average value of an Oregon farm of from 100 to 174 acres, exclusive of buildings, machinery, stock, etc., is \$1,821. A comparison with values for a farm of the same size in twelve other states shows that they cost from two to five times as much. The Oregon farmer has the advantage of low-priced land and favorable climate.

Oregon's Fishing Industry

The total value of Oregon's fisheries in 1903 was \$2,600,000. The salmon catch exceeded that of 1902, which was, for the several varieties, 24,787,377 pounds. The catch of other fish in the Columbia and other streams was 354,343 pounds; of oysters, 103,343 pounds; of clams, 264,000 pounds; of crawfish, 21,763 pounds. The value of the fish catch, other than salmon, was \$17,500; of shellfish, \$12,244. There are seven hatcheries in the state, and the Federal government also maintains three others. In 1903 the total output of young salmon from these hatcheries exceeded that of 1902, when 68,900,775 were produced.

Columbia River Commerce

For the ten years ending December 31, 1900, the commerce of the Columbia river represents a total of 1,242 foreign vessels, with a registered tonnage of 1,915,112, and

3,949 coasting vessels, with a registered net tonnage of 3,239,122, which entered the Columbia river. The value of Portland's imports and exports during this period were respectively \$14,100,918.33 and \$72,634,079.71. For the decade ending December 31, 1903, the river traffic centering at Portland aggregated 13,000,000 tons. In 1890 Portland, as the commercial port of the valley of the Columbia, distributed \$110,000,000 in supplies, and its trade in 1901 was approximately \$120,000,000.

The Value of Climate

The following extracts from a brochure by A. J. Wells, entitled "California; the Great Sacramento Valley," are so full of truth applicable to almost any part of the great western commonwealth as to warrant their re-publication in this department. They should be read for the verity that is in them:

What does climate mean to the practical man? Comfort first, perhaps. "No enemy," Shakespere says, "but winter and rough weather." The Anglo-Saxon accepted winter as a natural fact, and California climate comes to him as a surprise. It did in the south, and when he had time to verify all that was said of it he fled to that land of sunshine as to a refuge. Its charm captured thousands, filled up the country and built a city of a hundred thousand almost in a decade. People like comfort.

Then climate may mean health. This is a more serious thing. Comfort comes short; it may only coddle us, not "brace us up"; but health invokes vigor, robustness, energy. If the air here was moist as well as warm it would be depressing. A damp, humid, warm atmosphere fosters vegetable growth, but induces languor and disease. You cannot extract health and longevity from tropical moisture any more than you can condense bling from our skies. It is the dry air of our warm valleys that makes for health. The brown cheek is evidence, the vigor of childhood, the improvement of the invalid. There are no heat prostrations; the sun never strikes the worker down in the field or on the street. This climate means health.

Still further, it means financial profit; it has a value in dollars and cents. Thus it means economy of construction; we build more cheaply; we provide less expensively for stock.

It means again economy of consumption; we burn less fuel; stock requires less feed. We lay up but little for the barren month between seasons, when rain has spoiled the dry grass and the fresh has not yet grown. We do not eat up in the house, and burn through months of storm and cold, what has taken half a year of toil to produce. The machinist does not stop to warm his tools; the woodsman does not thaw his ax; the carpenter and the mason do not "lay by" on account of cold weather. If the farmer has a "habit of stuffing occupation into odds and ends of time," he will not rust out here, for every day may be a day of productive labor in field or barn, in orchard or dairy.

Then, too, climate means variety of productions. The whole gamut of vegetable life is run here. The wheat of Minnesota or the oranges of Florida; the apples of Michigan or the lemons of Sicily; the peaches of New Jersey or the olives of Spain; the corn of Kansas or the melons of Persia; the barley of Russia or the vines of France; the potatoes of Ireland



INTERIOR OF THE NEW TRAIN SHED AT HOUSTON, TEXAS

or the peanuts of Georgia; the sugar beets of Germany or the figs of Smyrna. Everything goes, and the man who would till the soil can suit his taste or his genius; can put all his eggs in one basket or in many. It is a great advantage. And the quality tells; the climate reports itself in the cleanness and early ripening of the orange of the north, in the lusciousness of the Bartlett pear, in the flavor of the peach. The quality of light and heat report themselves in the tissues, the chemistry, the color and aroma of the fruit. This has made California fruit famous.

Irrigation in California

The following facts relating to irrigation in California are taken from a preliminary statement recently issued by the United States Census Bureau. They show the magnitude of irrigation operations in this state, although, as the Bureau's statement ends with the condition of affairs in 1902, a considerable amount need be added to the figures in order to bring them up to date:

Irrigation in California has made remarkable progress since 1890. In 1902, the area irrigated from all sources of water supply aggregated 1,708,720 acres, an increase of 262,848 acres, or 18.2 per cent since 1890. This is an average increase of 87,616 acres per year, while the average increase per year for the decade 1880-90 was only 44,164 acres. In 1902, there were in operation 6,017 systems, with an aggregate of 7,010 miles of main canals and ditches, the total construction cost of which was \$23,772,157, or \$13.91 for each acre irrigated. Irrigation was reported on 30,404 farms. The increase in number of irrigated farms is 18.7 per cent since 1890 and in total cost of construction 23.9 per cent. Of the total irrigated area, 1,526,509 acres belonging to 23,383 farms were watered from streams; 17,928 acres on 377 farms from springs, and 164,283 acres, representing 6,044 farms, from wells. The construction cost of the 2,410 stream systems, including 6,831 miles of main canals and ditches, was \$18,280,560, an average of \$11.24 per irrigated acre; the 304 spring systems, with 179 miles of main canals and ditches, cost \$101,504, or \$5.66 per irrigated acre; while the 3,294 well systems represented a construction outlay of \$5,390,093, an average of \$32.81 for each acre irrigated.

New Train Shed at Houston

In consonance with the general prosperity of the country, Houston has enjoyed a steady and substantial growth during the past five years, unsurpassed by any other city in the Lone Star state. To keep pace with this growth, the Houston and Texas Railroad built a new train shed at that point. The structure was designed by John D. Isaacs, and erected under the supervision of A. V. Kellogg at a cost of \$25,000. The shed is of steel, 600 feet long, 100 feet wide, over all, and 43 feet high from the floor to the center



W. Powell, photo

ONE OF THE COTTAGES AT THE ANCHORAGE

of the roof. It will accommodate four tracks under the main roof and also provides for one track on each side of the shed, sheltered by overhanging awnings. Two hundred and fifty tons of steel were used in its construction.

Hall's Mountain Home

Gifford Hall, the author of "The Love of Keno McKeown," the serial story concluded in this number of *SUNSET*, is the owner of a delightful resort in the Santa Cruz mountains which is known as The Anchorage. It is situated but three miles from Wrights, and four and one-half from Alma. Mr. Hall built the main cottage of those on the place, and named it The Anchorage, because he expected to make of it a permanent home after years of wandering; but others were attracted by its charm, and so it finally developed into a resort. From it the view of mountains and canyon is magnificent, and absolute rest may be found there.

Queer Things Found in the Mails

The postoffice department's exhibit at the St. Louis Fair contains some curious things, but the collection taken from the dead-letter office in Washington is the most curious of all. It contains almost everything, from an alligator to a pocket-knife. There are several young alligators, rattlesnakes, scorpions, dolls, pistols, knives, brass knuckles, shoes, hats, and all kinds of curios which were sent through the mails, but were never called for, or else were held for postage and finally were buried in the dead-letter office.



Plays and the Players

The Tivoli opera-house, in its new quarters and under its present management, is more and more becoming a popular place of resort and amusement in San Francisco, and the favor in which it long has been held is constantly increasing. This

truth has been strikingly illustrated during the presentation of "Robin Hood," now running in this play-house, for the building has been packed pretty nearly to its complete capacity on most evenings. Of course this sort of success does not come without its sufficient justification, and the justification in this instance is found in the manner in which the opera has been presented. "Robin Hood" is old enough, as every one knows, but the Tivoli has managed to give it an atmosphere of newness; or, if that is not the best manner in which to describe it, it may, at any rate, be said that it has so freshened the old as to make it seem as the new. It is safe to say that it never has been so well presented in San Francisco unless it were by the earlier Bostonians, and their production of it has so long been of the past that comparison is difficult. The staging is excellent, and the scenery, particularly that of Sherwood forest in the second act, is unusually realistic and beautiful. Scenery and staging, however, are but an item in the presentation of a play; they are the dead form, and the actors and actresses must put the life into it unless it is to remain dead. This is what the company at the Tivoli has done; they take the auditor back to

the twelfth century and hold him there for a time.

Below, in this department, will be found a picture of Kate Condon, who, as Alan-a-Dale, has made much of the sometimes weak, sometimes strong character of the minstrel. Edith Mason is an alluring Maid Marian.



Hall, New York, photo.
KATE CONDON, APPEARING IN ROBIN HOOD AT THE TIVOLI,
SAN FRANCISCO



MARIE RAWSON

Sarony, photo

Probably there is no better bass voice in comic opera than that of John Dunsmure, who takes the part of Will Scarlet, and the audiences have demonstrated their appreciation of the fact by recalling him again and again; but that is a habit that the audiences formed while listening to the superb choruses, trios, duets and solos that run like a silver thread through "Robin Hood." The title rôle is taken, and well taken, by Barton Berthald; and Willard Simms, as the Sheriff of Nottingham, adds the pleasant touch of humor to the opera. However, it seems invidious distinction to mention a few where none failed. Only, Dora de Fillippe, as Annabel, should not be quite forgotten. She was piquant, vivacious and added no small share to the life of the play. If the Tivoli continues to present as good things as "Robin Hood," it should keep on hand a large supply of standing-room-only placards, for it will need them.

Florence Roberts will not play at the Alcazar this summer, but begins a special engagement at the California theater August 29th, under Frederic Belasco's direction.

The Alcazar is again offering White Whittlesey as its special summer attraction. He is an excellent actor. During his engagement he will be seen in the dramatic successes of John Drew, Henry Miller, Robert Edeson and E. H. Sothorn—plays ranging from light comedy to the ultra romantic. Whittlesey remains until the stock company, with its new leading people, opens early in October. He then begins an extended coast tour under the direction of Belasco, Mayer and Price, with "The Second in Command," "Heartsease" and "Soldiers of Fortune" as his repertoire.

The Alcazar theater, of San Francisco, has a new leading lady for the summer—Marie Rawson, who is to appear in the White Whittlesey repertoire and later to support that actor in his coming western tour. Miss Rawson is a graduate of the law department of Northwestern University, Chicago, and was prize-medal winner at the Chicago Musical College. She has supported Otis Skinner and other well-known stars, and was the original Evangeline in "A Brace of Partridges" at the Madison Square, New York. Quite recently she achieved success in "The Tyranny of Tears," with the English comedian Reeves-Smith.

"Little Japan" is the title of a song published by the Theatrical Music Supply Company, the words and music of which are by J. T. Rider. It lauds the little brown men highly, and is said to have made quite a hit on the vaudeville stage.



Books and Writers

The great trans-Mississippi country, called roughly the west, is a land of sunshine and plenty, which has grown by leaps and bounds into a conscious, patriotic, sectional existence. It is therefore but natural that the eternal spirit of humor should animate its free, joyous life. From the first the rough hardships of the frontier which toughened mental as well as physical fibers developed a broadly farcical humor—sometimes too grim for the more civilized east to appreciate. However, before we condemn as barbarous the cowboy who finds it uproariously funny to shoot between a man's feet to make him dance, let us not forget that the age which produced and appreciated Shakespeare's subtle humor laughed with equal gusto at the writhings of a youth afflicted with the stomach-ache.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the humor of the west is not yet "civilized" in the eastern acceptation of the word. The Lord of Misrule yet romps with Anglo-Saxon license in cowboy camps and frontier posts in ebullitions of primitive playfulness which are neither subtle nor gentle. Nevertheless there is at times an appreciation so acute and a humorous quality so rare as to prove true descent from Joseph Addison and Washington Irving. When a fit of braggadocio seized the self-confident frontiersman and he was going to accomplish the impossible single-handed, old Davy Crockett used to say, very solemnly, though with a twinkle in his eye: "My friend, be sure you are right, and then go ahead."

The west has produced a race of humorists, frontier Yoricks who have had, alas! no chronicler to preserve their quips. The last and most picturesque of them is, perhaps, "Judge" Roy Bean of Langtry, Texas. Langtry was named for the Jersey Lily in somewhat the same spirit that a man sometimes names his shambling, awkward hound pup after "airy, fairy Lillian." The place was originally called Vinagaroon, after a particu-

larly poisonous and acrid insect of west Texas, and was inhabited by the most notorious collection of picturesque ruffians in all the west. The state of Texas, unable to appreciate the humorous aspect of the frequent murders committed in Vinagaroon, empowered "Judge" Bean to restore order. On the theory that the hair of the dog is cure for its bite, the "Judge" proceeded to shoot the worst of the outlaws and to find their corpses guilty of resisting arrest. This kind of practical joke resulted in a speedy restoration of order.

On one occasion a man fell from the great Pecos bridge near Langtry and was killed. "Judge" Bean held an inquest and found on the dead man forty dollars in money and a six-shooter. He promptly fined the corpse forty dollars for carrying concealed deadly weapons, and of course confiscated the pistol. The decisions of "Judge" Bean if collected would certainly prove the most remarkable part of American jurisprudence.

A celebrated eastern lawyer who was once in New Mexico tells a humorous story which is not considered funny at all in the west. A ranchman not far from El Paso assaulted two cowboys, sorely wounding one and killing the other. When the wounded man had recovered he refused to testify against the murderer.

"Naw, Bill and me both oughter been killed fer hein' such big fools as to go out without our six-shooters. Besides, if I do testify they'll hang old Sykes or send him to the penitentiary for life, and then how'll I ever get even with him?"

In spite of his independence, however, the man of the west is extremely sensitive, and woe to the outsider who presumes to criticize his country or traditions. Before twenty-four hours pass he will in all probability be the victim of a practical joke. This phase of western humor is so varied and so universal as to be worthy of investigation by those intending to visit that section.

The most extensive practical joke is the "badger fight," and whether in town or country the garrulous tenderfoot is sure to fall a victim to it. A few years ago even the Governor of Texas countenanced the punishing of an offensive visitor, by himself aiding and abetting in a "badger fight." The modus operandi is amazingly simple. A ring is staked out, and in it are placed two boxes, one containing a bulldog tied by a rope, and the other a badger also wearing a rope about his neck. The crowd at the ring-side engages in excited betting, and when time is called none of the spectators except one is eligible to pull the dog or the badger out of their respective boxes. This one offers to pull the dog, while the crowd importunes the tenderfoot to pull the badger. He consents, good-naturedly of course, and after due warning of the badger's stubbornness, gives a mighty yank. The badger comes out with a rush, and closer acquaintance with him arouses in the tenderfoot instantaneous regret.

The man who comes west to hunt is also generally a victim to the deadly "marano." This animal, according to native testimony, is a dangerous beast that rushes suddenly out of bushes at night, and one must shoot him quickly or suffer dire things. The mighty tenderfoot hunter waits innocently outside of a live-oak thicket on a dark night, and, after being worked up to the proper point of nervousness, kills an old hog before he discovers that "marano" is the Spanish for pig. The irate owner of the pig always appears and indignantly demands payment, and the tenderfoot generally gives double the amount, hoping to buy silence that way.

A Boston man of the exclusive and superior breed that hails from Beacon street spent the winter in San Antonio last year. He was introduced to a Texas girl, and developed a violent interest in her—the chronicles do not say whether it was due to the fact that she was a peculiar and interesting type, or because her landed possessions were so great that the distance from her front gate to her front door was an even sixty miles. The girl evidently thought that he found her a type, for she played the part. The courtship ended with a sensational climax. She invited him to a box-party at the leading theater of San Antonio, and he reached the point of whispering tender sentiments into her ear just as the stage villain came to the crisis of his undoing. At that psychological moment the girl sprang to her feet and opened fire with two six-shooters in rapturous approval. The effect was so stunning that Mr. Beacon Street fled in dismay from the box and left early next morning for Boston.

Another of these practical humorists lives in Uvalde county, Texas, and though he is a pious deacon in the church he is unable to suppress a tendency to humorous exaggeration. In my tenderfoot days, he told me,

with solemn assurances of its absolute truth, the following marvelous "expeeriunce":

"Speakin' o' 'queer things,' somethin' a leetle uncommon happened to me once. I found a bee cave where the honey was so natur'ly plentiful that I jest backed my four-horse waggin in thar and filled her up with slabs big as soap-boxes. Well, sir, I started home, ridin' the off horse of course, and after a while a rain overtook me. When I stopped late in the evening to camp I looked around, and bless my eyes if my waggin war'nt clean out of sight. You see I had used rawhide traces and the wettin' had made 'em stretch about a mile. I was in a fix and, while I was studyin' what to do, the sun come out and the wind begin to blow and directly I heerd the rumblin' of wheels. I jest climbed right down and made a fire, fer I knowed them rawhide traces was shrinkin'. Sure 'nough in a little while the waggin come joltin' up jest in time for me to cook supper."

These two are the prevailing types of western humor—grotesque exaggeration and practical jokes. Perhaps the most extensive practical joke ever perpetrated is played periodically at a large suburban hotel near San Antonio. It is a species of punishment inflicted on the supercilious visitor and has enough characters and business to constitute a play. First it is ascertained that the intended victim can swim; indeed he is, if possible, lured into boasting of his ability as a swimmer. At the time appointed a lady rushes breathlessly down the main stairway of the hotel, exclaiming excitedly:

"I have been robbed! Oh, I have been robbed!"

"Where, how, and of what amount, madam?" the clerk demands.

"Not ten minutes ago, a roll containing a hundred and fifty dollars lay on my dresser near the door, and when I looked around it was gone."

"Did you see any one pass?"

"Yes," looking around, "that bell-boy," and she points to a Mexican bell-boy who looks like a typical stage villain.

The clerk immediately accuses the boy of the theft and a lively altercation follows. The clerk grapples him and throws him down, meanwhile calling on the visitor to help him search the villain. At the clerk's suggestion the visitor takes off the boy's shoe and shakes out a roll of money containing one hundred and fifty dollars. He restores the money to the rightful owner, and there is an affecting tableau. The clerk meanwhile rushes to the telephone to call the police. At this the bell-boy draws a knife, and the audience—especially the visitor—scatters quickly. The boy attacks the clerk, but is disarmed and stabbed. He staggers forward and falls to the floor with a dramatic "I am killed!" The house physician is summoned and tearing open the boy's shirt finds his breast covered with gory-looking, red ink. The doctor exclaims,

"Horrors! he is dead," and rushes to the telephone to summon the police. At this point the clerk seizes his hat and flees, followed by an excited crowd, in which is the presumptive victim. The fugitive clerk runs toward the bushes that cover a bluff above a deep hole in the San Antonio river, which flows just back of the hotel. As he rushes into the thick bushes, a negro concealed in a tree throws a gunny sack full of rocks into the water with a loud splash. As the crowd reaches the river bank, another lady—supposedly the clerk's wife—appears, crying: "Oh, my poor husband has tried to commit suicide! Save him! Save him!"

Nobody but the visitor can swim, and, as he is a great swimmer and has already played the hero, he invariably yields to impertunity and leaps heroically in. If he be a good diver he rescues the gunny sack. At all events the undue applause of his audience soon makes him suspicious and in time he learns that he is the victim of a complicated practical joke, and generally has a vivid but somewhat disagreeable appreciation of the western sense of humor.

JOHN B. CARRINGTON.

If the lover of books needed that inspiration and justification of his love which he never does need, he could find it in the little volume, **A Book for Booklovers** "How to Get the Best Out of Books," written by Richard Le Galliene, and recently published by the Baker & Taylor Co., of New York. Here is a book written for book-lovers by one of their number; one who is able to give a reason for the love that is in him. The volume consists of six essays, the first giving the book its title, and the remainder entitled respectively, "What We Look for Nowadays in Books," "What's the Use of Poetry?" "What an Unread Man Should Read," "How to Form a Library," and "The Novel and Novelists of Today."

We say that the volume was written for lovers of books, for, although a large part of Mr. Le Galliene's effort has been devoted to the attempt to turn others than them into the pleasant ways of the best literature, it is probable that those to whom his book will bring the most delight are they who already have in some manner strayed in those ways this many a year. Here or there he may succeed in awakening some dormant soul to the fine life of the books, but generally, except in the case of young people,—to whom his book may be very helpful,—he will fail in his attempt to do so, for the reason that the ones whom he would aid are they who would pass his essays by, preferring to read the newspaper account of the latest murder. Perhaps, however, this probable fact should not disturb Mr. Le Galliene, for he will have his audience, and it will be composed of those sympathetic souls who, like himself, whatever the

difference of degree may be, have seen and known and felt the good that exists eternally in books. They will be his auditors, and appreciative ones at that, agreeing with him in what he has said in closing his little volume:

When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore,
Austerely bent to win austerest lore,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?

Yea! ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room;
And eyes read not, but, sitting silently,
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep inquire,
And hear your breathing round me in the gloom.



Elite, photo

BAILEY MILLARD

"The Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard, is published by Edward J. Clode, New York.

It is dedicated to William Randolph Hearst. A tale of adventures on the Pacific ocean, it begins in Nome and ends in San Francisco. It is without the love element, but this lack is compensated—fully or partly, according to the taste of the reader—by a large amount of thrilling adventure. John Morning, the hero, starts to transport his \$41,000 in gold dust from Alaska to California. Robbers secure his treasure almost before the journey has begun, and Morning recovers it before the voyage

ends. This is the beginning and the end of the plot, but between the two, narrow escape trips ever upon the heels of close call, thrilling incidents accumulate, and the reader's pulse beats as to the throbbing of a galvanic battery. The scene when the owner finally finds his gold is almost ghastly in its vigor. The book is worthy of Mr. Millard's well-known pen. The school-girl who must have love in her novel may not like it, but another class of readers will.

In "The Alternate Sex," published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, Charles Godfrey Leland contends that men and women radically differ both in body and mind. A book was hardly needed to prove the truism, but if one were needed, Mr. Leland has supplied it—in abundance.

"The Snare of Love," by Arthur W. Marchmont, is a story of life in Turkey, which is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. To say that it is no worse than previous tales by the same author should serve as its recommendation to those who care for that variety of writing.

Although the Alaskan boundary-line question is dead, a book written by George Davidson, entitled "The Alaskan Boundary," and published by the Alaska Packers' Association, is not without considerable interest and value, dealing, as it does, with a topic that formed its part of American history. Professor Davidson deals with the subject in minutiae and his book will take its place among historical reference works.

People who enjoy a laugh will be interested in the announcement made by Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco, that they are to issue, early this fall, a Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1905. The matter contained in the volume will be entirely different from that of the original Cynic's Calendar, and will include various phases of Ethel Watts Mumford's "Folly and Wisdom," Oliver Herford's "First Monday" and Addison Mizener's "Cats." It will be profusely illustrated.

An attractive brochure is "Pine Chips," issued by the Butte County Railroad Company. It describes in a most readable manner the country through which runs the company's line that connects Chico and Sterling. This railroad is but thirty-one miles long, yet the increase of elevation between Chico and Sterling is 3,339 feet, an average of 107.7 feet to the mile. The booklet is profusely illustrated, its pictures both adding to its attractiveness and emphasizing the facts it presents.

"The Quest and Other Poems," by Edward Salisbury Field, is published by Richard G. Badger, Boston, Massachusetts. The book is hardly more than a brochure, as it contains but fifty-two pages of verse which is so thinly scattered to the page that in some instances but four lines make the full allowance. It is not as full of thought as Shakespeare's works, and it lacks Mr. Field's "Childe Harold" drawings, but it is printed very neatly.

"William Keith" is to be the next subject in a series of appreciations by George Wharton James appearing in Impressions Quarterly (San Francisco, Paul Elder & Company). It will be followed by "John Muir," while that in the June number of the magazine was "Ina Coolbrith." Another serial in Impressions is by Adeline Knapp, and is entitled "Nature and the Human Spirit"; two papers, "Nature's Place in Culture," having already appeared.

Paul Elder & Co. announce for fall publication, in a special edition, "Upland Pastures," a series of out-of-door essays by Adeline Knapp. The essays deal to a considerable extent with the beauties of Californian scenery, but their genial philosophy is confined to no place or time. The edition is to be limited to 1,200 copies, printed from type which will not be used in any other edition, on Ruisdale hand-made paper, with rubricated titles and initials and a photogravure of a painting made for the book by William Keith.



Tibbits, photo

AN INTERESTING DISPLAY OF SUNSET MAGAZINES, POSTERS, AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AT A. M. ROBERTSON'S, SAN FRANCISCO



Sunset Rays

(Conducted by ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE)

Confessional

Although to Tess and Claribel
I've written scores of verses,
And vowed all that beneath the spell
A lover fond rehearses;
The while I penned those tender screeds
Of unrequited yearning,
E'en as I dwelt on soulful needs—
On "space" my eye was turning.

And when I sang the praise of Pearl
Or wrote those lines to Polly,
'Twas but because one went with curl,
The other rhymed with folly.
Yet in reviewing ev'ry kind
Of grace of their possessing,
There was another maid in mind,
I'm not above confessing.

In vain her homage to set free
I've sought in rarest meter,
To find one fleeting memory
Incalculably sweeter!
Methinks though, I stand not alone;
What bard could do his duty
To one who's fairer than her own
Opinion of her beauty?

The dazzling glory of her eyes
The very soul bewitching!
An azure that must shame the skies!
Her smile, a world enriching.
Ah! not one charm could added be!
And yet, upon reflection,
Her poor taste in refusing me—
Exempts her from perfection
—Barnett Franklin.

When Love Shudders

"Love laughs at locksmiths." Well he may;
They're naught to dread, he knows,
But, as the things to breed delay,
He laughs not at trousseaux.

Try a Smile

In your journey through the years,
Use a smile.
It will weave a hope from fears,
Will a smile.
There's a power that somehow brings
To the heart that ever sings
All the old world's goodly things—
It's a smile.

If the clouds o'ercast the sky,
Use a smile.
They will vanish by and by,
With a smile.
Though the world with woe seems rife
You can challenge all the strife
That comes creeping into life,
With a smile.

If the world seems upside down,
Use a smile.
For it won't help things to frown—
Try a smile.
There's a hope that stays to bless;
You can win the sweet caress
Of the fickle god success,
With a smile.

If you think you've missed the mark,
Use a smile;
If your life seems in the dark,
Why, just smile.
Don't give up in any fight;
There's a coming day that's bright;
There's a dawn beyond the night,
If you smile.

—Harry T. Fee.

Trade

Sal be all put out this morn,
An' I'll tell ye th' reason why.
I went ter town with a load o' corn,
An' come home with a load o' Rye.
—T. Wesley Wright.

Equal to the Occasion

"Now Katie," said Mrs. McInnery to her seven-year-old daughter, "I want ye to go to the grocery store and git me tin cints worth iv macaroni."

"Tin cints of what?" questioned Katie.

"Just say your last name to the gintleman, and he'll know what it is ye want," answered her mother.

Katie came home with the macaroni.

—Ethel L. Preble.

The Mission of the Daily

"The mission of a powerful metropolitan daily, as I see it," said the Great Editor's solemn visitor, "is to elevete and uplift humanity."

"Sure!" said the Great Editor.

"To educate and improve the masses; to go into thousands of humble homes with messages of blessing."

"You're dead right," said the Great Editor.

"To enlighten those who need enlightening; to serve as eyes for the morally blind and ears for the intellectually deaf; to exert a healthful influence on the body politic

and raise citizenry to the proud summit on which it should stand."

"You're next to the biz," said the Great Editor. "What is it, Marks?"

"Here's the schedule for tomorrow," the city editor, who had just entered the room, replied.

"All right; all right. I'll look it over." Slowly and thoughtfully the Great Editor read the schedule as follows:

Pugley and Bluffer Prize-fight.....	13	column
Mysterious Murder	7	column
Beautiful Woman Elopes	4 1/2	column
Sensational Divorce	1 1/2	column
Proceedings Educational Association	1/2	column
Society Events	1	column
Methobaptist Conference.....	3	inches

"It's all right, Marks," said the Great Editor; "it's all right. Of course you understand that if anything presses you can cut down on that conference. S'long!"

"As you were so justly and wisely remarking, sir, when we were interrupted, the mission of a metropolitan daily is to elevete and uplift hu—Oh! Gone, hey? Wonder what was his hurry."

For the solemn visitor had sort of faded away while the Great Editor read the schedule for tomorrow's paper.

—A. J. W.



Professor Spheroid (during his summe vacation at Del Monte)—"This excellent littl treatise of mine on astronomy will help th masses to—

The Hour

I sit and ponder. At my door appears
The little Hour that builds the mighty Years.
It loudly knocks, and calls to me its need:
"Wake, dreamer, wake! and give to me a
deed!
I build the Years. If thou wouldst have
them fair,
Aid as thou canst, though small may be
thy share.
I build the Years. O wise is he that heeds,
And makes my building good by giving
deeds!"

I sit and ponder. Aye, the voice is true,—
Why ponder longer? 'Tis the time to do!
A noble castle wouldst thou build thee, man?
Then heed the small Hour,—'tis thy artisan!
From struggling mite unto the Godhead, lo!
The Hour shall build thee all that thou shalt
know.
Heed well the Hour's voice,—'tis a living
seer's:
"I build the Years! O man! I build the
Years!"

—Elcyn Hoffman.

Caleb Caggs on Cash

Seems ter me that a moneyed man without
philosophy, sometimes has the drop more er
less on a philosopher without money.

The parson preached such a edifyin' ser-
mon on the subjec' of filthy lucre that the
trustees raised his salary \$300. The parson
took it. He said he reckoned he'd put in a
new bathtub and take the chances.

It's all right to talk erbout the vanity
of riches, but when I see what they can do
seems ter me they've some right ter be proud
of themselves.

It's said that riches lend themselves wings,
but I'll bet that they don't till after they've
looked into the security middlin' keerful.
They ain't takin' many chances.

Nickel-in-the-slot machines ain't 'lowed on
Wall street. The men that run things there
say it ain't the competition they're 'fraid of
so much as 'tis the moral effect.

—A. J. W.



"understand more clearly the strange
accidental movement of the—

She Left a Handkerchief There

She went to a store where she'd traded before,
 And left a handkerchief there;
 She gaily went wheeling or automobiling,
 And left a handkerchief there.
 For this sweet little maiden was minus a
 pocket,
 And even a chain for her hanky, to lock it;
 So wherever she went, like the trail of a
 rocket,
 She left a handkerchief there.

If she went to the park for a stroll about
 dark,
 She left a handkerchief there;
 And e'en at prayer meeting she left as her
 greeting
 A dear little handkerchief there.
 Oh, her trail it was strewn, as buds are
 dew-beaded,
 With hankys she left and with hankys she
 needed,
 For wherever she went she always succeeded
 In leaving a handkerchief there.

She died, as we must, and over her dust—
 Though she'd left a handkerchief there—
 Her parents both wept for the maiden who
 slept—
 They wept in their handkerchiefs there.
 And, "Oh," cried her mother, "I know I shall
 find her;
 She's certain to leave me one little reminder;
 All the way through the mist I will find
 them behind her,
 The handkerchiefs she has left there."

Oh, maidens, dear maidens, just keep on
 a-dropping
 Your handkerchiefs ever in calling on
 shopping,
 Like seed that your sowing for reaping on
 cropping.
 Mayhap in the Future we'll know when
 you're stopping
 By hand—

Kerchiefs that
 You leave there.
 —Alfred J. Waterhouse.



"stars."

SUNSET

SEPTEMBER



NEW YORK: 349 Broadway CHICAGO: 193 Clark St. LONDON: 49 Leadenhall St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
Dollar a Year Ten Cents a Copy

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AT

SAN DIEGO BY THE SEA

THE influx of population to Southern California in the past two years has been, and is today without precedent in the history of any section of the United States. More than TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND people found permanent homes in the EIGHT southern counties of California in the past TWENTY-FOUR MONTHS. Every city on the Pacific Coast from Seattle to San Diego has felt the mighty impetus born of this tidal wave of population; this inundation of people as it were. EVERY NEW FAMILY IN CALIFORNIA MEANS A NEW CALIFORNIA HOME. The people of the balance of the United States are only BEGINNING to realize the opportunities and natural advantages of our beautiful California. No section of the United States ever drew to its borders so desirable a class of people as have found, and are finding, homes in this land of sunshine and flowers. Our new settlers usually bring means sufficient to establish themselves amid their new surroundings. MANY THOUSANDS OF OUR SETTLERS ARE THE SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN AND NEW ENGLAND STATES. THEY HAVE A SETTLED SOURCE OF INCOME AND THEY SEEK OUR SUNNY SOUTHERN SHORES THAT THEY MAY MAKE OF THE REMAINING YEARS OF THEIR LIVES A REALIZATION OF THE ELYSIAN DREAMS OF YOUTH. Thus—

ALL THE EARTH PAYS TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Thousands of men with millions of capital are deserting the overcrowded, commercially monopolized cities and sections of the East, to cast their lives and fortunes in the virgin soil of the Pacific Coast cities; here development of every natural resource goes on apace. The dreams of yesterday are the realizations of today. The entire Pacific Coast country is throbbing with commercial activity. Tens of thousands of new homes are being built. IN ANOTHER DECADE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WILL BE THE MOST DENSELY POPULATED SECTION OF THE UNITED STATES. In the very center of this mighty growth and development sits

SAN DIEGO BY THE SEA

SAN DIEGO has greater natural advantages than any other city in the world. Its peerless landlocked harbor is worth countless millions to the shipping of this Western Continent. The climate is the marvel of people from every section of the world. NEVER HOT AND NEVER COLD. Here is the home of the Banana and the Date, the Fig and the Olive, and every fruit and flower known to southern climes.

The population of San Diego increased TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT LAST YEAR. SIX HUNDRED NEW HOMES WERE BUILT in the past TWELVE MONTHS. The United States is spending a million dollars on the marine hospital and naval station at San Diego. The Panama Canal means more to San Diego than to any other Pacific Coast city. The trade of the Orient means millions to California in general, and to San Diego in particular. Here we find a combination of climate and harbor; of New England energy and Western natural advantages nowhere else found in the world. Here is building the NEW YORK OF THE PACIFIC COAST. Here are to be reaped the real-estate fortunes of the twentieth century. Who will be the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Russell Sages of the Pacific Coast?

WHERE TO INVEST

AN investment in any class of property in San Diego now will make you money; but a small investment in Ocean-Front, suburban-residence property stands in the same relation to other real-estate investments today that an investment in Standard oil stock did to other stocks a generation ago.

WHY?

BECAUSE there is only a limited amount of desirable ocean frontage and when that is once disposed of there will never be any more to be platted or sold. San Diego can grow in any other direction except toward the ocean front; the sea presents a barrier beyond which the city cannot grow. We control today TWO MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF OCEAN FRONTAGE, AND WE HAVE A PRACTICAL MONOPOLY UPON THIS CLASS OF SAN DIEGO PROPERTY. We own at

PACIFIC BEACH

FIVE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE LOTS. Pacific Beach is but twenty minutes car ride from the business center of the city, with an 8-1-3 cent commutation fare. Its water system is owned by the city of San Diego. Pacific Beach has the finest ocean strand in the world—ix hundred feet wide and four miles long. It has one-hundred-foot streets and twenty-foot alleys—every block. It has two magnificent hotels and many of our most beautiful homes. The climate is ideal and the temperature does not vary two degrees in twenty-four hours the year around. Every lot guaranteed to be suitable for residence purposes, and that the soil will grow any fruit or flower known to California.

FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH and ten dollars per month for nine consecutive months, without taxes or interest, we will sell you a magnificent residence lot at PACIFIC BEACH. No notes; no mortgages. Reference: Merchants' National Bank, Chamber of Commerce, or any City or County official.

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WE will furnish you, absolutely free, round-trip transportation from any point in the United States to San Diego and return, and a week's free entertainment if you are interested. For particulars and conditions write today, enclosing stamp.

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CRATER LAKE AND WIZARD ISLAND FROM MT. SCOTT, THREE MILES DISTANT; CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, SOUTHERN OREGON; OVER SIX THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA. FROM A PAINTING BY GRACE H. FOUNTAIN, ILLUSTRATING, "THE SEA OF SILENCE".
Frontispiece, Sunset Magazine, September, 1904



EDITED BY CHARLES SEDGWICK AIKEN

Vol. XIII

SEPTEMBER, 1904

No. 5

The Sea of Silence

By JOAQUIN MILLER

Illustrated from drawings by Grace R. Fountain, of Portland, and from photographs by Carl R. Caudle, United States Examiner of Surveys

NIAGARA, Yosemite, Yellowstone, Grand canyon, Crater lake!

Neither one of these matchless and magnificent names of the world has anything like a counterpart or parallel in Europe, Asia or Africa. Nor are they in the least alike. Each is entirely unique. As to which one of the five may inspire the deepest awe, dread, admiration akin to the devoutest worship of God, depends much on the mood, temperament and taste of the beholder.

Niagara, majestic Niagara, with its thunder and rush and roar, is perhaps at first blush the most startling and terrible to the stranger. But its unrest, to some at least, soon becomes intolerable, and as there is nothing to which we may turn for relief we soon turn away and pass on. Niagara is simply Niagara. That is all. You must and will see

Niagara. Midwinter is best, when all the mystery has the added glory of gleaming masses of ice and snow; but even then the monotonous roar and ceaseless unrest hurt to the heart.

Yellowstone is vast and varied and unique. She will last, and last the stranger longer than any other. The various and half-tame wild beasts give relief and will ever have a singular fascination. The last time I was there a bevy of little English sparrows hopped along in the wood before us till they came to a big, lean buffalo lying with his head the other way, looking back as if he feared he might still be pursued from across the line of the park, which he had evidently but lately crossed. But he had no fear of the uniforms, and the guardians of the park rode quietly around him, while the chirping

sparrows hopped upon and all over him, even to his horns. Finally, a little English cock-sparrow perched on a lifted horn of the great American buffalo.

The painter, all peoples, in truth, who really love grandeur in color, will haunt the Grand canyon of the Colorado to the end.

Yosemite, pulsing, throbbing, foaming, fuming, will be popular, too popular, as Niagara once was, some say, for real lovers of nature. But Yosemite is "a house of many mansions," and any one who will take his blankets and go apart, as President Roosevelt did, need not be crowded or made to complain of too much company, either on the floor or in the clouds of the great Grizzly.

Crater lake lies a few leagues from the northern line of California, on the summit of the Oregon sierra, popularly known by the effeminate name of the Cascades. The mountain peaks of the Oregon and Washington end of this mighty mountain range far exceed in splendor those of the Sierra Madre or the Sierra Nevada, and it is absurd that they should be cut off from the great range of snow peaks reaching from Mexico to Alaska. It were quite as reasonable to cut off the Rocky mountains at the Canadian line and give the northern end another name as to call the Oregon sierras the Cascades. The whole range is simply a series of snow peaks—"saw," or "saw-teeth," as the Spaniards first named them; the Sierra Madre, the Sierra Nevada and the Oregon sierra making the appropriate and poetical name, the Sierras.

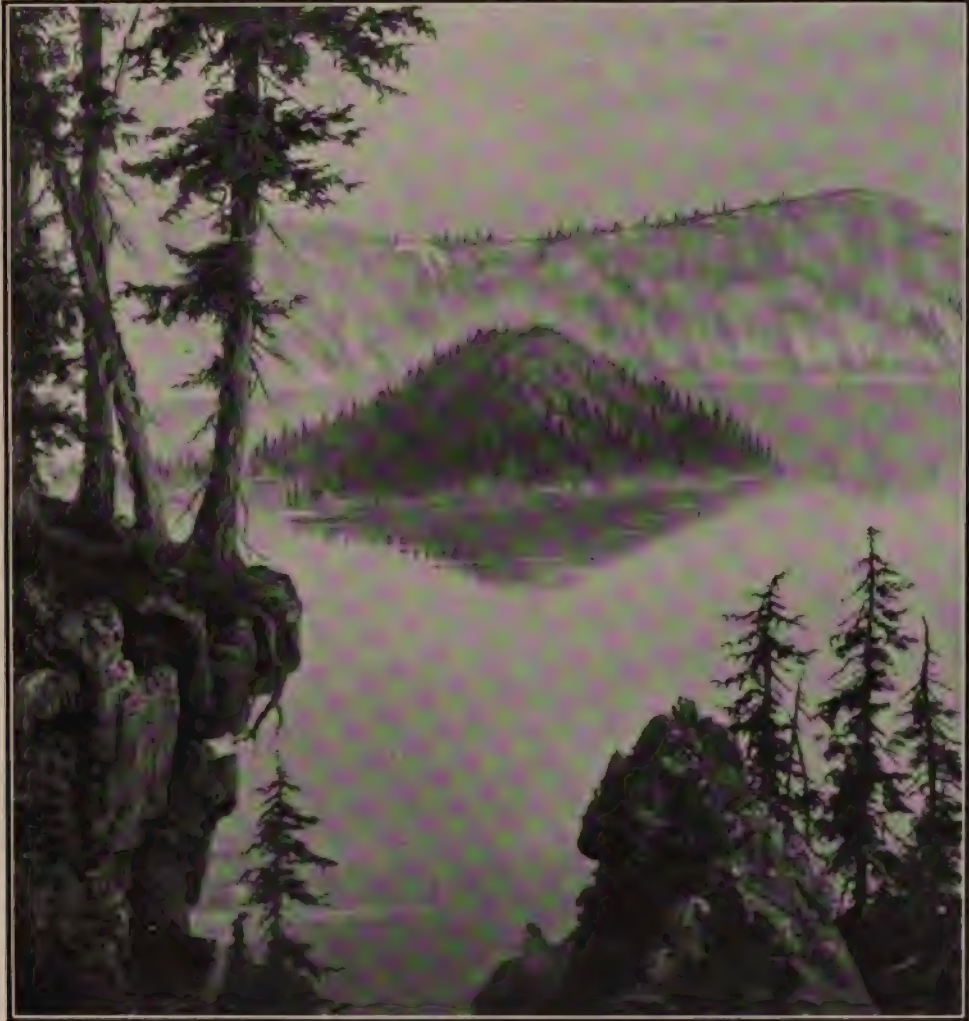
An Oregon pioneer by the name of Hall I. Kelly, a graduate of Harvard and a prolific writer, who died only a few years ago at Lowell, gave the weak local name, Cascades, to the Oregon sierra. He also named all the prominent peaks of Oregon and Washington, after our line of presidents up to his time, but only a few of these names are now used. The name, Oregon, is rounded down phonetically, from *Aure il agua*—Oragua, Or-a-gon, Oregon—given probably by the same Portuguese navigator that named the Farallones after his first officer, and it literally, in a large way,

means cascades: "Hear the waters." You should steam up the Columbia and hear and feel the waters falling out of the clouds of Mount Hood to understand entirely the full meaning of the name *Aure il agua*, Oregon.

Crater lake was first made known to the white man by Hillman, a young gold hunter. He measured the lake with his eye and named it Lake Majesty. He was a young man of culture and fortune from Louisiana, where he now lives, and took to the mountains for the love of adventure. But the tales of terror which the Indians told about evil spirits hercabouts made him cautious, and perhaps helped to magnify his stories. His reports to the press at Jacksonville, then a city with many newspapers, gave the lake a double dimension. He asserted that no man ever had or ever would be able to set foot at the water's edge.

William Gladstone Steele, a native of Ohio and a mountain climber of about forty years' experience, was the first man to make any determined effort to conquer Crater lake to civilization. He brought his club here (the Mazamas), surveyed, published descriptions, and for many years urged with great zeal and ability the establishment of a national park. In 1902 the President proclaimed Crater lake and surrounding lands a park, and appointed a superintendent. On August 8 the stars and stripes were hoisted as the federal surveyors, Indian superintendents, senators of Oregon, presidents of universities and members of Congress gathered to hear the inspired words of the most eloquent preacher in Oregon, proclaiming the story and glory of the new park. Much credit is due the President who promptly took the matter in his own hand with characteristic energy; much, very much is due to William Gladstone Steele for persistent hard work in establishing this noblest natural park in the Republic, and the most unique park under the path of the sun.

I had been advised that the governor, senators, university presidents and the great preacher, as well as others whom I wanted to meet, were to set out for this



—looked over the rim into Crater lake two thousand feet below

mountain Mecca at a certain time, and hastened to join the caravan at Medford, Oregon. Our transportation equipment consisted of five carriages, or hacks, and three heavy freight wagons. We had a following of three distinguished persons on "wheels." It may as well be set down here as elsewhere that they made the eighty miles, more or less, from Medford to Crater lake with no great discomfort, sometimes behind, but mostly ahead of the happy, and oftentimes hilarious, procession. The features of the trip are

the roaring Rogue river waters, the splendid pine and fir forests and the seas of wild flowers.

The Rogue river falls have power enough to pull all the engines and cars that could be packed on a line from that point to Portland. They are buried in the densest green wilderness in all the world, a wilderness without track or trail of any sort. To make your way along the perilous mountain steep to get a good look at the falls you have to climb, every few rods, over a huge fallen trunk pitching headlong toward the

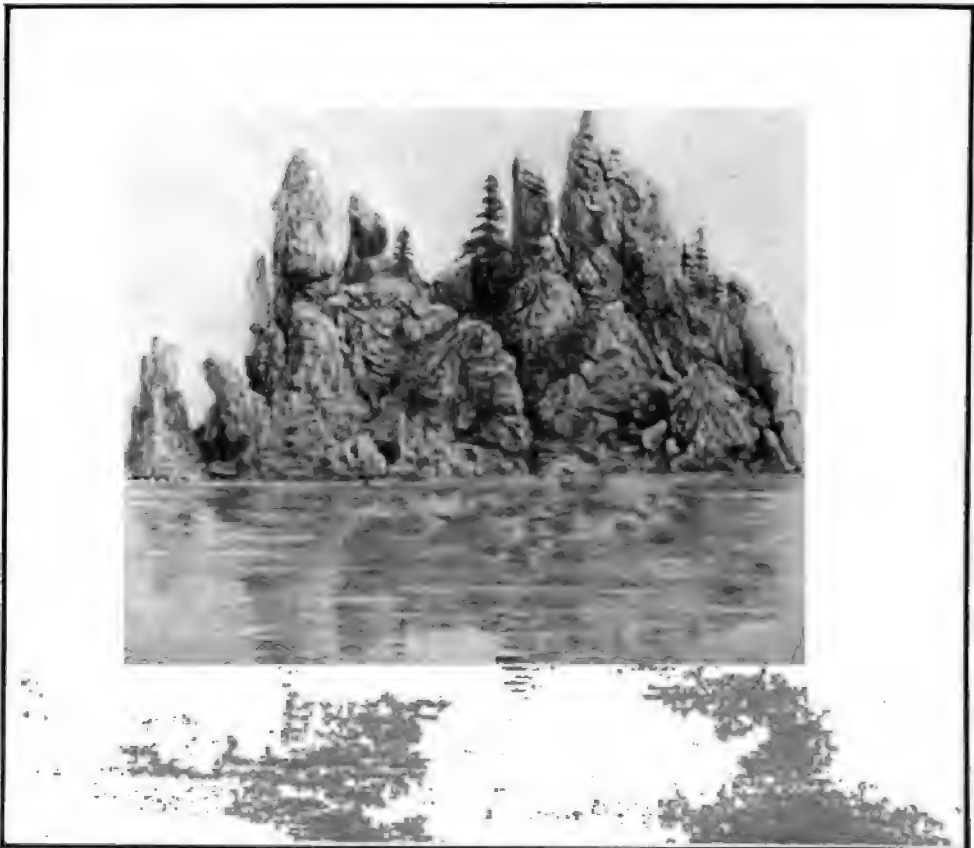
precipice. The monotony is only broken now and then by having them piled up.

These falls mark the limits of three different tribes. From time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary it had been agreed that no Klamath, Shasta or Rogue River Indian should ever set foot within sound of these falls. Hence there is no track or trail. The dreamful and indifferent white successor of the savage seems quite content to preserve the old traditions.

A second object of interest is the natural bridge, on the same river, half a day's journey further on. The bridge is not passable for carriages, but horses can be led across the depressed and rugged lava bed which marks the rough causeway or viaduct. Oddly enough, the river enters a natural tunnel to the right, and three or four hundred feet

below debouches from the left. The structure is not at all imposing, as it sags and hangs so low that it is not noticeable till you almost stand upon it. However, it is a natural bridge, made from the rivers of lava that once flowed from the mighty mountain peaks where now lies Crater lake.

In places the roads are heavy and dusty with pulverized pumice and debris blown from the ancient volcano, and in some other places they are intolerably "bumpy," from naked lava; but the road of forests and flowers was, in the main, a pleasant one. We had the best natured gang of pilgrims that ever climbed a mountain. A better tempered crowd never tented by the way before. Perhaps it is the spicy odor of pine, cedar, tamarack, fir, yew, juniper, hemlock, and indeed almost every resinous



There is the phantom ship

tree you can name that gives life to the lungs and makes old people young on this densely wooded highway; I don't know.

Earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.

It is a long, long and maybe absurd step from the scene of the greatest tragedy that ever shook the continent to the witches' bubbling caldron, but, somehow, unfit as the lines of Macbeth may be, they would not down as I sat under a towering black hemlock and looked over the rim into Crater lake, two thousand feet below; for it was once a boiling caldron of lava, as surely as Kilauea of Hawaii is now.

This volcano here, or rather the ruins of it, a mighty, magnificent colosseum, truly, for it is miles in circumference and is now known as Mount Mazama, must have had a beginning. But it was far, far back, and Mount Mazama, which loomed 15,000 feet in the air above where tranquil, restful, Sabbath-like Crater lake now lies, must have been old, old and maybe in ashes long before St. Helens, Hood and the rest of our snow peaks arose. Mount Shasta, dimly in sight to the south, must have been like a babe in arms, if at all, when this mighty mountain, builded of the Oregon sierras, made its final and astounding exit from the stage of action.

Learned men have agreed that this mountain was much more magnificent in its proportions, as well as higher, than Mount Shasta, and that it housed an energy far surpassing any other one mountain in the whole story of volcanoes, so far as they have been able to read it. And profound men from all parts of the curious world have been coming here in numbers for more than a quarter of a century.

And they have agreed wonderfully well as to the one inspiring story and the tremendous tragedy, except as to the final outcome of the last act. Some say that after boiling and bubbling for incalculable ages, sending rivers of lava north and south and east and west, and heaping up a cone of fire that almost defied the stars, it suddenly disappeared.

sank thousands of feet below into the bottomless pit which it had for ages so persistently digged and digged. Others say that the cone was suddenly blown to fragments and hurled broadcast over the land in a single moment, as suddenly as the booming of a battle gun. They point to many examples of this sort. Notably, we have the recent explosion of Pelee in the West Indies, where also a great mountain was truncated and dissolved into dust and ashes.

I think this mountain here must have blown up, like the cones of Java and the West Indies. Why? Because I find fragments of glacial rock all about the rim. Not fifty yards from the flag-pole, to the south, are broken bits of rock hard as steel, yet polished and smooth as glass. In a walk of half a mile along this ridge which divides the headwaters of Klamath and Rogue rivers you can see many specimens of polished rock; some concave, some convex, some furrowed and grooved, some as clean cut as a pane of glass, some large and porous, some light and fragmentary, but all bearing the mark that can never be mistaken by any one familiar with the ice fields of Alaska. It must be borne in mind that while summoning these dead witnesses to court one can take as evidence only the coffin-lid of the dead mountain, and only the polished surface of the lid; not the body, not the coffin, only the smooth, glistening veneering of the lid, burnished and made bright by ages of descending, ice-bound debris.

Now it is possible that these polished fragments are of the glacier itself, making debouchment here, but not probable. Some of the grooved, black granite fragments are too massive. But adieu to the past! The present, the beauty, grandeur, glory of the bluest of blue lakes lying at our feet, these make constant challenges, as the butterflies from the flower fields, as if in Mariposa, fan our faces, and we shall turn to these with a pleasure akin to passion.

In the first place, there are no Indian trails near this high altar of devotion. No Indian has ever set foot here or near here, since when? No doubt the story



MARKING A BOUNDARY TREE, CRATER LAKE SURVEY

of the explosion, like the story of the flood, handed down by tradition, had something to do with their fears. But they had peopled the lake with goblins, sea monsters, and so on; one of the chiefs had been cut to ribbons by one of the demons and hurled from a towering cliff into the lake. However, Captain Applegate, who has had charge of the Klamath reservation for a whole generation, induced a few half-civilized Indians to come with him to the lake a year since; but only a few would look on it, and that with reluctance. One very old man kept his hands clasped and his head held down all the way from the reservation, a day's ride distant. When they reached the camp, close by the lake, he stole away and hid behind a tent. Mr. Steele wanted to move and when the men took down his tent, along with the others, the poor old man got up, shook his head and bowing his face in his hands set out on a run through the wilderness for home. It was a dreadful journey, no trail, as I have said, and it was feared that he might

perish. But he got home, leaving no track in the white man's road, for he never set foot in it. And because of this old superstition among old Indian hunters the fishing and shooting on the roads to and from this place are the very best to be encountered on the continent.

But few, if any, of the new generation are so foolish. The chief of police at the reservation of, now, 1,500 Indians, brought us our mail daily.

The great trees that gather on the rim of this rare wonder of the world are, in the main, black hemlock. A few alpine pines try to find a footing, but the lord and master by the Sea of Silence is the somber black hemlock. A day's ride below, down the rocky, lava-strewn road, there are larch, yew, cedar, fir and yellow pine standing in the order named, enough to pay twice for the building of a railroad, holding lumber enough to fence a piece of the whole earth.

The flowers here are many, their names manifold. To begin with, the forget-me-not, blue, pink, white, hangs



TREE AT THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK

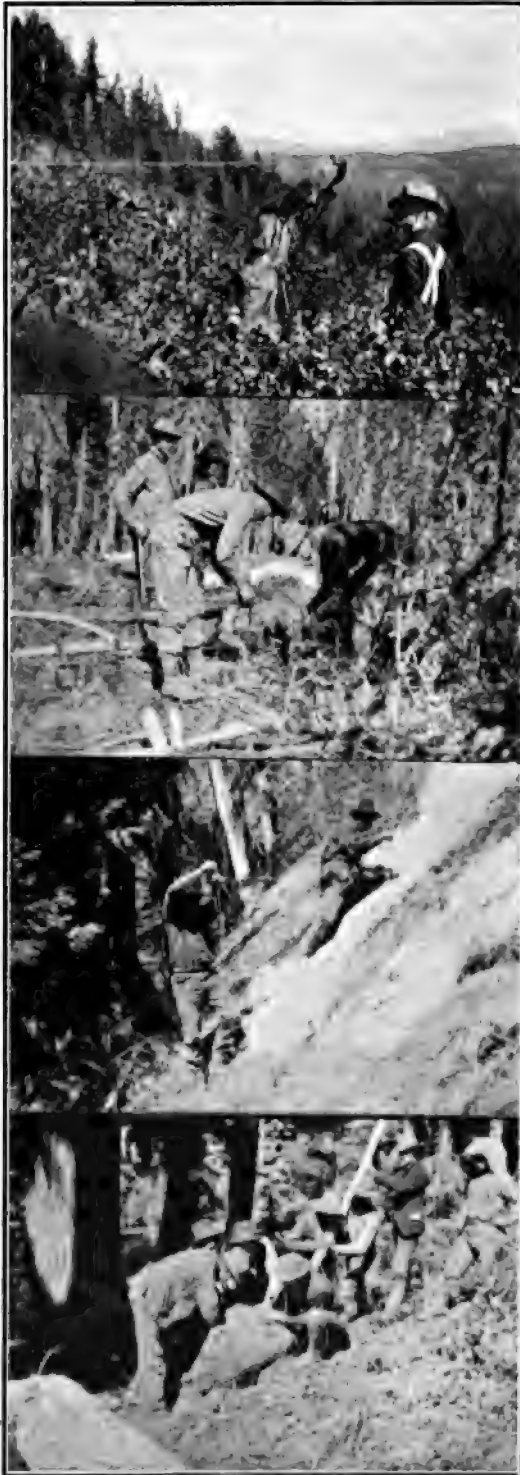
the snowbank, plentiful as if the edge of a harvest-field. The most conspicuous plant here is the hellebore, a glorious grower that is not afraid of the snow, but grows half way to your waist right against any of the many snowbanks that spot and dot the plateau on which we pitched tent near the flag hoisted but yesterday.

This newest national park looks more like a park, to begin with, than any other that we have, even with all the cost and care bestowed on others. It is a constant marvel here to see the blue and white lupin, the crimson honeysuckle, and dazzling, bright yellow dandelion disputing with the tardy snow for a footing in mid-August. The air here, spiced with the odor of stately hemlocks under a glaring hot sun, is something astonishing in its vigor-giving qualities. Our young men, and pretty women as well, are up with the sun and out till twilight. I have yet to hear the word "weary" from any one, but the fine, vigorous air is on the lips of our observant and learned university men at every meal.

The lake? The Sea of Silence? Ah yes, I had forgotten—so much else; besides, I should like to let it alone, say nothing. It took such hold of my heart, so unlike Yosemite, Yellowstone, Grand canyon, when first seen, that I love it almost like one of my own family. But fancy a sea of sapphire set around by a compact circle of the great grizzly rock of Yosemite. It does not seem so sublime at first, but the mote is in your own eye. It is great, great, but it takes you days to see how great. It lies two thousand feet under your feet, and as it reflects its walls so perfectly that you cannot tell the wall from the reflection in the intensely blue water, you have a continuous and unbroken circular wall of



LOCATING THE BOUNDARIES OF CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK



DIFFICULTIES OF SURVEYING ABOUT CRATER LAKE

twenty-four miles to contemplate at a glance, all of which lies 2,000 feet, and seems to lie 4,000 feet below! Yet so bright, yet so intensely blue is the lake that it seems at times, from some points of view, to lift right in your face. In fact, the place has long been called by mountaineers, along with many other names, Spook lake. And it is a fact that the pioneers passing this way, seeing no Indian trails or marks of any sort, went around and let it all severely alone.

The one thing that first strikes you after the color, the blue, blue even to blackness, with its belt of green clinging to the bastions of the wall, is the silence, the profound, pathetic silence, the Sunday-morning silence that broods at all times over all things. The huge and towering hemlocks sing their low monotone away up against the sky, but that is all you hear, not a bird, not a beast, wild or tame. It is not an intense silence, as if you were lost, but a sweet, sympathetic silence that makes itself respected, and all the people are as if at church. The sea bank, the silent sea bank, is daily growing to be a city of tents. You discern tents for miles, but you do not hear a single sound. Men do not even chop wood here. They find broken boughs of fallen forests and keep their camp-fires going without the sound of ax or hammer, a sort of Solomon's temple. Mountaineers in the olden days believed that the blue waters would never be approached. But a United States senator yesterday made his way down the wall not far from camp, came to the waters and, plunging in, swam far out. He reports the water as comparatively warm, not nearly so harsh and cold as the waters of the Pacific at his home, Astoria. Of course, this is not the first man to descend the precipitous wall; many men have been before him, boats have been lowered, only to be

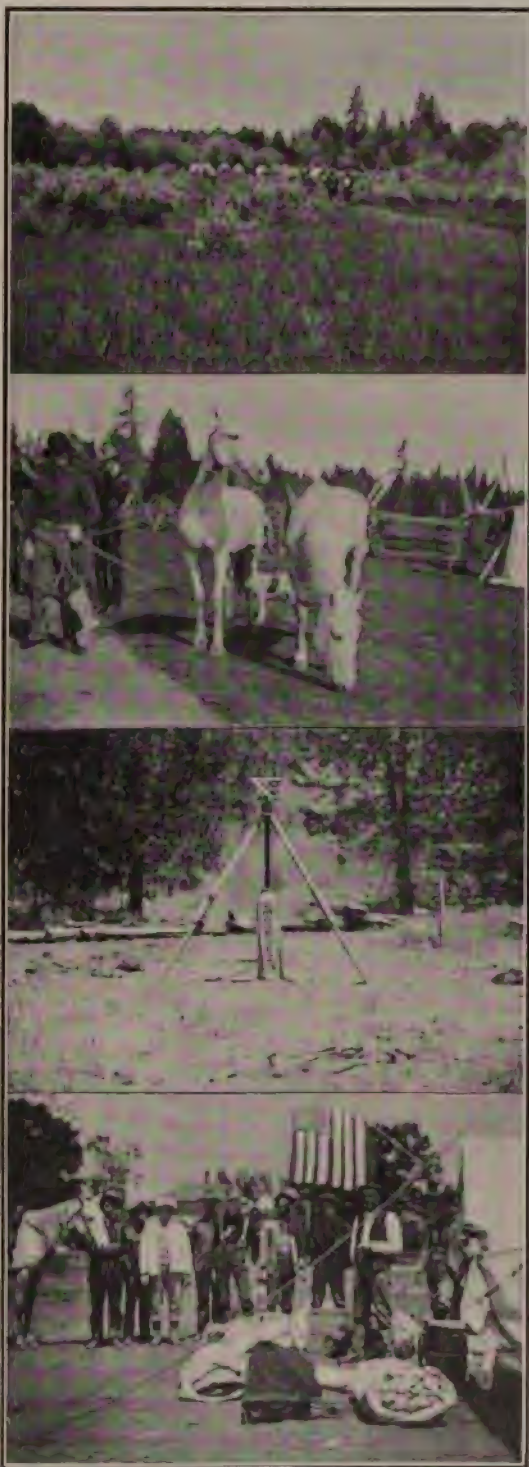
broken and swamped by the storms of winter, but I believe this is the first man to descend deliberately and take a bath in "the bottomless Spook lake," as it was called in the fifties and sixties.

Crater lake resents familiarity. I have seen newly arrived people crowd in numbers to the bastions, talking and laughing loudly. They soon grow silent and break up and wander away singly or in quiet couples. Of course there are critics. There will be critics in the New Jerusalem, if we all get there. It was my habit to go alone to the lake each morning. Once a man, fresh from the "states" followed me and came up to my side out of breath saying, "I told my wife last night that there is just one thing wanting here to make this perfect, and that is a big waterfall, foaming down out of Mount Mazama."

I sought another clump of hemlock for my meditations and left him alone. Why, such a man as that would rise up from a champagne dinner and go eat a raw turnip!

This is the only retreat I ever saw where the days are too short for my work and the nights too short for rest. We are up at five, as a rule, and, as a rule, sit around our great camp-fire listening to talks, sermons, lectures from some of the very many wise souls here, and then retire at ten or eleven. We are a sort of traveling Chautauqua.

And, somehow, all night the awful tragedy that was played on these very boards where I repose, away back in the morning of the world, is re-enacted; the mighty mountain bubbling, the cone of fire that knocks its forehead against the stars, the rivers of lava that flowed toward the four points of the compass, the towering candelabra that lighted the world, the sudden burst of eloquence, the wild, fiery, desperate last utterance, the



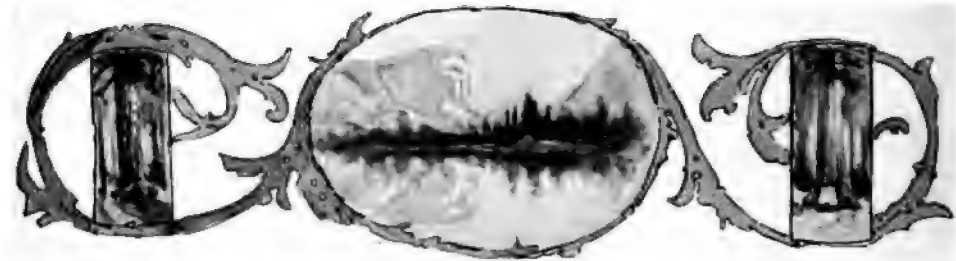
IN CAMP AND ON THE TRAIL ABOUT CRATER LAKE

last word, the explosion, the collapse, the conclusion. Curtain! Silence!

The people come and go almost daily here, as at other places, but they mostly stay a week or fortnight. The one boat of the reservation is busy all the time. There is the Phantom Ship, there is the Island, the Cave, the Echo, the Hour Glass and the Haunted House. The thousand and one "best points of view" from the rim of the crater keep you busy from morning till night. But surely there is no one "best point of view," no more than Milton is better than Shakespere, or Job better than both. Each has its own "points," that is all.

The plan is now to build, have the

government build, a drive around the lake, so that all these points may be considered in a single day from a carriage. And a great hotel is planned! And a railroad must be made to whisk you through the life-and-vigor-giving evergreen forests of Arden. Well, so be it, if you must so mock nature and break this hush and silence of a thousand centuries, but I shall not be here. No hotel or house or road of any sort should ever be built near this Sea of Silence. All our other parks have been surrendered to hotels and railroads. Let us keep this last and best sacred to silence and nature. That which is not worth climbing to see is not worth seeing.



Drawing by H. C. Best

In Sierra Foothills

By LORENZO SOSSO.

God laid His hand upon these hills
And carved them to gigantic mold;
This is the Saga which the rills
Have often murmuringly told.

Is that a voice upon their peaks
Where yet the sun descending shines;
Or but the wild sea-wind who seeks
The dim seclusion of the pines?

And there he chants his sad lament,
And thrills them unto passionate pain,
Until with his their voice is sent
Across the spindrift of the main.

The waves make answer, cry for cry:
So deep the anguish of their grief
That every sea-gull screaming by
Is trembling like an autumn leaf.

The gaunt forms of the stragglng trees,
Barren of blossom and of fruit,
Wail tremulous across the seas;
And O, how can my heart be mute!

Not here the tablets of His law
Did God deliver, yet they fill
My soul with reverence and awe;
For God is omnipresent still.

Hill unto hill, cloud unto cloud,
Seas unto seas, winds unto winds,
Foliage to foliage speak aloud:
"Where'er man seeketh, God he finds!"



THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING—A REPRODUCTION OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION

Sights at St. Louis

By ALFRED JAY

Illustrated from copyrighted photographs, 1904, by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition

IT is not at all probable that the eminent gentlemen who planned and attained the acquisition of the territory of Louisiana had in mind the St. Louis fair, which, a full century later, was to serve as a splendid tribute both to them and their deed, but it nevertheless is a fact that the greatest of modern expositions is but a lingering after-glow of the glory they then created. It

may be, too, that in that dim time when another century has rolled around there will be another centennial remembrance of their deed, but it is not probable that it will surpass the St. Louis fair in magnificence, for, in the future, as in the past, that is likely to stand first in fine loveliness.

The St. Louis fair is a thing unique and splendid. There has been nothing

to equal it in the past, and it is not at all improbable that there will be nothing to equal it in the future. Sooner or later the tide reaches its utmost height, and indications are not lacking that the exposition-tide has reached its fullest flow in the St. Louis affair, and that hereafter we may expect its backward sweep.

There is one supreme reason for the foregoing conclusion. It is not that the St. Louis fair is superb beyond all that have preceded it, although this is none too much to say of it; not that there is hardly an achievement of man which is not represented, although this is equally true; not that human ingenuity of display there appears to have attained its uttermost, although this is the universal opinion of those who have seen it—it is rather because the limit there seems to have been reached, and, after all, it is the pocketbook that counts. St. Louis must pay for this greatest of fairs, and perhaps it is not too much to suppose that some people already are weighing seriously the ways and means to that end.

However, the general public may leave such people, if such there be, to consider their own problems; content in the thought that the fair is theirs for the seeing. From the gate of the entrance, throughout the manifold glories of the exposition, till the last step is taken on the Pike, what the world has done and is doing lies before them, and from the grounds they may take such part of the splendid whole as their memories will carry.

How stands California in this world-exposition? Perhaps the answer to this question could not be better made in part than by quoting the opening sentence of an article recently published by the World's Fair Press Bureau. Here it is:

"Leaving out California, Canada quite holds her own among the states and countries of America in her fruit display at the world's fair."

Of course the implication that no other state or country stands the ghost of a show in fruit-competition with Cali-

fornia is evident, and, equally of course, the implied admission was unnecessary, —although received with sufficient gratitude, let us trust—for the time is past when this state's supremacy in this respect can be questioned.

But it is not in fruit alone that California stands pre-eminent. There is no such state exhibit there as the one that is made by California. Thither the visitors flock to see what one commonwealth can do in the way of showing what Nature has done for it. They come to admire, and they remain to wonder, or if they leave they carry their wonder away with them. And if anybody thinks that these are the prefervid words of a doting Westerner, let him read what the eastern papers say of the California exhibit, and he will change his mind.

It would not be strange should the reader gather from the foregoing, as he doubtless has gathered from many an article written before now, that it will be to his interest to visit the St. Louis fair if such a thing be possible. Should he fail to do so, there is fully an equal chance that he will miss not only the greatest exposition up till now, but also the greatest and most magnificent that ever will be given. The assertion may be a repetition, but it is so probably within the fact as to be worthy of such double emphasis.

For the whole big world in a heap is thrown
At the great St. Louis Fair;
There are Christians, and Pagans of creeds
unknown.

And Moslem and Jew are there;
There are people who dress in the prevalent
style.

And people whose costumes would make you
smile.

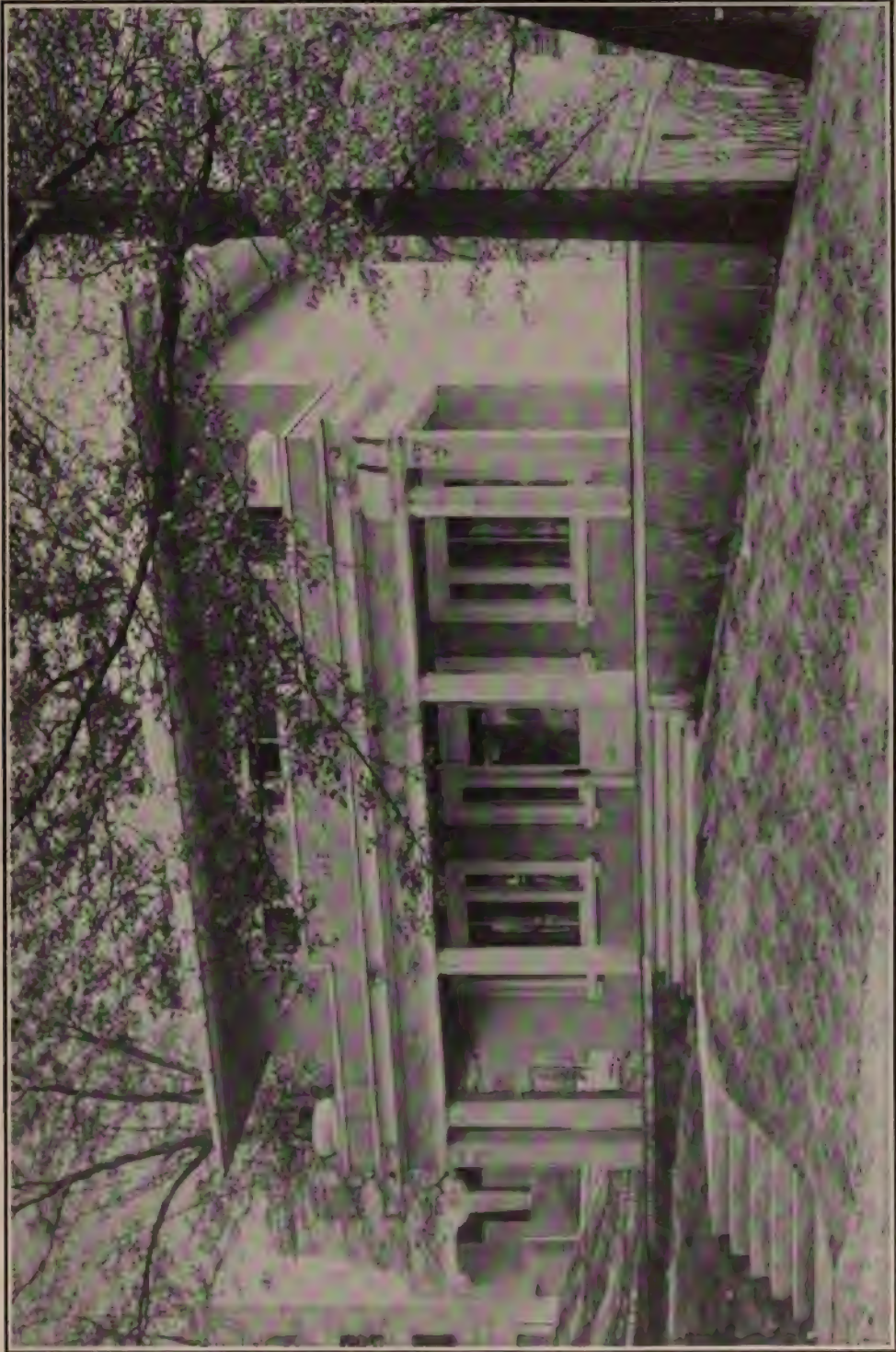
And people sans costumes—that is, worth
while—

At the great St. Louis Fair.

There are temples with minarets reaching high
At the great St. Louis Fair;
There are columns that seem to support the
sky.

Or, at least, they support the air;
And ever and ever there is the Pike,
And no man can tell just what it's like,
With its Cossack and Magyar and Isaac and
Mike.

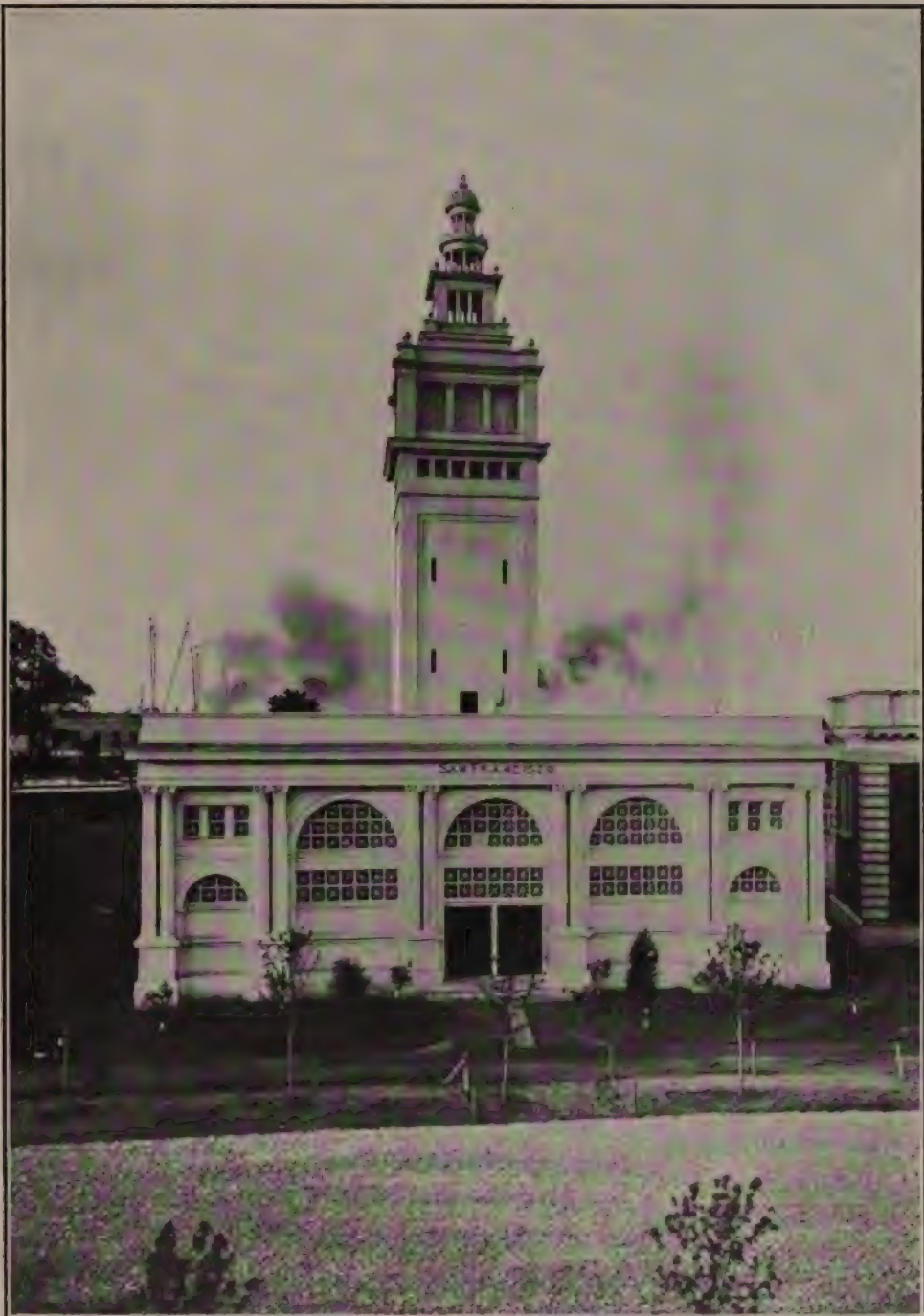
At the great St. Louis Fair.



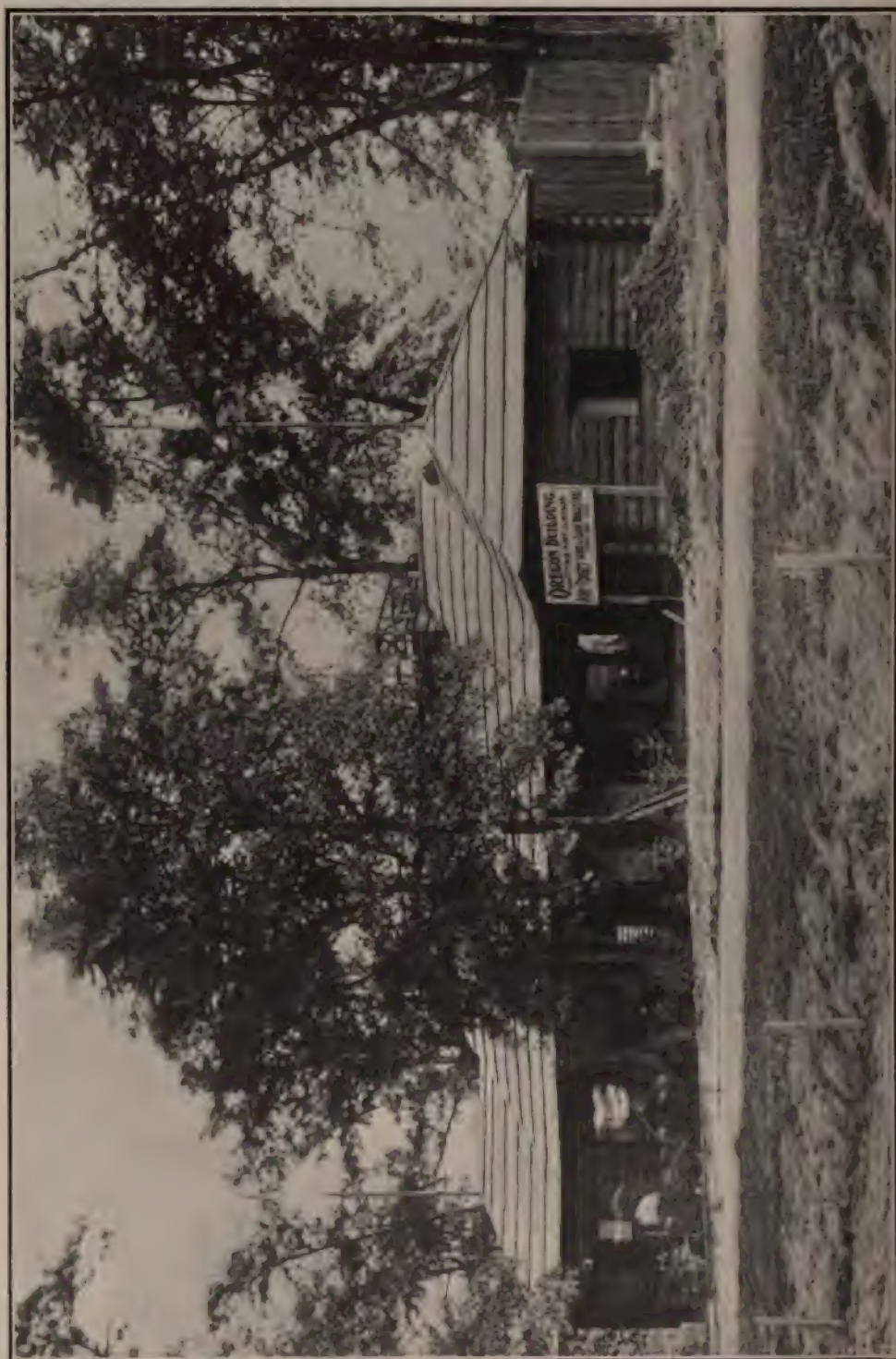
WHERE THE WONDERFUL MINING AND FIELD AND FARM RESOURCES OF NEVADA ARE HOUSED



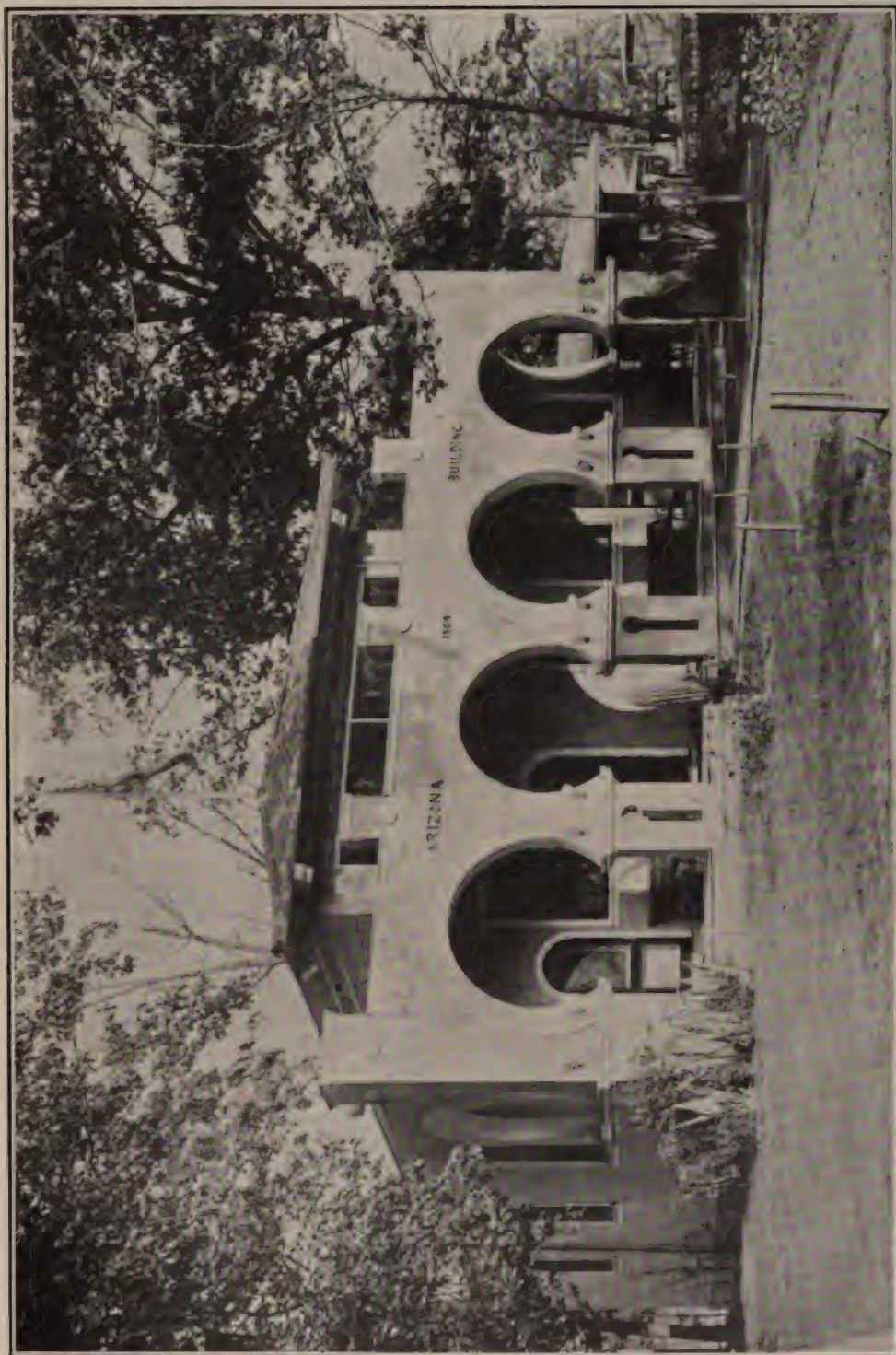
THE STATE OF WASHINGTON BUILDING AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION, SHOWING, IN A SMALL WAY,
WHAT THE STATE CAN DO IN THE LINE OF TIMBER PRODUCTS



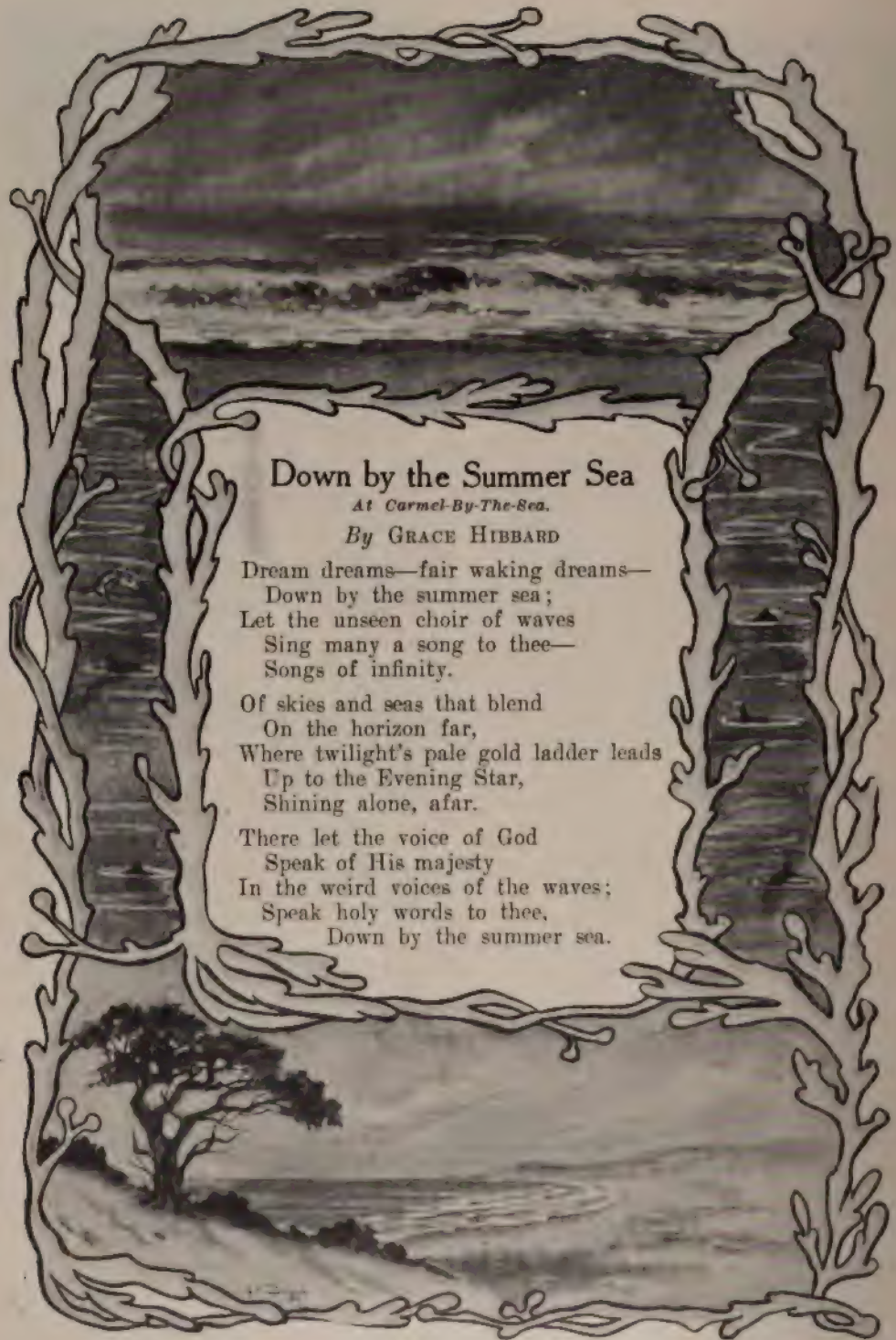
THE BUILDING DEVOTED TO SAN FRANCISCO'S EXHIBIT, MODELED AFTER A SECTION OF SAN FRANCISCO'S FERRY BUILDING—HERE ILLUSTRATED LECTURES ON CALIFORNIA ARE GIVEN DAILY



THE OREGON BUILDING AT ST. LOUIS—A REPRODUCTION OF OLD FORT CLATSOP



THE ARIZONA BUILDING WHOSE ARCHITECTURE SUGGESTS THAT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY ACROSS THE SOUTHWEST



Down by the Summer Sea

At Carmel-By-The-Sea.

By GRACE HIBBARD

Dream dreams—fair waking dreams—
Down by the summer sea;
Let the unseen choir of waves
Sing many a song to thee—
Songs of infinity.

Of skies and seas that blend
On the horizon far,
Where twilight's pale gold ladder leads
Up to the Evening Star,
Shining alone, afar.

There let the voice of God
Speak of His majesty
In the weird voices of the waves;
Speak holy words to thee,
Down by the summer sea.



H. D. LOVELAND
Chairman, San Francisco
Executive Committee



WILLIAM EDWARDS
Chairman, Escort
Committee



Habenicht, photo
J. K. FIRTH
Chairman, Committee on Build-
ings and Grand Stands

Two Pilgrimages Westward

Plans for Greeting Knights Templar and Odd Fellows in
San Francisco During September

By A. J. WATERHOUSE

THE session of the Knights Templar Grand Encampment, which is to be held in San Francisco during September 5 and 6, perhaps means more to the Pacific coast generally, and to California specifically, than any one recent event that might be mentioned. It will attract to this western land not only the Knights Templar themselves, a body of eminent men, but also thousands of others; and

in a large percentage of instances this will be the first trip of these men across the Rockies. Once here—Well, of course they will miss the wonderful contrast furnished by a trip in the winter, when the traveler breaks through snowdrifts to emerge in a land of flowers, but, even in the good old summer time, the Californian is not afraid to trust to the charms of his state to lure and hold many. There is no danger



Bushnell, photo
CHARLES M. PLUM
Eminent Commander, California
Commandery No. 1, of
San Francisco



Habenicht, photo
MRS. J. W. BURNHAM
Chairman, Executive Board,
Ladies' Reception
Committee



Carl Horner, photo
W. FRANK PIERCE
Grand Commander, Grand
Commandery of
California



Bushnell, photo

ROBERT M'MILLAN
Chairman, Auditing
Committee



Genthe, photo

CLARENCE M. SMITH
Chairman, San Francisco
Printing Committee



Taber, photo

JOHN P. FRASER
Chairman, Committee on Decora-
tion and Illumination

that such an invasion as this of the Knights Templar will not yield its fruitage in an increase of desirable population, and such an increase is among the needs of California, or any other state.

So much for that phase of the matter. As for the Knights Templar themselves, they will have a good time while they are here. Possibly we of California advertise our hospitality somewhat more than hospitality of another type would care to do, but, in extenuation, two things may be said: First, we have become so accustomed to advertising everything in the superlative in order to meet the truth of the case that we have "got the habit"; second, if we whisper of our hospitality, when we might be still, our guests are wont to cry it aloud till our utmost self-praise is little more than an echo of their words.

But, whether or not our hospitality vaunts itself, it is certain that all Knights Templar guests are to receive



Carter's Studio, photo

HENRY BATES STODDARD
Grand Master, Grand Encampment
of the United States



Habenicht, photo

CHARLES E. ROSENBAUM
Grand Captain of the Guard,
Grand Encampment



Kimball, photo

DANIEL C. ROBERTS, D. D.
Grand Prelate, Grand
Encampment



H. C. Voorhes, photo

H. WALES LINES
Grand Treasurer, Grand
Encampment



Halsenicht, photo
GEORGE W. PERKINS
 Grand Sentinel, Grand
 Encampment



FRANK H. THOMAS
 Grand Junior Warden,
 Grand Encampment



Halsenicht, photo
S. D. MAYER
 Grand Organist



Bershad & Pakscher, photo
GEORGE M. MOULTON
 Deputy Grand Master, Grand Encampment
 of the United States

the full benefit of it. Not only will San Francisco be wide open to them, but so will be all of California; welcome of the kind termed royal awaits them. The words are written with a due appreciation of their significance, but the preparations that are being made for the reception of the Knights Templar lends to them an emphasis that mere words cannot convey.

The San Francisco illumination in itself will be a feature to be remembered. From the ferry building to the city hall, and farther, Market street will be glorious with light, and other parts of the city will add their quota to the general blaze. But, after all, the illumination will be only one feature of the many which are calculated to add to the pleasure of the Templars.

Prominent among the rest will be the excursions to various cities, resorts and places of business or pleasure throughout



HENRY WARREN EUGG
 Grand Generalissimo, Grand
 Encampment



Lamson, photo
JOSEPH A. LOCKE
 Late Grand Senior Warden,
 Grand Encampment



ARTHUR MACARTHUR
 Grand Standard Bearer,
 Grand Encampment

the state. These will give to the stranger within our gates such an opportunity to see and appreciate some of the advantages and charms of California as he could not well have obtained otherwise, and they will add no small amount to the pleasure of his visit to this state.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the people of all California will extend a most cordial welcome to the Knights Templars, for actions eventually must proclaim the fact or words would be but vain things—but the deeds will count, and the Templars will have no cause to feel that Californians are not right glad to see them.

**How the
Odd Fellows
of the United States
will be
Entertained by
Californians**

The officers and delegates of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which holds its session in San Francisco from September 19th to September 24th inclusive, will arrive in that city in four special trains on the evening of Saturday, September 17th, after a reception at Sacramento in the afternoon of that day. The program for that evening gives the visitors a chance to go to bed and rest, and perhaps no program could be more acceptable after their trip across more or less of the continent.

On Sunday, September 18, there will be an address by Elvin S. Curry, and the visiting Odd Fellows will take their choice of churches if they are inclined toward worship.

At 10 o'clock in the morning of the 19th there will be a reception to the Sovereign Grand Lodge in the Lyceum theater in the Odd Fellows building. There will be addresses by Mayor Schmitz, Grand Master J. W. Linscott, for the Grand Lodge; Grand Scribe William H. Barnes, for the Grand Encampment, and Past President Dora L. Gardner, for the Rebekah Assembly. A response to the latter by Grand Sire John B. Goodman, will follow. In the evening there will be an informal reception at the Mechanics' Pavilion.



GEORGE T. SHAW
Secretary, Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. of California,
and Treasurer, Reception Committee.

Tuesday will be the Rebekah day, and the Rebekahs will have full charge of the proceedings at the Mechanics' pavilion, in which the social sessions will be held throughout the week. The Grand Encampment will convene in I. O. O. F. hall at 10 A. M. of this day.

The afternoons and evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st and 22d, will be devoted to competitive drills and to the dress parades of the Patriarchs Militant. These exercises will take place in the pavilion.

At 10 o'clock Friday morning there



JAMES W. HARRIS
Treasurer, Grand Lodge of California, and
Chairman, Reception Committee

Sewell, photo

will be a public parade, and in the evening, in the pavilion, prizes will be awarded and the decoration of chivalry will be conferred upon those held worthy of it. Afterward there will be a dress parade and ball.

Saturday afternoon the visitors leave in special trains for Del Monte, where they will pass a pleasant time of rest and recreation before starting on their return trip to their eastern homes.

In addition to the more formal program thus briefly outlined, the reception committee, consisting of James W. Harris, president; William H. Barnes, secretary, and George T. Shaw, treasurer, has arranged a series of events which will add materially to the visiting Odd Fellows' enjoyment of their few days' stay in California. Prominent among these will

be trips to various cities, towns and resorts in the vicinity of San Francisco.

That the visitors will enjoy these excursions, as they will enjoy their days in the western metropolis, goes without the saying. Whether in the greater city or the lesser town, every preparation will have been made to make their visit enjoyable; to cause them to realize that they are looked upon not as strangers,

but as guests. In brief, they will be welcomed, and the word means a good deal out here in California. And if their heartiest welcome is extended by Odd Fellows, other citizens will not be so far behind their brothers of the great order.

San Francisco will do her best to make the wanderers from the eastern land feel at home while they are here, and so will the other communities of

the state. There is no city or town, large or small, that will not do its utmost to make their stay pleasant. If they need assurance of this fact now, they will not need it after the event is past, and probably they do not need it now—California's reputation for hospitality is fairly well established.

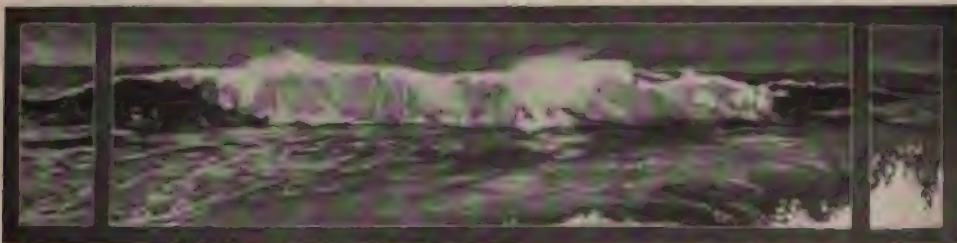
To the visiting Odd Fellows, as to the Knights Templar, the great state

of the west extends a cordial greeting. It is not well to make it too largely of the offered-in-advance variety, but citizens of the commonwealth will be quite willing to leave it to their visitors to tell the rest of the story. If they are not pleased they will say so; if they are—Well, it need not be doubted that they will do the rest; and out here no more is asked than that.



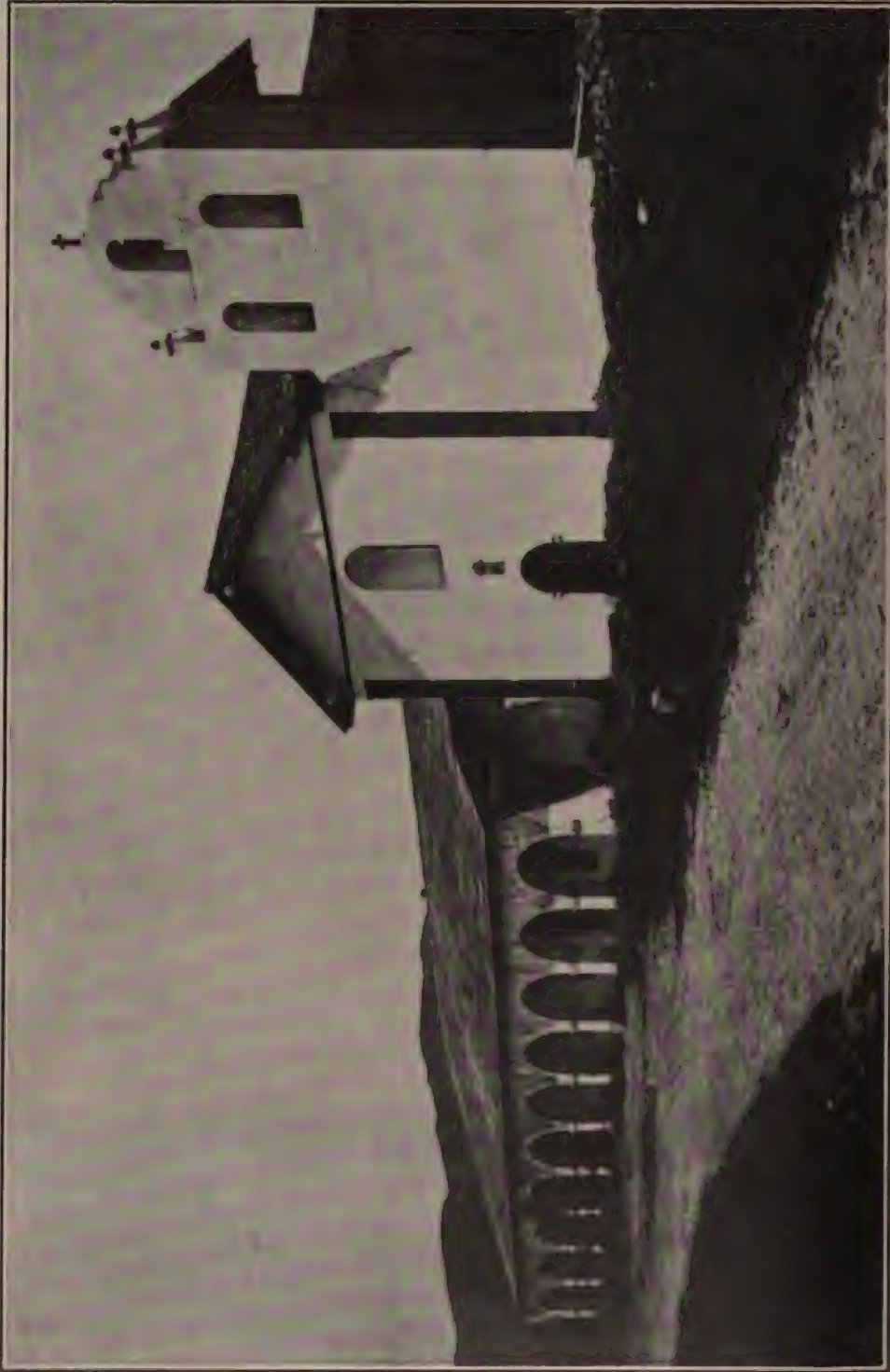
Sewell, photo

WILLIAM H. BARNES
Past Grand Master, and Secretary, Reception
Committee



OCEAN BEACH AT THE CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

Drawing by Oscar Bryn



Taber, photo

THE SANTA YNEZ MISSION AS IT IS TODAY. THE CENTENNIAL OF ITS FOUNDING WILL BE CELEBRATED SEPTEMBER 14, 1904

A Mission Centennial

By LAURA BRIDE POWERS

ON a gray September morning, when the west was young, there set out from the gray old mission at Santa Barbara, California, a picturesque cavalcade, heading to the north. Leading, rode Comandante Carrillo, gaily caparisoned and proudly mounted, as became the haughty Spaniard of his day. Beside him rode two friars, brown-robed and sandaled—Fathers Calzada and Gutierrez, of the order of St. Francis; and behind, trailed a guard of soldiery, in leathern trousers and gay serapes, to the number of nine. A brace of carretas, with yokes of oxen, and a few mules, made up the cavalcade which wound slowly round the purple mountains that lay between Santa Barbara and a lovely mesa, known to the friars, forty miles distant.

Here in this beautiful spot would they build a mission, and its name would be that of Saint Agnes, the martyr—Santa Ynez, in the language of the padres. Halting at the head of the valley, a shelter was made of oak-branches, a cross was planted, and a bell suspended from a neighboring oak.

With the ringing of the bell, the blessing of the cross, and the intoning of the mass, the mission of Santa Ynez was ushered into being, on the 17th of September, 1804.

A century has come and gone since that strange cavalcade wound its way from Santa Barbara to the valley over the mountains, and during that time the mission has passed from under the rule of two nations—Spain and Mexico. It has known the joy of prosperity, when the dusky children of the mountains wandered into the mission to become children of the holy church; it has seen its fields grow fertile and productive, and its buildings dot the valley that lay smiling at its feet. Here dwelt the padres and their Indian children in peace and plenty, and as the years wore on, the neophytes had learned something

of the art of living, and something of the teachings of the white man's God.

But the mission, like its sisters, was doomed to spoliation, for in 1834 came the comisionado from Mexico bearing the dread decree of secularization. Now was the mission no longer in the hands of the Franciscans—they who had reared it. No longer were the neophytes the children of the padres, and in a short time the work of a quarter century was in a fair way to be lost. Greedy officials appropriated large tracts of the fertile lands. The Indians, released from control, wandered away to the mountains, to fall back into tribal customs, or to become pensioners upon the leisure-loving Spaniards, who had robbed them of their heritage and then blithely made them retainers.

The story of the years between the founding in 1804 and the year of secularization in 1835 is uneventful, the only events standing out boldly being the earthquake of 1812, and the Indian revolt—the most serious outbreak that ever occurred in Alta California, though quelled in a day. The great temblor that destroyed San Juan Capistrano, and damaged many other mission structures, dealt a hard blow at Santa Ynez. The church was so badly damaged that it was finally torn down and a new one begun. It is this sanctuary, dedicated July 4, 1817, that stands today the dominant feature of the lovely Santa Ynez valley.

On September 17, 1904, the old mission will celebrate its centennial, the Rev. Father O'Reilly being the master of ceremonies. There will gather on that day the children who have been reared in its shadow—the dark-eyed, dusky Californians whose forbears sleep in the churchyard. And so, too, will the gringo—no longer the hated interloper, but the master—visit the old shrine, there to find in the silent cloisters a place for reverie and simple worship.

Oregon's Capital City

By J. H. CRADLEBAUGH

Photographs by Tollman, Vancouver, Washington

SALEM, Oregon's unpretentious capital, is a beautiful little city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, located on the west bank of the Willamette river, fifty-three miles south of Portland, in the very heart of the justly famous Willamette valley.

The site is a charming one sloping gently to the river, on the opposite side of which rise the rolling hills of Polk county, ever verdant, always delightful. Beyond them, to the west, the Coast range runs, indenting with its purple outline the azure of the sky. To the east the Cascades rise majestically, with half a dozen snow peaks adding to their beauty, and all around are open vistas of prairie and woodland, and hills

in undulating lines of beauty to lure and hold the vision.

To the stranger the city presents an air of quiet dignity befitting a great state's capital, and at first glance it seems quiet and somewhat lifeless; but this feeling soon passes away when one gets in touch with its business center. Business is done here as it is in nearly all of western Oregon, as though it were conducted for pleasure. No one is in a hurry, and, perhaps from the contact with strangers whom the state offices, (all located here), attract, everybody seems to know everybody, or at least wants to do so.

The city is laid out on a generous plan, the main streets being one hundred



The capitol . . . is a stately and majestic building and the grounds about it are as beautiful as any in the United States



THE POSTOFFICE OF SALEM

feet wide and all others eighty. The sidewalks are equally generous, and principally are made of concrete. These broad walks are taken advantage of, in the residence portion, in a way that

deserves to be widely copied. There the walk proper is from eight to twelve feet wide, leaving a strip between the concrete and the street from six to ten feet wide. This strip is planted with



WHERE THE JUSTICE OF MARION COUNTY IS ADMINISTERED



—the walk proper is from eight to twelve feet wide, leaving a strip from six to ten feet wide between the concrete and the street. This strip is planted with shrubbery, flowers and roses



—yards are unfenced, the lawns well kept, and flowers are in evidence everywhere



—the main streets are one hundred feet wide

shrubbery, flowers, and roses. Some of the most beautiful roses grown may be seen here. They are public property, and any one may pick them. The yards are unfenced, the lawns well kept, and flowers are in evidence everywhere. All the state institutions are located here by law, the capitol, however, being the only one within the city proper. It is

a stately and majestic building and the grounds about it are as beautiful as any in the United States. Nature has done so much for this Oregon country that apparently trifling effort produces wonderful results. Around the capitol is a wealth of trees and flowers, and none could be removed without marring the charming and apparently unstudied effect.



The business blocks are of brick, mostly two and three stories

About the state house is a park three hundred feet wide and nine hundred feet long, studded with young firs and maples. On a continuance of this strip the government has just completed a federal building of brown sandstone, beautifully finished and costing about \$100,000.

The city and county buildings are modern and attractive, the city hall being large enough to meet the needs of the city even should it reach the hundred thousand mark.

The business blocks are of brick, mostly two and three stories, and the merchants carry stocks of goods one would scarcely expect to find in a city of Salem's size. The residence portion

is well worth a visit. There are no princely palaces, but neat, commodious, modern homes, with wistaria, Virginia creeper, honeysuckles and climbing roses covering bare angles.

Salem is a prosperous business place. Around it are Oregon's famous hop fields, producing \$200 per acre a year, while for mile on mile in every direction spread fields of grain and clover whereon the cattle thrive.

The train service from Salem to Portland is excellent there being three trains a day, and those who travel north from San Francisco will be well repaid for stopping here in one of the prettiest and most attractive, as well as most prosperous, little cities on the coast.

Procu Negotiis

By LEON J. RICHARDSON

What glad release from care and crowded street,
 To bar thy city door and fare away
 Among the hills! And when the opal ray
 Of evening falls, to seek some fair retreat
 By spring-fed stream, where field and forest meet;
 To stretch amid the scent of pine thy bed;
 And, yellow orb'd Arcturus overhead,
 To sink at last in slumber, deep and sweet.
 Then at approaching dawn's uncertain beams
 To linger in the borderland of dreams,
 Till every elf that pipes and plays along
 The tender aspen boughs, is changed again
 To golden oriole or russet wren
 And morn bursts forth in blithe full-throated song!



Drawing by P. V. Ivory



Drawing by McComas

The Government and the Highways

By JAMES W. ABBOTT

*Special Agent for the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast Division, Office of Public Road Inquiries,
United States Department of Agriculture.*

THE bill enacted by Congress in 1802, admitting Ohio into the Union, contained a provision setting aside five per cent of the net proceeds from the sale of public lands in that state for building roads from the navigable waters of the Atlantic Coast to and through the state of Ohio, two per cent to be available for roads without the state and three per cent for those within.

The first expenditure from this fund was made in 1806, when the construction of the so-called Cumberland road was begun. Subsequent appropriations swelled the amount expended upon this famous road to over seven millions of dollars. Starting at Cumberland, Maryland, it ran westerly over the Alleghanies, across the Ohio River at Wheeling and on through the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois nearly to St. Louis. It was constructed in the most substantial manner, in accordance with the highest European standards of that time, and was the best road of such length ever built in a direct line between two points anywhere in the world.

Congress established similar funds from the sales of public lands in Louis-

iana, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Missouri and Iowa. Besides the Cumberland road, or "National Pike," as it was often called, Congress planned for twelve other great national highways, which were laid out and partially built in the southern and western states and territories. These various roads were designed to be the arteries of a fairly complete system of intercommunication, in the regions which they traversed, according to the geography of those days.

The great financial panic of 1837 compelled a restriction in government expenditure, and for sixteen years thereafter few appropriations were made for road construction. The policy was resumed in 1854, and up to the beginning of the Civil War further sums, aggregating about \$1,600,000 were thus expended.

By this time the railroad had very effectually displaced the common highway in public attention, and for more than forty years the government paid no attention to the construction of roads.

The development and material progress of the United States have consequently been very lopsided. In Europe the railways and highways advanced together and a far more symmetrical result was

obtained. There high taxes, crowded population and impoverished lands compelled a careful study of economies. With us vast areas of virgin soil, large average holdings and bountiful resources of every kind permitted wasteful methods which would have bankrupted any nation in Europe. We not only got along, but thrived. In the country generally, better standards for comparison were lacking. So, while we were getting improved railroad and transportation facilities, and better houses and better things in them, better clothes, better food, vastly better sanitary conditions, and attractions of town and city life were increasing every year, we went on in the same old way with our country roads, because we had not learned how vastly improvident and wasteful our method really was. In that element of civilization which is regarded as so vitally important in other parts of the world, we fell so far behind as to be out of sight in the procession.

The revival of public interest in American highways was due to the bicycle. As a people, we had endured with equanimity the discomforts of rough and muddy roads. The hardships and sufferings of our draft animals appealed to us in vain. But when men began to get a-straddle of a two-wheeled vehicle and actually propel it with their own legs the trouble began. Such roads would never do. The legs kicked—and their owners also, metaphorically. The interest in bicycles increased. The League of American Wheelmen was organized. There were other wrongs to be righted and advantages to be gained, but the great work for which the L. A. W. will live in history was the initiation of the good roads movement. By 1892 it was estimated that the number of bicycles in the United States had increased to half a million, and the power and influence of its devotees had become a great national force. As the result of a suggestion first made in their organ, *Good Roads*, a national convention assembled in Chicago in October, 1892, at the time of the official opening of the Columbian Exposition, and organized The National League for Good Roads, through whose

efforts Congress in the following year established the office of Public Road Inquiries. This was made a branch of the Department of Agriculture, and the act inaugurating it provided that it was to "enable the secretary to make inquiries in regard to the systems of road management throughout the United States, to make investigations in regard to the best methods of road-making, to prepare publications on this subject suitable for distribution, and to enable him to assist the Agricultural Colleges and experiment stations in disseminating information on this subject."

This office began at once very vigorously to carry out the purposes of its organization. Its first bulletin dealt with the road laws of the various states, commenting upon their distinctive features and offering suggestions for improved legislation. Subsequent papers covered proceedings of road conventions, technical papers on road-making materials and methods, road practices in different states and in foreign countries, new laws as they were enacted, extracts from governors' messages, addresses of distinguished men on the road question and statistics. Two of the most instructive circulars issued contained figures showing the cost of hauling on the wagon roads in the United States and Europe.

Under date of April 4, 1896, General Roy Stone, director of the office, says: "Ten thousand letters of inquiry were sent to intelligent and reliable farmers throughout the country, and reports have been consolidated from about 1,200 counties, giving the average length of haul in miles from farms to market or shipping points, the average weight of load hauled and the average cost per ton per mile, and from these data is deduced the average cost per ton for the whole haul."

These returns were arranged in groups of states, showing averages for eastern, northern, middle, cotton, prairie and the Pacific coast and mountain states, the last two being treated as a single division. The figures, following the order just given, were: Average length of haul,

respectively, 5.9 miles; 6.9; 8.8; 12.6; 8.8; and 23.3; average for the entire United States 12.1 miles.

Average weight of load for two horses, 2,216 pounds in eastern states; and for whole United States, 2,002 pounds.

The average cost a ton of 2,000 pounds a mile varies from thirty-two cents in the eastern states to twenty-two cents in the prairie and mountain states, and for the entire United States is twenty-five cents.*

The same average cost a ton a mile had already been arrived at in each of two entirely separate sets of investigations, the first by Professor Ira O. Baker of the University of Illinois in 1892, and the second in 1893 by a commission appointed from the Ohio legislature by the then governor, William McKinley.

It is also interesting in this connection to note that the contract price (determined by very earnest competition) paid in 1891 by the government for hauling supplies in Yellowstone National Park, where the mountain road system is of a very high standard, was twenty-five cents per ton per mile.

At the request of the Department of Agriculture, on November 20, 1895, a circular letter was addressed to many consuls in European countries, requesting information, similar to that already elicited in this country, on the cost of hauling farm products. A very large number of reports in answer to this circular were received and published by General Stone. They show costs ranging from six to thirteen cents a ton a mile for hauling different products under different conditions. While no certain general average cost a ton-mile can be adduced from these figures, any one who studies them will conclude that it lies between ten and twelve cents. With reference to the question whether this light cost in Europe is not partially due to lower prevailing standards of wages, it may be said that while wages there are somewhat lower than with us the cost of feed averages considerable higher; that very much of the hauling in Europe is done with one horse or mule, while

*Owing to exceptional conditions this price has since increased to about thirty cents.

all the data from which the American average was deduced assumed one driver for not less than two horses.

Taking the cost of hauling at twenty-five cents a ton a mile, together with the figures for production from census returns, General Stone, in April, 1896, estimated the grand total annual cost of hauling on the public roads of the United States at about nine hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Had these roads been constructed on European standards this cost would have been reduced more than one half.

For the same year covered by this estimate the gross freight receipts of all the railroads in the United States was less than seven hundred and thirty millions of dollars.

It is only by some such comparison that the mind can grasp the significance of these figures of annual waste, which, although they equal the entire amount expended since its beginning by the government on improvements to rivers and harbors, does not fully measure the appalling loss to this country from its defective highway system. We must add a great many millions for perishable products spoiled because they could not reach market in time, the restriction or congestion of railroad freight due to closed roads and their subsequent opening (because of climatic conditions), the failure to reach markets when prices are good, the enforced idleness of vast numbers of men and animals, the limitation to the area of profitable cultivation and many other adverse conditions due to this cause.

Besides bulletins and circulars, the staff of the office of Public Road Inquiries has contributed one or more papers each year to the year-book of the Department of Agriculture, of which half a million copies are printed annually, and all of these papers have also been reissued in pamphlet form. These papers have told of object lesson roads constructed under the supervision of government experts, of the tours of good-roads trains, in which the government co-operated with railroads, machinery companies, communities and other interests in building

pieces of road and conducting a campaign of education along this line; of the history of road building in the United States, of some of the most important technical principles involved in road building, and of the employment of convicts in road work.

The year-book for 1901 contained a paper entitled "Mountain Roads as a Source of Revenue," contributed by the writer of this article, in which the immense scenic and hygienic attractions of the United States were discussed. As suggesting the pecuniary possibilities of these resources, quotations are given from statements specially furnished for the paper by American consuls in Switzerland, Norway, Austria and France. Henry H. Morgan, consul at Aurau, Switzerland, tells of the three million tourists who visit that republic annually, leaving an average of probably sixteen to twenty dollars each. He says: "In Switzerland it is the barren rocks and the ice-clad peaks of the mountains to which the nation to a very large extent owes its wealth and prosperity; and, on the other hand, no other country has done so much to develop tourist industry by making accessible the mountains, valleys, gorges and crevasses, regardless of difficulties and expense, and by establishing numerous fine hotels, offering all the commodities and comforts of modern life, no matter how near to the region of eternal ice or how far removed from the great arteries of travel the hotel may be situated. Besides these easily accessible resorts, frequented by all the excursionists and tourists, there are a great number of magnificent high valleys and alpine health resorts situated far from the general travel, but connected with it by good roads, and only owing to such roads have they been made accessible and profitable." This last sentence, with its praise of Swiss roads, contains the keynote

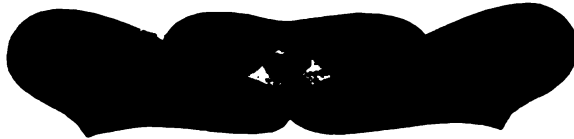
of the paper, the purpose of which is to show by comparison with other countries and what they have done, what we in the United States can do to make our scenic and hygienic conditions yield great profits, when utilized by means of good roads and attractive hotels.

The year-book for 1902 contains a paper by the same writer on the "Use of Mineral Oil in Road Improvement," showing how California has solved the problem of roads for arid and semi-arid regions, and has converted highways of bottomless dust into most delightful thoroughfares.

The appropriations for the office of Public Road Inquiry have been almost insignificant compared with amounts expended in other ways to "promote the general welfare." That for the present fiscal year, the largest yet made, was only thirty-five thousand dollars.

But small as have been the appropriations, they have enabled the office to accomplish good that cannot be measured. Acting with the authority and prestige of the general government, all interests have given it support. The two most powerful forces in our modern civilization, the press and the railroads, have co-operated with it earnestly and have contributed freely aid which millions of dollars could not have purchased. As the people have become enlightened, the demand for better roads and improved highway methods has grown into a general agitation. The problems of ways and means are being studied by state and national legislators and the universal pressure for their solution gives promise of speedy results.

Those who have closely watched the progress of this movement believe that the time is not far removed when the United States, without humiliation, can invite comparison with road conditions in Europe.





A Sea Lyric

By HERBERT BASHFORD

Give me Song that shall enravish!
Wild wave-anthems to entrance!
All the volume of the lavish
Sea's impassioned utterance!

Music heard by weary ages
Ere a poet yet had sung—
Such as shook old bards and sages
When the ancient Dawn was young!

Oh to feel the awe and wonder
Of the songs he sang to them,
All the deep, eternal thunder
Of his garment's hoary hem!

Give me all his storm of passion,
Storm of song and rage of rhyme—
Give me all his power to fashion
Epics for the ear of Time!

Myron Ware



—the lads ranged daily for morning and evening dress parades

A Vacation Republic

How a Boys' Club Mixed Sociology and Sport in a Summer Outing in the Santa Cruz Mountains

By JAMES E. ROGERS

THE State of Columbia, which last year existed for a useful and happy five weeks high in the Santa Cruz mountains of California, was the second of the two experiments which have been made by the Columbia Park Boys' Club; experiments in the formation and maintenance of a permanent camp founded on the principles of self-government. It is of the latest of these experiments, founded and conducted by the writer, that he wishes here to tell, but a few explanatory words seem necessary, as preliminary to my narration.

The Columbia Park Boys' Club of San Francisco, 318 Seventh street, of

which Sidney Peixotto was the enthusiastic and devoted organizer, is an educational institution well known for its success among the boys of the neighborhood. A large, roomy clubhouse, artistically decorated and furnished with all the necessary material for carrying on the club, is placed at the disposal of the boys of the neighborhood. Here members may use a carefully chosen library, a game-room, a meeting-room, a gymnasium, an armory, and work-rooms where they may learn different occupations. Here they may come to take part in the chorus, in the band, in the entertainments, athletic or dramatic, which form part of the

energies of the club. Here the boys may meet with those who aim to give the fullest impetus to their faculties and supply them with helpful and elevating influences in place of those less developing which they might find on the streets without.

Every year of the eight which have made up the history of Columbia Park, it has been the good fortune of a selected group of boys to follow one of their leaders for a vacation trip out into the open country. Those trips have always been to some well-known locality, such as Calaveras Grove, Yosemite Valley, Monterey, Lake or Humboldt counties. On their latest trip, a cross-country tramp to Eureka, the boys gave vaudeville and minstrel shows in the towns along their route of travel, earning something like a thousand dollars. This paid more than their expenses, putting a goodly sum to the club's credit.

The success of such undertakings is by no means assured beforehand. Many are the obstacles which may unexpectedly arise. If the finances are not assured, if the boys have not been trained to act as a group, if the climate or the country-side prove unpropitious, if the leader lacks large quantities of tact and patience, the trip is apt to end disastrously. The hardships and pleasures are about equally divided; sleeping in strange places, going without water on a scorching day along a dusty mountainous road for twenty miles, at the end of which there will be camp chores to be done and then perhaps a performance to be given in the evening—all this requires grit and endurance, but it also, if successful, builds the manly qualities of character. And the pleasures—the evenings around the camp-fire, with their songs and stories, the days in the quiet whispering woods, the excitement and glory of a successful performance—these dim the hardships, when, returned to the city, the trip becomes a memory dear to all.

In 1902 it seemed to those interested in the summer outings that the privileges of a summer's vacation should be extended to a larger proportion of the two hundred club members, for the

walking trips had of necessity been limited from six to eighteen boys.

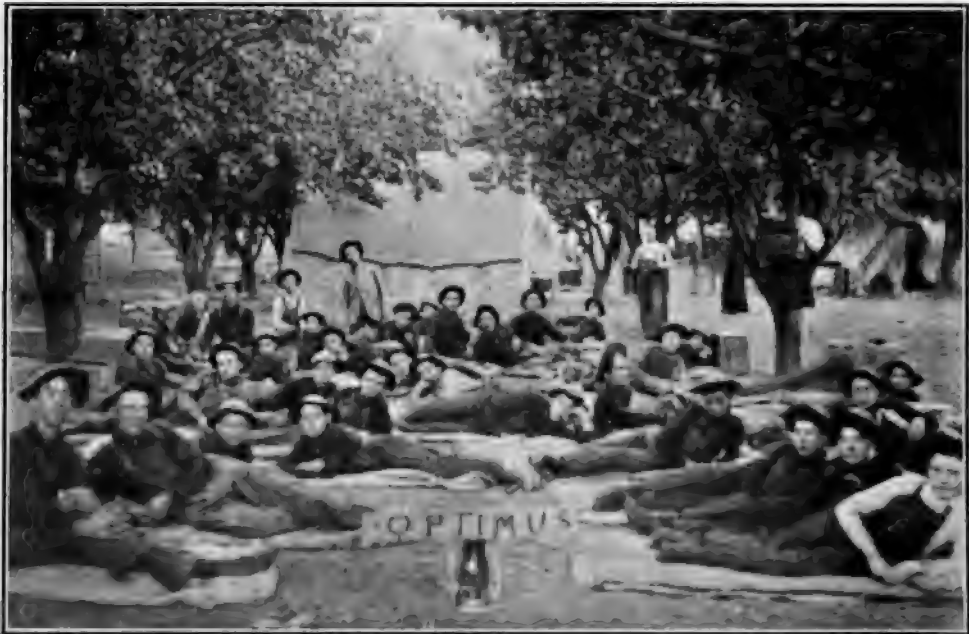
The first "Junior Republic" was therefore organized in the neighborhood of Vacaville, Yolo county, on a large fruit ranch. Here forty-five boys were employed during the day at fruit picking and cutting, and thus enabled to pay their expenses and earn money besides. The earnings averaged ten dollars per boy, one boy clearing twenty-one dollars in the short season. Consequently these boys went, not as recipients of charity, but in the spirit of independent American lads. The letters of appreciation which, when their work was done and they had returned to the city, came to them, furnished ample proof that they had loyally and worthily done their duty. Besides this sense of a task well done, they brought home with them recollections of daily plunges in the cool creeks—the joys of which were tempered by sun-burned backs that followed—memories of cross-country tramps, of sports in the woods, and evenings around the crackling logs, and cool nights, when the starry vault of heaven served as a roof to their dreams.

All of this was the inspiration and justification for the second Junior Republic, of which I am to tell. The ground selected for this Republic was in the very heart of the Santa Cruz mountains. It was put at the disposal of the club through the kindness of Dr. O. N. Orlow. An open piece of unshaded land, whose underbrush had to be cleared away with poor tools under an unrelenting summer's sun, did not promise very much, but its very isolation and lack of natural advantages helped to develop the small state. With pluck and endurance, these lads overcame the many obstacles nature put in their way and established a site for their miniature government. They constructed streets and erected tents; they built rustic fences and artistic city gates, they made tables and benches and a great rotunda within a natural circle of red-wood trees which served as the factory—and all of this they built from trees felled by axes, which their own young and sturdy arms wielded.

These lads were not only willing and able to give their labor to the general good, they were able besides to live up to a high standard of citizenship in political affairs. They became members of a law-abiding and law-enforcing community. A machinery of government had been devised after the model of that of the United States, where all the elements of "self-government, of direct representation, and rotation in office" were expressed. There was no judiciary, and never seemed to be a necessity for one. Citizens had been chosen because they knew what order and loyalty meant, and the state, unshaken by the disturbances and jealousies of the larger nations, presented, throughout its five weeks' history, a picture of peace and harmony, which nations well might envy. The committees on streets, on buildings, on health, on commissary, each and all, put an enthusiasm and prompt service into their work which would shame the inertia of the corresponding committees of their elders.

Idleness was a public crime, and to prevent its commission every citizen

must pledge himself to do a certain amount of work. When civic duties were performed, there were Indian bead belts to be made and rustic baskets to be fashioned. Sitting at their work under the open sky, weaving quaint designs in bright colors, with the dark green of trees as a background, and the chattering of their tongues as an accompaniment to the movements of their hands, the boys presented a cheery picture of what manual labor under ideal conditions ought to be. Another picture, that will remain long in the minds of those who saw it, was that of the lads ranged daily for morning and evening dress parade as Old Glory was raised and lowered to the roll of the drums and notes of the bugles. Clad in the neat black blouse, khaki trousers, leggings and cap which constituted the uniform of each, they stood in line at salute as the flag was hoisted to the top of a pole which had been, with much effort, erected upon a knoll at the highest point near the camp. In the same line they daily performed their physical exercises, played at battles and now and again tramped to Santa Cruz eleven miles distant.



BOYS OF THE STATE OF COLUMBIA ON THEIR ANNUAL OUTING

playing ball on the beach or dipping in the cool surf.

When brown, plump, and hardened by earnest toil, the members of the State of Columbia returned to the city, they had, whether they knew it or not, established a precedent. These months in the sunshine had been a perfect storehouse of benefits. First and foremost, the city boy had learned the joy of an out-door summer. The closing of school at vacation time too often means for many boys going to work in a shop or factory, or a mischief-breeding idleness on dirty and crowded streets. The streets and this idleness are the root of much evil. A summer's vacation in the country may surely therefore be looked upon as the root of much good.

At Glenwood there had been simple and modest life; a camp diet of the plainest, clothing reduced to a minimum, and a bed upon the ground had taught them a useful lesson in pioneer life. Performing the camp chores, washing dishes, making beds, waiting on table, putting tents in order—these were tasks to teach practical habits of

neatness and detail. The out-door sports—"nigger baby" baseball, horse-shoe, and boxing—had been carried on in a fine spirit of rivalry tempered by friendly toleration. Above all the summer had taught them a valuable lesson—"I am my brother's keeper"—that stronghold upon which all sound relationships of humanity must rest. Those who conceived the summer's outing, and those who made it possible, felt that they had reason to rejoice. Had the boys only learned to take care of themselves and acquired some knowledge of the value of mutual assistance, the summer would have been worth while; had the boys only had a vigorous and health-giving summer it would have been sufficient; had they only learned the value of home and love of parents by their separation from these, the trip would have been justified, but when it seems possible to say that they learned all these things, the summer of 1903 at Glenwood may be reckoned as an unqualified success, which argues in favor of more extensive and daring plans for future summers.

In the Great, Free Wood

By A. SYLVANUS

Oh, to be out in the great, free wood,
 Away from the hurry, away from the care,
 Where the boughs of the trees weave a giant hood
 To cover the world when the world is bare;
 To lie where the shadows flit to and fro,
 As fairies that join in a phantom play;
 To lazily dream through the hours, and know
 That care is a mocker that flits away.

There's a place out there 'neath a spreading tree
 That only the squirrels and I have known,
 Except for the birds that come to see
 How fare the seeds by the fairies sown;
 And I want to be there, just loafing today
 Through hours that are happy and peaceful and good—
 I guess that I'm lazy, but, anyway,
 I want to be out in the great, free wood.



Dennis H. Stovall, photo

She knows just how to swerve the deflector to drive an avalanche of boulders down the gulch

See "A Woman Placer Miner," page 435



—as it gnaws and cuts deep at the base of the red clay bank

C. L. Jeeler, photo

A Woman Placer Piper

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

ONE of the very few expert women pipers of the west is Mrs. M. E. Moore. She is not a piper such as the Scotch Highlander knows, but a piper of the western hydraulic placer mines, the operator of a hydraulic giant. At present Mrs. Moore is her husband's partner in the working of the Judson placer mines, of Southern Oregon. And Mrs. Moore is a partner in every sense of the word. Every day she is at her post, taking her stand beside the big monitor long before the sun scares away the shadows from the mountain canyons, and there she remains through the shift, directing the shaft of white that the monster hurls with a dash of spray against the towering gravel bank, tearing mountains away and robbing them of their gold. Few men pipers, who are proud of their long record of years in western placer fields, and likewise their three-and-a-half dollars per day, are more dexterous with the giant nozzle than Mrs. Moore. She knows just how to swerve the deflector to drive an avalanche of boulders down the gulch, scattering them as wildly as a handful of bullets shot from a Gatling gun; and how to bring that long, deep growl from the aqueous monster as it gnaws and cuts deep at the base of the red clay bank, till a great slab of a thousand

tons topples and falls with a crash from the mountainside and is washed away through the sluice boxes.

Mrs. Moore has been her husband's partner in the mining business for the past nineteen years, and during those years she has lived out of doors nearly all of the time. She has mined in Colorado, Montana, California and Oregon. She has traveled several thousand miles by pack pony and burro, following the mountain trails and the long line of prospectors into the new camps, the new El Dorados, and the new Golcondas. Many have been the nights spent by her with the snow piled deep on her blankets; and many the days spent in tramping over granite and sand-hills with the sun burning overhead like a ball of molten metal.

"Healthy?" She smiles at the question. "I do not know what it is to be sick. It is true my face and hands are tanned as brown as a nut, and are not the pretty pink-white that women like so well, but I know there are few women of my age who are as healthy and rugged as I. Yes, mining is the life for me. My blood is tinctured with the gold fever, and I am doomed; but, after all, there is no life like it. The genuine freedom of the mountains, the ozone of the pines is mine, all mine."

Autumn Days Among the Birds

By ELIZABETH GRINNELL

This is the tenth of a series of studies of the birds of California by Elizabeth Grinnell, of Pasadena, the author, in collaboration with Joseph Grinnell, of "Birds of Song and Story." The illustrations are from photographs from life by the author. The first of these articles, "A California Christmas Carol," appeared in December (1902) SUNSET; the second, beginning "The Story of Anna," in January (1903); the third, continuing "The Story of Anna," in March; the fourth, "A Pair of April Fools," in April; the fifth, "His Excellency, the Mockery," in May; the sixth, "Story of an Oriole's Nest," in July; the seventh, "The Linnet," in August; the eighth, "Home for Thanksgiving," in November; the ninth, "Tourist Robins and Warwings," in January, (1904).

THESE are the days of pathos and humor. To the melancholy mind the pathos exceeds the humor. To the merry all things in nature at this season seem droll, from the futile attempts of aging foliage to retain the character of youth to the despondent fowls of the barnyard half plucked by order of the court. The fowls, devoid of appetite and ambition (also of usefulness) huddle in the fence corners and gaze dejectedly at little agitated heaps of their own feathers swirled by maturity and the wind from original moorings. I note the peculiar sadness of countenance common to their tribe at the moulting season; a sadness as near kin to resignation as is observed in the human family when facing the unavoidable. The feathers of the fowls and the feathers of the deciduous trees mingle together, while, from tree and bird so bereft come wordless strains of pathetic remonstrance that, "in this clime so blessed of the gods," they must submit to the inevitable laws of reconstruction.

I was led to these reflections by having tossed a pan of apple cores into the vicinity of my neighbor's back fence. Not that the apple cores alighted on the other side of the fence! Why should I tantalize my own fowls by placing food beyond their reach? Had I done so perchance they would have evinced more eagerness of appetite, as did my neighbor's chickens, who, like the rest

of us, vainly endeavored to gain what was beyond them. As for my own retainers, they moved reluctantly, as if sudden motion, even in the interests of hunger, would dislodge more feathers.

This annual divestment of tree and bird has a special charm for me; though I realize that any backyard, as the center of sentimental observation, may not appeal to the poetic of nature. Neither will the mention of domestic fowls—the product of which is said to exceed in value the output of all the gold mines of the world—appeal to the esthetic, save as served—in a most unesthetic manner—on the banqueting board. I therefore pass to the foregrounds of our city ranch, where, amid Nature's finer arts may be observed points of order peculiar to the season.

I note that many of the song birds, which so lately peopled shrub and sheltered nooks, have departed, some of them to Mexico, some to northern altitudes, others to the sea shore or the seed covered mesas. I miss them from where they used to line up on the telephone wires like agitated clothespins; and from the apex of the house roof where they unconsciously formed the old fashioned cresting, which ornament the builders assure me is now obsolete to the craft.

Still a few of my feathered, or partly feathered friends, remain. I see a couple of brown towhees dodging my observation in the group of Monterey



No longer does he snatch a passing butterfly on the wing

cypress clipped to resemble an Indian wigwam in which they have delighted to build their nests for many years. The dull gray of what remains of last year's moult mingles like hit or miss patchwork with bits of new brown plumage. A stub of a new tail appears upon one bird, while its mate, quite devoid of such an ornament, looks the picture of despair.

The well known reluctance of birds to appear in public at the moulting season, lends a humorous side to the situation. Individuals which in other days are fearless and confiding, even inviting acquaintance, now scamper to cover as if urged by sense of common decorum. A pair of song sparrows escape from my observation as fast as their legs can carry them, with that peculiar sidewise trot of theirs, as if conscious of possible arrest by the police if caught attired in so scanty garments.

I respect these sparrows and towhees by reason of their conjugal fealty, not one of them having appeared in the divorce courts of California. They mate for life, and remain constant through thick and thin of vesture, through the

better and the worse of the year's changes. So far as I know neither leaves the other to look after household affairs alone. Neither takes a pleasure trip to the shore or the mountains or back east; no, nor does either frequent the social clubs of such gregarious birds as the waxwings and the robins and the mountain blues.

In spite of my disposition to look on the bright side I discover a sight that appals me. It is one of the many tragedies of bird life. I part the tuft of pampas grass where nestled the song sparrows a few weeks ago and find a baby mummy, a skeleton as it were in the closet. Depending by a single horse hair entwined in the nest is a withered relict of the former innocent occupants, its foot caught in a mesh. Poor thing! The elements released the flesh, and the same elements do now toss the little ghostly object at the wind's will. And the mother sparrow—what does she think? I see her approach the spot and look this way and that, uttering that note of upward inflection so common to her, as if she would ask endless questions. She does not weep over the

lifeless form, nor does she needlessly reproach herself that her care of the infant was not all that it should have been in the retrospect. She takes it for granted that the individual (or that portion of the individual which she does not now see) is better off in the world where dead birds go. And she whispers to her mate as they trot away that "death is not so bad when you take into account what might have happened." Are there not caged young mocking birds in the adjacent lot behind gloomy prison bars?

In the pepper tree I catch sight of a past master mocker ashamed of his present appearance, shrinking from the observation of even his neighbor sparrows. He has laid aside his music, and engages audibly in only an occasional scrap with a rival mocking bird. His entire time at this season is spent between the caterer and the clothier; although his appetite is capricious. He eats little and daintily as if he needs a tonic. No longer does he snatch a passing butterfly on the wing and denude it of its gauzy vesture that it may pass without friction to its last fate. He and his mate are conscious of slight differences between them; yet they make the best of it and keep in sight of each other. They are no longer followed by their progeny as in late summer days. The juveniles have departed for new scenes and no more depend upon parental supplies. I am glad, for the old birds have a little peace; for it is a well known fact that young mockers do agitate the declining years of their parents in a most astonishing manner.

I look up into the blue gum, dripping its ripe leaves into my face, and see twin nests of the orioles, one a lean-to on the other, swinging in the breeze. That double apartment house is a common feature in the blue gums. Returning each new season to the old site a pair of orioles remember the safety of

the location and build a new nest as close to the old one as possible. I have not seen a third, but have taken three sets of two from a single bough.

I stoop to lift a garden log and pick up a sleepy lizard I was sure lay underneath in the loam. Of what youthful follies was he guilty that he has not evolved into a bird?

A single hummingbird sits on a slender twig of the pomegranate turning her face to look, I know not which way, to earth or sky. It is a trick she has of seeming to look both ways when she cants her head properly. I fancy she sees only from the eye that looks toward heaven for she pays no heed to me standing two feet from her twig. I move, and both eyes look straight at me. Always there is something to divert the mind from the upward glance.

I turn to the veranda eaves where a dozen deserted linnets' nests repose in a condition indescribable to the esthetic. I resolve to tear them all away and replace them with new invitations in the spring. Here comes down an old straw hat; here a corn popper braced in the corner; here a lot of cigar boxes; and here half a dozen berry baskets. These are my annual invitations to the linnets to nest on my veranda. Each and all are remanded to the dump pile in a vacant lot—over on my neighbor's side, of course. They have each and all served the purpose of existence.

As I pass the corner a giant cactus extends the palms of its many hands toward me. I note that a big broad leaf has dropped with the weight of itself and a long dry summer. It has fallen straight across a nest which it is pressing as flat as a camper's flapjack. I lift the prickly thing, not tenderly, but carefully on my own account, and assure myself the catastrophe came after the birds had flown.

"So many things to be thankful for!" chirps sparrow from her Indian lodge. And I echo her sentiment.





Drawing by Blanche Letcher

California Alpine Flowers

By ALICE EASTWOOD
Of the California Academy of Sciences

ABOVE timber line the lofty peaks and jagged ridges of the Sierra Nevada gleam in the sunshine of midday and glow in the evening light. They become gray when the skies are gray; but are never green. This is a desolate and forbidding world, filling our hearts with a nameless sorrow and awe, but having a fascinating power that compels all who have once felt it to return again and again. It is as if we were alone in the world and beheld it stretched before us. We feel that it is ours because we have conquered it; though all around us are the evidences that the earth is still master and can in a second destroy us and all that we have done.

The granite pinnacles rise from long stretches of snow. Everywhere are awful precipices. Huge boulders lie piled upon each other heaped into mountain peaks by the titanic forces of nature. Here and there, slopes too steep to hold the snow mark the paths of avalanches. The little lakes that nestle at the foot of the snowbanks give a touch of beauty and gentleness. They are often bordered by green, as are also the meandering rivulets and the raging torrents that dash down the rocks in their wild eagerness to see the world and join their brothers in the broad river far below.

It is interesting to see the last trees that mark the line between the alpine

and the subalpine zones. They are stunted and misshapen, often growing together as if for mutual protection, turning a green side to the lowlands and a tangle of rugged, twisted stems to the uplands. *Pinus albicaulis* is the last to retreat. It bravely withstands the winds, the snows and the inhospitable rocks.

There are also willows to be found in the green spots, tiny plants an inch or so high, holding up their catkins to the light and sun as proudly as the big trees. Only the sharpest eyes will find these little plants, though they form mats of verdure often yards in extent. If they are not large and imposing above ground, they make up for it below in an enormous root surface that is perhaps as old as the mountains themselves. They are closely related to the willows that clothe the tundra of the arctic regions. Indeed the species has been known as *Salix arctica petraea*.

Amid the willows will often be seen the mountain laurel, *Kalmia glauca*, a pretty little plant of the heather family. Its short stems clothed with bright green leaves are terminated by a cluster of rose-colored flowers that hang like little bells on slender stems. They are, however, in shape more like inverted saucers. The low huckleberry will also be seen and the mountain heather, *Bryanthus Breweri*, though this is much more abundant and frequent below timber line. There are also some dull-colored paintbrushes or

castilleias; a mountain pink, *Silene Watsoni*; a beautiful buttercup, *Ranunculus oxynotus*, and the common winter cress, *Barbarea vulgaris*, that is cosmopolitan and as much at home at sea level as on the high mountains. Grasses and sedges perhaps give most of the verdure. The gorgeous shooting star, *Dodecatheon Jeffreyi*, and the white pussy tails, *Polygonum bistorta*, grow near timber line and are very common in the wet meadows at much lower elevations.

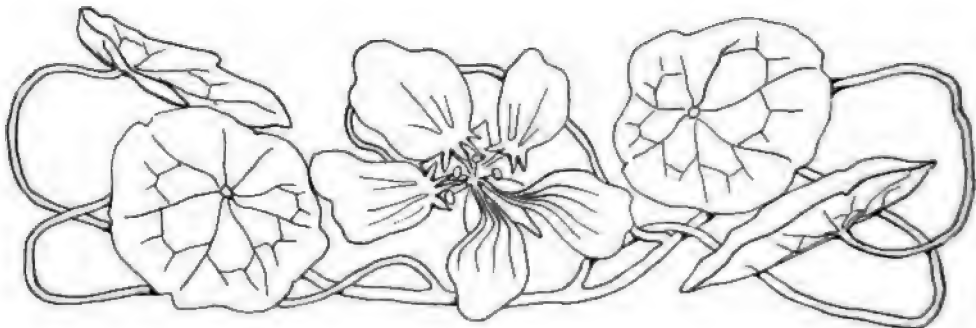
It is, however, among the big boulders that the most showy flowers seek a home. What a surprise it is to come across them, how brilliant their coloring and how fresh as if but just created. No one can resist them and their loveliness can never be forgotten. The alpine primrose, *Primula suffrutescens*, makes spots of crimson that can be seen a quarter of a mile away. It is a beautiful plant, the fragrant flowers are in umbels at the ends of leafy stems. The alpine sunflower, *Hulsea algida*, attracts the attention of all. The large yellow heads are clothed at the base by a protecting mantle of wool which is also on the stems and leaves, though not so thick. It is more necessary to keep the baby seeds protected from the cold than the more hardy stems and leaves. A gorgeous pentstemon, *P. Davidsoni*, is occasionally seen. The flowers take up most of the plant. They are bluish purple, with a deep two-lipped cup to hold the stamens and pistil. The most beautiful of all, however, is the mountain verbena, *Polemonium eximium*, which is not a verbena but nearer the phlox. The flowers are in great bunches at the top of the stem, and are as blue as the sky and as

sweet as honey. The mountain sorrel, *Oxyria digyna*, seeks shelter under some protecting rocks. It has bright green, round leaves, kidney-shaped at base and a panicle of tiny red flowers and fruits.

It is interesting to see how these delicate looking plants protect themselves from the frost that comes every night. Those that grow in the wet places are found where they can thaw gradually. They do freeze every night and would become black in death if brought in the early morning into a warm room; but here they are safe. The sun takes a long time to show itself over the lofty peaks, so that its direct rays do not strike the frozen stems while they are stiff with the cold. The plants that grow in more open spots, amid the rocks, are protected by a coating of wool or a gummy and viscid secretion that covers them completely.

There are many more humble little plants, several species of yellow *draba* or mountain cress, some tiny and interesting umbellifers, *sibbaldia* that grows on every mountain peak throughout the northern hemisphere, poor little stunted and starved pussy-paws, *Spraguea umbellata*.

There is something peculiarly lovable about these brave, hardy and beautiful plants. Perhaps their delicacy and sweetness attract us more from the contrast with the ruggedness and harshness of all else around. Like love itself, they are the entering wedge to subdue these cold, bleak, forbidding mountains and give them the softer outlines, tenderer aspects and greater beauty of the Cordilleras, the Appalachian mountains and the European Alps.



Drawing by Florence Clayton



Drawing by Mary Wellman

Hooked Without a Bait

Romance of a Midsummer Venture to the Famed Mount
Shasta Region, With Love Making and Trout
Fishing in about Equal Proportions

By MARGUERITE STABLER

Drawings by P. V. Ivory

“IT is not that I don’t appreciate your kind office of advance agent,” St. Martin explained to his sister, without raising his eyes from the photograph, “I’m not saying she is not stunning to look at, but from sudden death and strong-minded women good Lord deliver us!”

“Well, I just hope you’ll marry some athletic, horsy woman who won’t know beans, George St. Martin,” sputtered little Mrs. Lyons, out of all patience. “Elsie is the dearest and finest girl in the world, and I could scarcely wait till the steamer landed for you to meet her, and now you go and spoil it all.”

“Oh well, never mind, Lou,” St. Martin interrupted, still holding the picture, “don’t let a little thing like that worry you. If you would go in for athletics more, and do less of these tea-fights and woman’s clubs, things wouldn’t get on your nerves so easily.”

“But I’ve told her all about you,” Mrs. Lyons confessed, “and that you are coming home, and now you run off

to the wilderness for a whole summer to fish before you meet her. What will she think?”

“That will give her just that much more time to write another chapter of her woman’s rights book; so she won’t mind,” the incorrigible St. Martin answered, as he slipped into his top-coat and was off.

And while Mrs. Lyons was still fuming over her brother’s ingratitude, that graceless individual had forgotten the episode entirely in getting enough ammunition and fishing tackle together for his trip.

It was a soul-absorbing undertaking of many days to get just the right tackle and flies, to decide between the various merits of several rifles and inveigle Johnson into taking a few weeks off at that season. But when it at last was accomplished and they found themselves again under the snow-clad dome of Mount Shasta, St. Martin doffed ten weary, busy years with his stiff collar, and the one object above his mental

horizon became the sport in store during the next few weeks.

"It's a burning shame our old camp ground is spoiled," he began the next morning, as they rounded the last curve of the grade and hove in sight of the club-house nestled in its clearing.

"But this is one of the few things not spoiled by improvement," Johnson objected. "Nobody comes here but the fly-casters with their families, so you are always sure of your crowd."

But St. Martin was longing for the good old days of sleeping under a tree and cooking his fish on the rocks and his mood was not amiable. The clouds, that had lowered just low enough to insure a good catch, now condensed into a drizzle and the fisherman's prospects went down with the barometer.

"If this thing keeps up the fish won't rise to a fly," Johnson finally remarked, looking hopelessly at the waste of rocks on all sides. "My kingdom for a worm!"

"Maybe that chap down there has some," St. Martin suggested, nodding toward a little black figure on a ledge below. "Hi there, young fellow!" he called. "Got a worm?"

The boy looked up and quickly looked away as if he did not want to hear.

"Hold on, I say," St. Martin repeated as the chap moved off down stream. "got a worm with you?"

"Nope," the boy answered shortly, pulling the tarpaulin curtain around his hat and his sweater close above his rubber coat.

"I'll bet he's lying," St. Martin muttered as, a second later, an eighteen-inch trout twinkled through the air on the boy's line. "I'm going down to see."

"Look out!" the fellow shouted as the man's black shadow fell upon him. "Rattlers down here!" But St. Martin was not to be scared away.

"Here's for a worm, youngster," tossing a quarter on the rock.

"Humph," the boy sniffed, working his fly lightly over the eddies and not turning to answer.

St. Martin waited impatiently. "Hurry up there!" he commanded.

"What d'ye want?" the boy asked, as if the stranger's presence had been forgotten.

"Got a worm?" the man repeated, a trifle more civilly.

"Nope," the boy answered again, reeling in enough of his line to display the "royal coach" on his hook.

"By Jove!" the man exclaimed in wonder, "how do you catch on a day like this with such a bait?"

"It's knowin' how," the boy retorted pertly.

Johnson's laugh restored his friend's good humor as together they watched the little chap wade out to the depth of his rubber boots, shake out his rod with a strong wrist movement that sent the line circling and dimpling over the water till the fly barely touched the surface, then hastily paying out more line to the current and proceeding down stream. The next moment he was striking back at a two-pounder.

"Say, you're all right," St. Martin ejaculated admiringly, feeling a sudden thrill of comradeship; "do you live around here, chappie?"

"Yep," the chap answered unsocially, without looking up.

"Are there many people staying up at the club-house?" Johnson chipped in. "Do you know whether there is any one there by the name of Browne or Von Neuberg?"

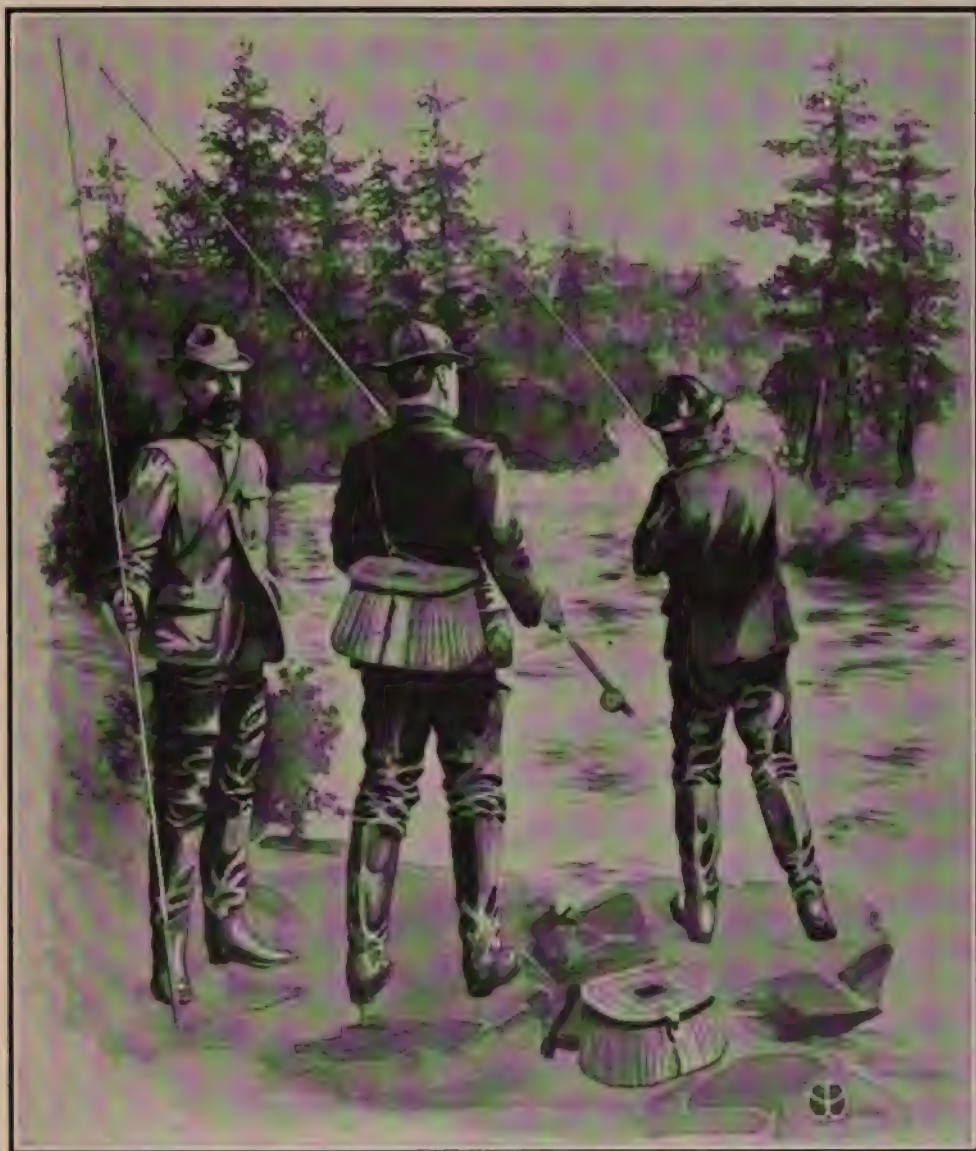
"Yep, they're there," the boy answered, sidling off.

"Von Neuberg! Why, that's Miss What'-her-name's aunt," St. Martin mused. "Do you know whether there is a young lady in the party they call Elsie something?"

"Yep," the boy nodded, turning his face down stream.

St. Martin gave a whistle. "It looks like fate after all," he said, and Johnson laughed.

"Here's another quarter for your luck," St. Martin said, tossing another coin on the rock. "Do you know this young lady?"



"Humph," the boy sniffed, working his fly lightly over the eddies and not turning to answer

The chap was busy fixing his bait, and only nodded.

"What is she like?" the man asked, when Johnson interrupted for his friend's benefit. "Does she wear blue stockings and eye-glasses, and talk Sanskrit and eat Bacon?"

The boy seemed to be having an ague in the water. St. Martin thought, as, coming up victorious with a worm, he

said, "Here, put this on my hook will you, kid," as he turned to disentangle his line from the limb of a willow tree growing close by.

"Goodness gracious me!" rose in a stifled shriek into the boy's throat, but the drawn lips merely articulated a terror-stricken "Gee!" as he shut his eyes and impaled the poor wriggling little creature on the cruel barb, then

steadied himself against a rock for fear he should faint.

"Where are you going?" the men asked regretfully as the chap reeled in his line and started off.

"Home," he replied; "water is getting too roily."

"It takes a kid to get in for the luck," St. Martin commented gloomily. Here a tug at his line sent a thrill of joy through his soul, but before he could strike back the fish had cleared and was off.

"He's got a pretty good string, too," Johnson agreed as they watched the little fellow jump from rock to rock, climb the fence, and disappear around the corner.

"Good gracious!" the boy was saying to himself, meanwhile. "It must be Lou's brother, and this is the 'wilderness to fish' he has run away to," remembering the words of the letter—"Goodness gracious me!"

As the shadows grew longer and the sun dropped out of sight, the victorious fly-casters came trooping up to the clubhouse from every direction. The veranda, railing and steps swarmed with a free and easy confraternity in negligée shirts and short skirts, which gave the new arrivals the comforting assurance that this sequestered spot was still a far cry from becoming a fashionable resort. The moonlight lay in dazzling lights upon serene old Shasta, the dogwood blossoms flung their snowy petals broadcast through the air, and the sweetbrier thickets that lined the roadside filled the woods with their dainty fragrance.

"This is still a pretty good place if it won't get any more civilized," St. Martin had admitted before he caught the swish of a furbelowed skirt and was being presented to Miss Harmon. "Elsie is the one to rave with you over the blossoms," Mrs. Browne was saying; "she knows every nook from here to Castle Crags."

"Indeed I do," that young lady agreed enthusiastically, "nowhere else that I have ever been does one find 'such primal, naked forms of flowers,' as Browning puts it, 'such letting Nature have her

way, such miracles performed in play,' you know."

"Oh I see!" flashed through St. Martin's mind, "the bluestocking shows through all these swishy furbelows." And, looking at the flesh tints that rivaled the pink and white azaleas at her belt, "What a pity!" Then audibly: "Have I the pleasure of meeting Miss Elsie Harmon of San Francisco?" he asked.

"To be sure," Miss Harmon answered, catching quickly at her eye-glasses. (They were Nan's, and she had borrowed them.)

"My sister, Mrs. Lyons, has often spoken of you and—and I am delighted to meet you," St. Martin lied lamely.

"Mrs. Lyons is one of the charter members of our Portia Club," Miss Harmon went on enthusiastically, "and we are great friends."

"Yes, she gets worse—that is to say—I've heard her say so." Then, because he was already over-tired of hearing about women's clubs, he changed the subject with a blunt, "Do you fish, Miss Harmon?"

"Do I fish?" the girl repeated, leaning back into the shadow and dropping her hands listlessly, "perhaps, in the broad sense of Browning's seagull simile. You remember his lines beginning 'There's the true sea-lover, fair, my friend'? I think one never quite grasps Browning's involved imagery until he gets an empirical knowledge of the subject, don't you?"

But while Miss Harmon was expressing her theory of empirics St. Martin was telegraphing a signal of distress to his friend, and when she had reached "do you?" Johnson was on the spot and willingly slipped into St. Martin's place.

"What a pity!" St. Martin again said to himself as he followed the lines of likeness to the photograph, while Miss Harmon in the shadow seemed to be having an ague chill like the boy's attack that morning in the river.

"It is the chill in the air," she explained to Johnson; "would you mind going inside?"

Inside, the pine logs crackled in the cavernous depth of the fireplace and threw weird shadows upon the deer's horns, and the Indian baskets and Alaskan rugs about the room.

"If you will sing something we will soon have the others inside," Johnson ventured, turning over the music on a littered stand.

"How did you know?" the girl began, laughing frankly at the success of his venture.

"I did not know; I merely hoped," Johnson answered. But, as he had said, with the first full notes of Mandelay the straggling fly-casters came through windows and doors to listen and call for more.

The river was singing so loudly to the stroller on its bank that he did not dream of the rival singer in the house. The moon had set and the crested waves were lost in the shadow of the shrubbery before he turned his face toward the deserted veranda. And it was not until he had almost reached the house that he caught a random strain of music within. It was only a little German *liebes-lied* he had heard a hundred times before, but the voice was rich and appealing and he stood still while he listened to the song.

Du bist wie eine Blume reached him through the window and something in the sentiment of the line called up pink azaleas and pink cheeks. And with the following: *So hold und schön und rein*, the murmuring water took up the refrain and repeated in rising cadence *Und schön und rein—und schön und rein*.

The voice was not highly cultivated, but the notes were clear and true. The half-tones of the swaying shadows fell upon the clearing around

the club-house, making it a flickering phantom of the noonday reality, while the sharp angle of the pine-clad hill that jutted abruptly behind it echoed the tender: *Betend dass Gott dich erhalte*.

Following his fancy, St. Martin wandered in a different direction from the veranda, but deep into the wood the echo of the song murmured in his memory, "so pure, so fair, so bright."

"You missed it by going away," Johnson said when, as the company was dispersing, St. Martin returned to the club-house; "Miss Harmon has been singing for us."

Miss Harmon the possessor of that voice! His sister's eulogies suddenly recurred in his mind, but "our Portia



—caught a random strain of music within

Club" and the rhapsody on somebody's transcendental philosophy arose too, and again, "What a pity!" he exclaimed.

St. Martin's luck, practised fisherman that he was, seemed against him and in disgust he determined to move to fresher fields. Hour after hour he fished without a bite, until his reputation became a joke. In shallows and in rapids, with ground bait and quick fly, by turns he waited patiently and swore roundly, but the fish would not rise to his cast.

"That kid had a fine swing," he said one day to Johnson. "I never saw a prettier cast. By the way, have you seen him since?"

"Saw him at a distance the other day, but he dodged me," Johnson answered.

St. Martin mentioned his meeting with the expert little fisherman to Miss Harmon one evening. Then, "Do I bore you by talking of a subject that does not interest you?" he asked.

"Not at all," Miss Harmon answered quickly. Then, "Would I bore you by asking a few questions relative to our Woman's Civic Federation? I am the chairman of the ways and means committee, you know, and I quite envy you your experience in the legislature." The borrowed eye-glasses pinched her nose, and it was only by an austere rigidity of countenance they could be induced to keep their place.

"Ye gods!" St. Martin groaned inwardly, as he cast about in his mind for reasons and references to back up his answers to this exacting young Portia. It was a thousand pities, he was thinking for the thousandth time, that a woman with such clear, deep eyes and such frivolous hair should be given over to this club-ridden life and know nothing of the wholesome outdoor sports that make the body strong and the nerves calm. He shook his head sadly and ran, literally ran, away from this sphinx of modern progress. "She wouldn't know the difference between a trout and a whale," he told himself pityingly.

Yet he was never safely out of range of this chairman of the ways and means committee that he did not find himself wondering what new shock his precon-

ceived ideas of woman's sphere would get if he were near. "Would you care to go fishing some day?" he had once been on the point of asking her, but the idea of Portia holding her trailing furbelows in one hand and her Sanskrit scroll in the other as she picked her way among the rocks, gave him pause. "Moreover, she would be scandalized at the togs we get ourselves into," he said as he gave up the idea. "Also, she'd probably scream at the sight of a fish on a hook and spoil everything. But what a trump she would be if she wasn't such a little fool!"

"This has been the best summer I've ever spent in Shasta county," he announced at the table the evening before his departure for fresher fishing fields.

"Even though you haven't succeeded in catching anything?" his neighbor taunted.

"Yes, I am still with the immortal angler," St. Martin was forced to confess, "and would rather be a 'civil, temperate, poor angler than a drunken lord,'" although it went against the grain to see his former record now borne by others. "The prettiest casting I ever saw was right here a few weeks ago," he went on, and the story of the boy who had cried "Rattlers" was told. Every one seemed unduly interested in his coffee, St. Martin might have thought had he looked down the table. "Tough little kid, too," he added, referring to his offer of a quarter for a worm, "and I think still he was lying about it."

Somebody tittered, otherwise the table was ominously quiet. Miss Harmon sat so rigidly erect that all the Portia clubs in the world could not have added one whit more of dignity.

"Did the boy wear rubber boots?" a blue-eyed girl asked with infantile innocence.

Miss Harmon grew very white, and then very red. Her eyes shot forked glances at the girl with the baby stare.

"I think he did," St. Martin answered meditatively.

"And did he wear a green sweater?" some one else asked, looking steadfastly at a bit of cheese on her plate.

No one raised an eyelash, so no one saw the storms gathering in the Civic Federation precinct.

"Possibly," St. Martin answered again. "He was a surly little cuss too. I offered him a quarter for his bait, but—"

"Didn't he take the money?" the blue-eyed girl asked quickly.

"Did he? You should have seen the little fellow. I didn't notice his first rebuff, but he swore like a trooper when—"

St. Martin suddenly paused and looked up. Every one looked up. A glass had fallen from an upraised hand. The austere Portia had gone very red, the borrowed eye-glasses flew recklessly into her plate, the tender tones that had sung *Betend dass Gott dich erhalte* arose in a clear, defiant "I did not. You know I did not!"

"You!" St. Martin turned to the chairman of the ways and means committee of the Woman's Civic Federation in wonder. A few of the women who knew some things laughed. The men looked frankly stupid.

"You!" With the offending glasses lying in her plate Miss Harmon's eyes were strangely like the boy's.

"Oh!" In a flash it was done and everybody laughed, but the more indignant Miss Portia grew the more she looked like the sunburned little chap on the rocks. And after everybody had laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks there was nothing for "the little chap" to do but laugh too.

Later, where the moonlight lay in patches among the tall azalea bushes, Miss Harmon was saying, "But if Lou had ever guessed what a tomboy I am she never would have nominated me chairman of the committee, you know."

And later still—hours later, when the slanting silver rays fell upon the earth like a benediction and the star of love shone out and seemed to chant the music of the spheres, St. Martin hastily scratched out the *We* he had written before he thought in his telegram to Mrs. Lyons, when he wired:

Coming home tomorrow. Will be up to dinner. Tremendous catch.



A Sermon From Shasta

By W. H. Cox

To some is given to climb the peak,
 To scan expanse of sea, of land,
 But most of us stop in the foothills bleak
 Though some of us chafe 'neath The Ruler's hand.

On that dizzy height there's room for but one
 Of the many who stop at its base below.
 For some of us die with our goal unwon.
 Is it chance? Is it skill? God made it so.



*High reach the towers, and thence is seen
The fabled land of tale and song*

See "My Castle," page 425

Drawing by A. Methfessel

My Castle

By ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

Drawing by A. Mchfessel

I own a castle, stately, tall,
Where silken tapestries are hung
Within an echo-haunted hall,
By gentle breezes idly swung.
In marble niches statues gleam,
With dim, gray portraits set between;
And through the windows sunbeams stream,
To bathe them in their mystic sheen.
But, oh, in Spain's this castle fair,
And I have never journeyed there.

High reach the towers, and thence is seen
The fabled land of tale and song,
Where fairies sport upon the green
And nightly revels linger long.
Through all the halls dim shadows glide,
Of courtly lords and dames befrilled,
Who at a stranger's footsteps hide
Until the echoes all are stilled.
And through those halls I'd gladly stray,
But Spain is far, so far, away.

The ghostly shadows beckon me;
They whisper: "Come, for we are thine;
All blessing here is 'waiting thee";
And well I know that all is mine.
It all is mine; for me it waits—
White statues, portraits, tapestry—
All, all within the castle gates,
It all is mine; it waits for me.
But, oh, I seek, and seek in vain—
I know not where is far-off Spain.



Felinda Reads "Tom Jones"

By GELETT BURGESS

FELINDA is reading "Tom Jones." Perhaps you know what this means. Felinda didn't, by any means, until she had talked with her family about it—with her mother, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother; for Felinda comes of a long-lived family which marries young.

Felinda is emancipated; she is quite of the new century. This means that she often goes out in the evenings without an escort, that she is interested in sociology's most picturesque phases, but it does not mean that she is not as charming, with it all, as if she were wholly innocent of the ways of the world. Nevertheless, as young women must, she has gained a good part of her knowledge from reading books—she still sees life through an atmosphere of literature.

And so, in one of her college courses, Felinda is reading "Tom Jones." From time to time, during her girlhood, she had heard of the wickedness of this book. She had even looked into it, pulling it from a dusty shelf in her father's library, but she had found it too stupid and tiresome to read. She even thought it a bit vulgar. She did not realize, then, that "Tom Jones" was literature. Now, she knows, of her infinite university-knowledge, that nothing that is literature can be vulgar.

"Tom Jones" is now interesting; it is significant, it is a "precursor," a type, it marks an epoch, a thing to be dissected and analyzed, interpreted and appreciated.

Her college course in "English, 19," takes up "Tom Jones" in the frankest possible way. Her instructor is a young man, her classmates scarcely more than girls. They discuss its pages openly, without restraint, without mock-modesty, freely, though seriously. If that seriousness covers, for Felinda, some slight perturbing excitement, she does not, of course, allow her instructor to see it, she does not confess to her girl friends, she does not acknowledge it even to herself. She is proud of the fact that she is not shocked, that she is able to look life (and, incidentally, literature), straight in the face, that she is broad and sane and wise. So she thinks and says and writes that she admires Tom Jones for his courage, audacity and spirit. She is sensible enough to look upon his faults and weaknesses as the inevitable result of the age in which he lived. And so on and on, in theme and oral discussion, till the course is done.

But Felinda's mother is really shocked with it all. Her girlhood knew only the ideals of 1870, when modesty wore crinoline and waterfalls to conceal all that was human and natural. Felinda's


mother's morals are all elaborately swaddled in convention—the very way she spelled Felinda's name is significant of her artificiality. Felinda's mother never read "Tom Jones"—it would have been exceedingly unmaidenly, and, to discuss it openly with a young man, why, it seems incredible! How times have changed! Surely "Tom Jones" is quite without moral uplift and therefore entirely lacking in charm. Had she peeped into its pages she might have admitted the venture to her husband, perhaps, but she would never have discussed the hero with him. Wild horses could never have dragged from her the admission in her own mother's presence.

Felinda's grandmother, however, was much interested in Felinda's search for literary knowledge, and although she was astonished, she was not shocked. It was very amusing to her to see how the world wagged nowadays! She, the grandmother, as a young woman of 1835, belonged to the "sensibility" period of woman's development. She read "Tom Jones" herself by stealth, hiding the book in her reticule when her mother appeared. In her day one read "Tom Jones" after one had outgrown pantalots; it was the first forbidden fruit of maturity. She talked it over with bated breath among her girl friends, but not even her husband ever knew that she had read the proscribed novel. It was not so interesting, after all! It was too old-fashioned, too dull and realistic. Tom Jones, as a character had no charms for her. Lord Byron was her ideal of a man, a poet and a lover—he was the very antithesis of Fielding's open-air hero. She, languishing, fainting, weeping, bridling, still with her vapors and her poses of sorts, she was for something more romantic and poetical than this sturdy commonplace! Men did their love-making so much better in her day! See this daguerreotype of her first lover—see the elf locks and the swirl of hair over his rolling eye! See his flowing collar! There was a man, if you like! There was sentiment!

Felinda's great-grandmother, a lively old lady yet, is, after all, nearer Felinda's

heart than all the rest. Great-grandma, in 1820, was not so unlike this sweet, little innocently-wise young graduate of Radcliffe College. Great-grandmother knew the world in her time, however, not from books, but from life. Tom Jones was nothing but the typical young man of her day—she knew dozens of him—flirted with them, wrote them letters, defended herself gracefully and without anger against their arts. "Tom Jones" was still read openly, still discussed by the men and women of her set, yes, by her father and mother, with a frankness even a license in language and sympathy that would astound even Felinda. There was nothing particularly shocking in the revelations of the book—there was nothing to surprise her, except to find out (which of course she never did, till Felinda told her) that "Tom Jones" was literature. To her, it was nothing but life. She marvels that Felinda and her young man instructor find anything in it to analyze so solemnly. It was not half so entertaining as Scott. What *she* wanted was to get away from every-day life—to her, the only art lay in the historical novel, in sounding phrase and tinkling metaphor.

And thus Felinda received her commentaries; she learned more from her parents and ancestors than from the young instructor of "English, 19." She began to see, in a dim way, that the test of literature is not hidden in the inspired dicta of college courses, in academic analyses, but in the human reaction, in the "appeal" a book makes. She learned from these familiars to gauge the book's universality and verity, and when, long afterward, she reread "Tom Jones," for the sheer delight of its human nature, she had to turn to her note-books, her themes and theses to recall what that wise young man had said. What she remembered was her grandmother's words, and her great-grandmother's. She saw "Tom Jones" sail down through the century, tossed and crowded, rejoicing that it had not sunk to the bottom of the dead sea of literature!



The Lion's Lair

By ALBERTA BANCROFT

Along the gray adobe wall
Geraniums grow rank and tall;
And butterflies from early hours,
Drink scarlet honey from the flowers.
But underneath the scarlet bloom
And leading through the checkered gloom,
There winds a tiny path to where
The lion has his lonely lair.
The lion crouches still and hears—
The summer sounds within his ears:
He hears a thousand bees ahum;
He smells the crushed geranium;
And sees the sunbeam's yellow glare
Advance beyond his lonely lair.
And when it's dark, I'm bold to say,
He'll go roaring down the way,
And stalk and crouch and leap and kill
And switch his tail along the hill.
I know; for I'm the lion there,
Crouched deep within the lion's lair.



The live oaks have been preserved, even when in the way

About Oneonta

By WILLIAM R. STAATS

Photographs by C. J. Crandall & Co.

ONEONTA PARK is in the heart of California's winter home region.

Off to the northward rise the lofty Sierra Madre, the clear outline of their rugged peaks showing grim and gray against the limitless blue, or veiled with a soft purpling haze which sunset turns to crimson; now hooded with white and nebulous vapor, again crowned with a sprinkling of still whiter snow; faithful, friendly warders, changing hourly with lights and shadows, but ever majestic, an eternal joy. To their very base run the foothills, verdant in winter until spring transforms them into hills of gold, blazing with poppy bloom. About them lies the fertile valley, fragrant with orange blossoms and jasmine flowers. To the eastward and westward sweep great

stretches of vineyard and groves of olive and walnut, and here ranch-houses and vine-clad homes are scattered. Nearer still are miles of broad, paved streets and avenues, shaded and well kept, lined with palatial residences; here are parks and public buildings, great hotels among which the Raymond looms up in magnificent perspective, gardens and beauty spots, which go to make up Pasadena—the city of homes of many multi-millionaires.

To the south the eye rests upon an undulating country, cleft by picturesque arroyo and canyon, falling several hundred feet to the fast-growing city of Los Angeles. On and on sweeps the eye to that faint line on the distant horizon which is the broad Pacific, and there

it faintly discerns phantom ships floating upon the placid bosom of the sea twenty miles away.

Between Los Angeles and Pasadena lies Oneonta, cut in twain by the short-line electric road, running north and south. In ten minutes one is whirled here from the center of Pasadena, or, in twenty minutes from the bustle of Los Angeles. Again it is bisected east and west by other lines carrying one away to suburban hamlets through picturesque country.

Five hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea these acres lie dotted with great live oaks which add not only to the beauty of the scenery, but actual value to the land. In their grateful shade, with eyes delighted by the panorama of beauty spread out upon every side, intoxicated by the spicy odors wafted from adjacent arroyos, invigorated with the salty savor borne in by soft breezes from the sea—one perceives the aptness of the name selected — Oneonta — “resting place.”

Years ago, when these sheltering live oaks were scarcely acorns, across the great breadth of continent in New York state, Mohawk Indians found refreshing rest under the leafy canopies furnished by other oaks upon the banks of the fair Unadilla. That spot, with its bubbling spring, they called, in their own musical language, Oneonta—resting place. That shady glade, which the Mohawks knew, is today a bustling, flourishing city of many inhabitants.

Nature has made this spot beautiful, man has preserved it—not for a city's center, but for a site for homes. This corner of California has been reserved not for the residences of millionaires—though well may they envy those whose portion it is to dwell here—but for the well-to-do who aspire to what is artistic, and who appreciate the opportunities here afforded for home-building. Only such restrictions will be placed upon home-builders as those which will make each add to the beauty of the whole and to the intrinsic value of all. Already



Nature has made this spot beautiful, man has preserved it



A WAITING STATION ON THE SHORT-LINE ELECTRIC ROAD, CONNECTING ONEONTA WITH PASADENA AND LOS ANGELES

there are miles of streets and avenues upon the tract so thoroughly treated with oil and white sand that a hard, durable surface, similar to asphalt, has been obtained; cement and cobble-stone have gone into the making of miles of curbs and gutters.

One of the advantages of a home at Oneonta, aside from the natural beauties of the place, is its accessibility. With all the charm of suburban, country living it combines the conveniences afforded the city resident. For business, church or school, or theater, only a few minutes' ride is necessary in either direction. Palermo avenue, through which the cars go from Los Angeles to Pasadena, runs north and south through the tract, and is set out with beautiful trees. The live oaks have everywhere been preserved, even when in the way of public highways and sidewalks, these beautiful old landmarks have been graded around and left to beautify the landscape. An avenue for driving or automobiling winds through Oneonta among the oaks, and it is only a question of time, possibly a few months, when this park will

be crowned with homes. The entire route of this short line opened so recently by H. E. Huntington, is building up with a rapidity which is little short of marvelous. It is predicted that from Pasadena to Los Angeles will be a solid phalanx of houses within a few years.

It takes little prevision to see this hamlet of beautiful homes; under the shadows of the wide-spreading oaks soon there will be the low East Indian bungalow; on some elevated knoll the Swiss chalet; where the oleander and the magnolia bloom quaint adobes will rear their walls; gardens shall blossom here rioting with rose and passion flower; beauty shall prevail and this favored quarter of the world's garden spot shall rival any of the many choice residence sections of California.

The position of the land, the proximity to Los Angeles and Pasadena make this an incomparable spot. It is patent that hundreds of homeseekers will be eager to seize upon this opportunity of finding such a resting place from the turmoil and stress of business life.

The Nest by the Sea

By JOHN BRUCE MACCALLUM

IN San Diego county, California, there is a little village called El Nido—the nest. On the map it is named otherwise, but to me it is always El Nido; for like the nest of a sea-gull, it is built on the edge of the cliffs, and the waves roll and crash against the rocks beneath it all day and through the night. It is never quiet there, for on the calmest days the surf still comes pounding over the crags to break against the solid rock a hundred feet below the village. At one place where the cliffs are not so sheer, the houses have crept timidly down almost to the water's edge. And against the windows of these houses the spray, on a stormy night, drifts like fine rain. They say that those who live there sometimes awake in the night, and are afraid: for their dreams are filled with the terror of the sea. Most of the people of the village have built their homes on the top of the cliff; and there one finds a straggling row of cottages. At each end the single wide street ends vaguely in the gray sagebrush of the plain which rolls back like a frozen sea to the hills in the distance. Here, beside one another, there are two worlds; the cliffs with the salt spray and the roar of the sea, and just beyond them the plains with their endless brush and their dusty sunshine. Between these worlds lies El Nido, like the sea-gull's nest between the sea and the sky.

The ordinary tourist comes seldom to the village; and when he does, it is with an air of expecting little. He comes by a train which makes no pretensions, one of the queer little side-lines that wander off to interesting places; and he passes through fields which promise him nothing. He alights at the little station with the tang of the sea in his nostrils, and he straightens up with a full breath of the salt air. Scattered palm trees in the village give a certain

vague sense of comfort, but he turns always to the roar of the surf, and stands on the edge of the cliff to watch. With the surge of the waves in his ears, he climbs down the steep side of the rock and stands on the gray stone shelves that barely escape the water of high tide. There is a strange fascination for him in the swirling currents that follow the retreating breakers; there is a new sense of terror and delight in the crash of the waves at his feet. Already the witchery of the place has seized him. He finds a shelving rock dryer than the rest and sits with his chin in his hands, looking and listening, with all the music of the sea sinking into his dreams.

No one knows why he stays at El Nido; no one can tell you why he postpones his departure from day to day. Perhaps the sea could tell, but the sea hides well its secrets. Sometimes the fog comes in, cold and damp, like a great ghost arisen from the sea. You see it rolling toward the shore like a live thing, reaching out with great, trembling arms, stretching out long, vague fingers, until you feel it touch your face. It wraps you about, and its cold breath sends you shivering to your fireside. Then you say to yourself that you will go away, back to your work, or on to some warmer place. But the next morning the sun shines hot overhead, the fog is gone, and the rocks and sand are dry and warm. The leaves of the palm-trees move lazily in the sunshine; the hills stand out clear against the blue sky; the waves are more beautiful than ever, and—you stay.

If you are an invalid, and the cold lands of the east and north have cast you out and sent you drifting westward and southward, you may creep like a tired bird into the nest, and in the warm sunshine listen to the unending song of the sea. Perhaps in its various tones may be interweaved even the voices of some



—gray stone shelves that barely escape the water at high tide

that have been left behind. Memories stir easily in the shifting tones of the sea music; and, half dreaming, you may make what song you will. If the tyrannies of love and medical science have ordered you south, you may find El Nido a nest warmed by the sun and perched in the safe hollow of the cliff, where you may cast aside for a time the weariness of the world.

If you look down from the water's edge at a pool where the waves do not come, you see gold fish moving here and there. Sometimes you catch only the gleam of red and gold as they scatter in confusion to escape some great fish which swirls in among them with sinister purpose. You see strange shell-covered creatures fastened to the rocks. You see, perhaps, a crab creeping awkwardly sideways just under the water; you could easily touch it, but you wait and watch its beady bright eyes, and its queer jointed legs. Suddenly it disappears in a crevice of the rock, and very

doubtfully you roll up your sleeves and feel for it. You pull your hand out in a sort of brief panic, suddenly wondering what other live things might be hidden there.

At low tide the sea shrinks away and leaves a new world clinging to the ooze-covered rocks—a world of soft, trembling creatures strange to the eye and stranger to the touch. There is left stranded, as it were, the whole great world that lives always in the swing and the swirl of the undercurrents. Unfamiliar creatures these are, strangely adapted to their surroundings, so different often from those animals which you know, that you can imagine a Caliban to say that the things on the earth God made, but these came otherwise.

Sometimes there appears a little band of seals leaping and playing in the sunshine, or a school of porpoises, or one or two jewfish. There is such evident joy in their movements, such easy control, such pure delight in life, that there

comes to you a certain sense of envy. After all, you can only look on at this marine world; the delightful lack of responsibility which these deep-sea creatures seem to possess is a thing apart from your life; you are merely a spectator from the dry land; you are a prisoner in the air, just as they are prisoners in the water. But the envy is shortlived, and in the end you shiver at the thought of life as it must be in the darkness and silence of those swirling currents of the deep-sea levels. There is something grand and heroic in the existence of life amid such gigantic movements and forces; but the vagueness and horror of it are irresistible.

Even in the peace and quiet of El Nido there comes, too, the terror of the sea. A storm that has gathered strength from the limitless sweep of the Pacific strikes the sheer walls with terrible force, shaking them to their foundations.

Above the roar of the wind there comes, too, the deeper thunder which the waves make as they crash into the caves and hollows of the shore. The whole great anger and force of the sea may fall upon the rocks, but after the storm is over El Nido will still lie quietly smiling in the sunshine. One remembers it always as a sunlit, peaceful place, where the waves are large only to make the sea more beautiful, and where the wind blows only to bring the cool sea air. And to you who have come to love its rocks and waves, there will always be the desire to return. Sometime when the world weariness is more than you can bear, when life seems a complex thing, you will drift back again out of the great world to El Nido, to listen to the sea, to wonder at the strange beings it harbors, and to find rest in that sunlit spot which lies like the sea-gull's nest between the sky and the sea.

California's Hills

By MABEL E. YOST

Does the stranger look on our old brown hills
And find them parched and homely and sear?
Does he wonder that here in a land so blessed
Such blight should come to mar our year?

The Emerald Isle through a mist of tears,
Laughs gayly back in a burst of green;
Old France is young in her rain-kissed fields
With a robe all rich and gay of sheen;

Soft Italy stretches her fresh young life
About old Rome's gray loneliness:
Are we of the sisters the only one
To bear the curse of homeliness?

Ah, stranger, no,—not for all her gifts,
Would we have Dame Nature change this boon.
We love too well those tawny robes
That winter will change to gay so soon.

A master-hand alone could dare
Stretch those dun lines against the blue;
And if you'll look with heart as well,
You'll learn with us to love them too.



THE RISE

Where the Trout Leaps Quickest

By W. B. KOLLMYER

Illustrated from paintings by Nellie Burrell Scott

OF all streams in Northern California the McCloud river undoubtedly is one of the most interesting. To it the Sacramento river, which it practically parallels, owes much of its volume, and probably its purest supply of water, for it flows through a territory generously watered and densely wooded. Heretofore it has been best known to the angling public, but now that the tremendous power which this turbulent stream is capable of producing has been appreciated, an attempt to bridle its flow has been made by several enterprising organizations, and in the near future the McCloud will take its place among the commercial interests of the state as a producer of enormous water power.

The McCloud rises within the very shadow of Mount Shasta, and in its eighty miles of flow to its conflux with the Pitt river, at a point not far distant from the entrance of the latter into the Sacramento, its riotous waters pass through a varied and exceedingly rugged and interesting country. Its northern banks cut through a pine forest which, until recently, has been practically untouched by the ax, while its southern banks are graced by majestic specimens of the black oak. It is an extremely tortuous stream, and in this fact lies much of its scenic beauty.

From the hatchery located but a couple of miles from its outlet, Indian trails follow the banks on either side practically to its source; and as these



THE STRIKE

trails are the highways of the many red men inhabiting this district, they are well worn and easy to travel. No matter where one wanders in the neighborhood, the river never for a moment is lost to him; it is the all pervading spirit of the place.

Unlike many large rivers whose waters flow with the rapidity of the McCloud, its waters are pure and clear; and from many points of vantage the bottom of the channel can readily be seen. Each turn in the river displays a varying condition of the water: a placid stretch, with its unruffled surface reflecting the foliage swaying upon its borders and the colors of the firmament, suddenly is transformed into seething, white-capped rapids, which in turn give way to tranquil waters. To dwell, even a short while, by such a river, is indeed to commune with nature in her wildest mood, to—
Laugh at the lore and the pride of man.
At the sophist schools and the learned clan.

No true disciple of Izaak Walton can fish in the waters of the McCloud with-

out feeling that here is an angler's paradise; although, as the currents are variable, a knowledge of them is essential to complete success in fishing. The trout found here are of the usual Californian varieties, the rainbow predominating, and in these icy waters attaining perfection. The Dolly Varden, too, commands attention, but as it is the legitimate prey of the bait-thrower, and is seldom lured to the artificial fly, its reputation for gameness with the average angler is small. However, it is worthy of pursuit, and, providing it be well hooked on superior tackle, and with an experienced hand in control, may be brought to creel. While the process lasts it will be exciting play, for upon the first prick of the hook the Dolly Varden will dash into the wildest water at hand, and the reel is the angler's only salvation. For a while the fish will sulk, confident in its weight and the added strain produced by the swift water, only to dash away again until checked by the reel. But its sallies will become less



THE FINISH

and less impetuous, until finally the meshes of the landing net imprison it.

To the angler however, whose chief delight is in the art with which his fly is cast, the rainbow yields the greater charm. He is a wary fish, and with the clear waters at hand, must be taken under concealment—at least, the best results are thus obtained. The McCloud is not, in the angler's parlance, an "open stream." Its borders are heavily wooded, save in places here and there; and consequently much skill must be exercised in wielding the rod, for but few short casts are productive of any result. Notwithstanding this obstacle, however, the angler finds for himself some vantage point with sufficient room for manipulating his rod and tackle; and these open spaces are regularly visited by those acquainted with the river, leaving the newcomer to break his way, which he does with zeal and frequent success. The fish most zealously sought either is the one lying immediately under the shelf of the bank or directly

behind some mid-stream boulder, or the one breasting the rapid flow of the stream at either side of it; and unless these places are reached with deftness of cast, coupled with the required delicacy in placing the fly, the anticipated strike is seldom realized.

As the evening hours fall the fish are feeding near the surface, and then may be expected the greatest success. At this time most of the large fish are to be found at the foot of the rapids, or at the conflux of some incoming creek, and generally upon the edges of the swiftest current. Each capture is a prize, for in such water a rainbow trout seldom is less than one pound, and often reaches four pounds in weight, and much larger have been caught, making the fish a worthy antagonist when pitted against the light tackle and general inexperience of the would-be captor. In breasting the stream the power of the trout has been developed to a degree unknown by the fishes of less swift currents; and this, coupled



LANDED

with the extent of water in which he may run, and the numerous obstructions behind which he may dart, makes his gameness of a type which tests the angler's skill to the uttermost.

A rainbow trout, even well hooked, is not a fish landed, for he is a resourceful fellow, and has been known to escape just as he was about to be placed in the basket; while to release the pressure of the tip for even a moment in the play is sufficient excuse for his escaping in his craftiest fashion. He is most gracefully agile. His stealthy rise to the fly, as one peers at him from behind some favoring cover, is the very acme of constant motion, and his subsequent impetuous rush down stream upon taking the fly marks him in his moments of malignant activity. A hooked rainbow displays most extraordinary ingenuity in his endeavors to free himself. If a large fish, he will exhibit some of the sulking habits of the Dolly Varden, and will dive to the deepest pool available, there to ensconce himself beneath some rocky ledge or under the protecting limb of some submerged tree,

and remain, until by the exercise of the utmost patience and skill on the part of the angler, he is forced into open water to wage battle for supremacy.

The old, old story of the large fish that got away is no myth. To check the rush of even a pound fish in such water as we here have to work in, will tax the ingenuity of the most expert angler, and to land successfully anything larger requires that the fish be practically killed before netting. This means the pitting of one's skill against the fish's cunning, and one's light tackle enters into the consideration. Each new move of the worthy antagonist must be anticipated and outwitted; each rush down stream checked; all slack line reduced as he approaches up stream; tip pressure preserved, so that, as, with magnificent power and grace, he breaches the water, no opportunity be given him to dislodge the hook with his tail; and last, but not least the captive properly netted, lest with a last mighty effort he gain his freedom just as one is about to land him. To be without a landing net is to be overwhelmingly handicapped, and

consequently one has to think not only of a proper place to work his fly, but also of an advantageous position from which to use the net. The rainbow engrosses one's full attention at all times.

All things considered, the McCloud yields to the angler an opportunity for the fullest indulgence in the art. When one realizes that such a fisherman's paradise is within an eighteen-hours' trip from San Francisco, most of which time may be passed at night in the comfortable quarters of a Pullman sleeper; and that the stream in its lower part is easily accessible from either Redding or Bard Spur; and in its upper part from either Sisson or McCloud; it is not

beyond conjecture that time will see this fine stream preserved for practically its entire length by those who can afford the luxury of a country retreat. A considerable portion of the upper McCloud has already been preserved, notably the Horseshoe bend territory; and the middle and lower sections are gradually coming under like control. However, there are miles of the stream to which those fond of angling may repair without let or hindrance; it is a remote possibility that the time ever will come when the lovers of nature—of whom the true angler is one—will be denied access to the waters of this beautiful stream.

Sierra's Autumn Days

By THORPE WESLEY WRIGHT

When summer's birds their last sweet songs have sung,
 And fled their changeful latitude;
 When summer's flow'rs upon the air have flung
 Their last incense; and when the wood
 All blazoned is with cloth-of-red-and-gold;
 When solemn hushes o'er the meadows brood
 And wreaths of haze the mountain-crests enfold,
 I turn me to the faded leaves
 We gathered ere the first of snow,
 And memory conducts me down
 The paths we trod so long ago.



Drawing by Anna Frances Briggs

THE BABY'S HONEYMOON

BY RITA BELL



Drawings by the author

THE baby knew very little about traveling and nothing at all about weddings. In his Aunt Nan's room and in the sewing-room there were piles of fluffy whiteness and blueness, and night and day there was a whirring of sewing-machines as the piles grew higher and higher. Finally the whiteness and the blueness was all cleared away, but as soon as this was done the girls of the neighborhood came trooping in. Mary Lane, Lois and Dora Coleman, Katherine Pitt and Cousin Annie, their arms full of fragrant pinkness and whiteness, and almost before the baby could blink, the big Carter house was twined and garlanded from top to bottom with the loveliest roses in southern Oregon.

And the next morning Aunt Nan, the youngest, prettiest, sweetest and dearest of Baby Ted's aunts, went to church, wearing a soft white gown and carrying a great bouquet of white roses.

Nan's suit-case stood in her room, packed and ready for a journey, and when she came back to change the white gown for a dark one the baby sat in the middle of the floor thumping the leather object doubtfully with his soft knuckles. As he looked up at Nan his brown eyes were very solemn and his dimpled chin quivered as if he were going to cry.

"Nan—cars?" he inquired.

"Yes, Nan cars," responded Nan bravely, the Nan who had played with little Ted, had taken care of him and fairly worshiped him since he was a

day old. If she went south for three weeks who could look after Ted as she had done? She thought with a shudder of the deep old board-covered well in the orchard. What if some day while she was absent some one should leave the orchard gate open so that baby could slip through. And a big sob came in her throat as she remembered the promise she had made to her sweet, dead sister, "always to take care of little Ted."

"Oh, Baby; I can't leave you," she said, holding him close.

Then in came the Coleman girls and Annie, bent on making her get ready in time to catch the San Francisco train.

"You know you always were the slowest girl in Jackson county," said Annie, "so I think it's my duty to see that you don't miss this train."

But for Nan's physical slowness she made full atonement in her mental alertness, and while Annie and the other girls were helping her dress, she was swiftly concocting a scheme, which, if she had known, would have made Annie's conservative hair stand on end.

"Why can't I just take that baby along?" she thought. "Mother really isn't strong enough to take care of him, and Gordon thinks as much of him as I do. I can get him a swell little new wardrobe in San Francisco, and I'll leave a note on mother's desk to explain."

Gordon had a horror of wedding jokes, Nan knew, at least a horror of having them applied to himself, and as a further argument for taking Ted to California, she reflected that she and Gordon could make their fellow travelers think that the baby was their own, and that they were ancient married people.

She reached for the baby and gave him another vigorous hug.

"Nobody'll know it's our wedding journey," she said gleefully, her voice muffled in little Ted's nainsook.

"Why, dear? Because you and Gordon look so old?" asked Dora Coleman.

"Of course," answered Nan.

When Nan was ready to start she said: "Now, girls, you go down stairs and tell everybody I'll be there presently; I'm going over to say good-bye to Grandma Dent."

Behind a clump of shrubbery near the house there was a gap in the fence, through which Nan had slipped on neighborly errands since she was a small girl with a curly, sunburnt braid and a blue sunbonnet. This morning the phebe birds, chattering in the syringa thicket, saw a rosy, panting young woman in a blue traveling dress scramble through the hole carrying a rosy, tumbled baby.

Every one who was not in her own home she knew would be at a front window watching for her to go by on the way to the station, which was just around the corner of the village street. She sped through Grandma Dent's neat lettuce beds and out at her side gate quite unobserved, and reached the station and the waiting train.

The porter of the Pullman was standing beside the car as Nan came up.

"Oh, Joe," said Nan, "I'm so glad it's you. Will you take the baby and put him in the stateroom for me?"

"I will sure, Miss Nan," responded Joe, accepting little Ted from her outstretched arms as readily as if she were giving him a raglan to brush.

"Don't tell any one that he is Baby Sylvester," cautioned Nan breathlessly, as she turned to go, "and Joe, remember, I'm Mrs. Irwin now."

"Baby—cars," gurgled little Ted rapturously as he rode on Joe's shoulder down the aisle.

As Joe unlocked the stateroom to deposit the baby he muttered:

"Mistah Irwin certainly did say I wasn't to put nothin' in here for nobody, but I reckon what Miss Nan says goes."

On her way back Nan stopped one instant to see her old neighbor, Grandma Dent, who sat in her patient armchair beside a front window.

"Bless you, dearie," said the old lady, "now don't you wait a minute or you'll be late."



"Nobody'll know it's our wedding journey,"
Nan said gleefully

But Nan ran quickly home and even had time to run up the back stairs and get her roses, to throw "for the luckiest girl."

She was beginning to feel uneasy as to the manner in which Gordon would receive her exploit, but when she told him he was quite as elated as she had been when she first thought of it.

"By Jove, Nan, you're a wonder," Gordon said. "I guess there won't be much room for comment now, as I've looked out for the rice and the signs on the baggage."

The train was rolling swiftly southward now. Nan sat hugging the baby ecstatically and for one moment she and Gordon faced each other in speechless thankfulness. Each knew that the other was thinking of the horrid experiences of a long list of bridal couples whom they had known. For instance, there was Dr. Brown and his wife whose trunks had arrived at the Hotel Portland with inscriptions in black paint all over them informing the public that the owners were newly married and had two hearts that beat as one; Gordon's cousins, too, the Van Dusens, who had found their stateroom on the Columbia decorated with strings of red cardboard hearts, with the Gibson drawing, the "Eternal Question," glued upon the outer panel of the door. And, most ghastly of all, there was the story of the newly married people in Cleveland, who were set upon by their friends and handcuffed together as they were leaving the station, with no alternative but thus to continue the journey, as the key to the handcuffs had been mailed ahead.

Everything went well until it came time for dinner.

"Now, he'll call us 'Dordon' and 'Nan,'" Gordon said helplessly, "and what will we do?"

"Oh—why, that's easy," answered Nan, "just say that he said it because we did, and that we thought it was cute."

No one seemed to see anything strange about it excepting one old lady who told Nan severely that it was "terrible bad for a child to bring him up that way."

"You're getting along with him all right now," she went on, "but if he don't learn to call his parents proper you won't be able to manage him."

Nan was one of the most friendly and sociable girls in the world, but she decided that it would be best for her to keep away as much as possible from the other people on the train, as her natural truthfulness might reassert itself with disastrous result.

As for Gordon, he managed quite well, lying cheerfully and unblushingly whenever any one asked him how long he had been married, and taking a vast delight in the comments of some English tourists, who said that the fellow over there with the pretty wife was a lucky dog, and in hearing Nan's old lady say that the baby was the very image of his father.

On the morning of arrival in San Francisco Nan said farewell to her fellow travelers with a deep sigh of relief. As they left the ferry they met an Oregonian, Tom Blake, of whose presence in the city they were entirely unaware.

"This is luck," said Tom, "I just got in from Honolulu. I never expected I'd meet you. Wanted awfully to get home in time for the wedding. What on earth are you doing with Sylvester's youngster?"

Nan turned red and couldn't find a word to say, for close beside them were the English tourists, looking amused, and the awful old lady.

"We brought him for his health," said Gordon, briefly. "Whew! It's raining; never knew it to rain here in May."

As they stepped outside he raised Nan's umbrella, and over them both, and over their innocent wedding-joke protector, causing him to sputter with surprise, came a shower of rice. And as they got into a cab to go up town they heard an elderly voice say:

"I knew that baby didn't belong to those people—anybody could see by the way they acted that they hadn't been married a week."

Half an hour later the sun shone bright and warm, and Nan, standing beside a pleasant window where she could see the busy harbor and the

Alameda hills across the bay, was sure her troubles were over. Tomorrow they would be at Del Monte, where baby could play in a field of golden poppies, and she and Gordon could drive and walk for hours and days, without a thought of the rest of the world.

Presently she sat down to look over the morning papers. Almost the first thing she saw was this, in flaring headlines:

BABY LOST WHILE RELATIVES REVEL.
INFANT SON OF THEODORE SYLVESTER,
THE OREGON MINE-OWNER, KIDNAPED
ON THE WEDDING DAY OF MISS NAN
CARTER AND GORDON IRWIN.

In horrified amazement Nan read the rest. The neighborhood had been searched, the old well dragged—here she hugged the baby to think she had

him, safe and warm and alive—and now a posse was scouring the county to find the missing child.

Gordon was standing beside the elevator waiting to come up, when Nan confronted him with her hands full of the crumpled newspaper.

"What will we do? Where do you suppose my note went?" she almost wailed.

"We'll send them a telegram," said Gordon cheerfully, "and, my dear girl, didn't it ever occur to you that if you left a piece of paper on a desk beside an open window the wind might blow it away and besides Rover might eat it up?"

And this is the telegram that relieved the anxiety in the Oregon household and sent a messenger to recall the posse:

"Don't worry; we've got the baby."

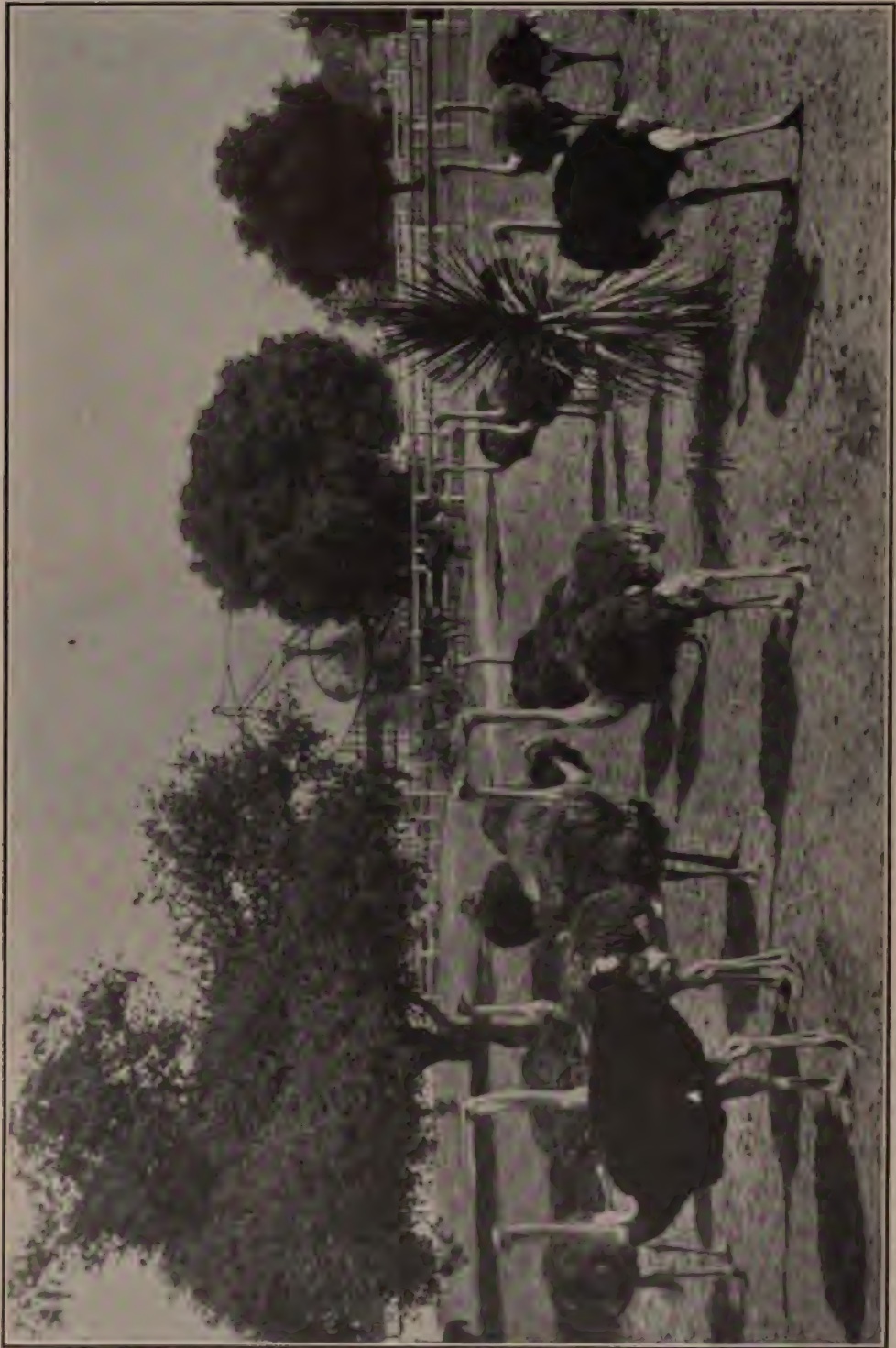


Drawing by Oscar Bryn

Crossing the Ferry

By MADGE MORRIS

The tide is high, and the gray gulls fly
On wide-spread wings;—such human things,
As they dive and light and flutter and fight—
 With a scream in the throat—
For the bread and things the small boy flings
 From the deck of the ferry-boat.
The tide is strong, and the human throng
 Like gulls on the water, fed,
With a scream in the note of its hungry throat,
Is jostled and rushed and throttled and crushed,
 In its swarming battle for bread.



To those having mental visions of Amazon plumes and puffy bos, the ostrich is, on first sight, a distinct disappointment

FARMING FOR FEATHERS

BY H. D. HOWELL



Copyrighted photographs by Graham

IN southern California, where the skies are blue nearly three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and the thermometrical mercury almost forgets the art of contracting to the freezing point, there flourishes an industry which is associated in most minds with the wilds of Africa,—the novel industry of ostrich farming.

Captive ostriches are often exhibited in our cities, and always have a place in the "Midways" of our expositions, while a few farms are scattered in the southern states, but in California the birds reach a greater degree of perfection than elsewhere, and here is located the original farm from which the others in America have sprung.

About seventeen years ago the first cargo of live ostriches was brought to this country from South Africa. Domiciled in so favorable a locality as California, they resumed the domestic life which had been rudely interrupted, but, after rearing several broods, one by one the foreign birds sickened and died: "The long voyage," the management said, "and the difference in climate." Perhaps, but to an observer it seems that the poor wild things might have

laid them down and died from sheer weariness of living continually in the public eye, homesick for the friendly desert sand where, hiding their heads, they could fancy themselves unseen. Or the digestion—even of the ostrich—may have failed when its organs, accustomed to grass and grain, were crammed continually with oranges. This farm is visited annually by thousands of tourists, for each party of whom the birds must be fed; the protruding orange—swallowed whole—as it makes its way under the loose skin down the yard or so of neck, is one of the unique features of entertainment. The native birds seem to have cultivated a fourth dimension of space in which to stow their surplus, else how do they contrive to eat all that is offered them and ask, with open mouths, for more?

To those having mental visions of Amazon plumes and fluffy boas, the ostrich is, on first sight, a distinct disappointment. A large, egg-shaped body, covered with short black or grayish-brown feathers, whose quality sets at rest all doubts as to the genuineness of "imitation" ostrich plumage, is poised upon long, bare, gray legs; a flattened head surmounts a long sinuous neck, on which is a growth of scraggy gray down.

In keeping with its ungainliness is a mincing step, amusingly like that of an affected woman. Perhaps this is reminiscent of burning sands, the desert claiming its own after generations of captivity. At meal time, when grain is fed, its excitement is often evidenced by pirouettes with outspread wings which are almost graceful.

On the wings and tail grow the long, beautiful feathers for which the ostrich



Plucking, advertised, never fails to draw an interested crowd

is valued, those of the female, a grayish tan, of the male, pure white and glossy black, the wing when spread resembling a handsome and costly fan. But even the finest feathers do not reach the ideal of perfection, since it takes three of them to make one plume for my lady's bonnet.

At night mournful sounds, like human groans, issue from the farm, and a sympathetic soul may wonder if the birds are lamenting the vanity of womankind, which is the cause of their captivity; a child who does not look below the surface for cause and effect believes them to be happily asleep and snoring. Inquiry reveals that this noise, called "bromming," indicates neither misery nor somnolence, but is the means provided by Nature for preventing the approach of enemies.

Very different from their uncouth parents are the little chicks. With heads and necks down-covered and prettily striped in tan and brown, and bodies like fringy little fluff balls, they reverse the story of the "Ugly Duckling." As soon as hatched they are taken from their parents, who are unsuccessful in rearing them. Feeding on green alfalfa they grow at the enormous rate of

a foot a month. Their average height when full grown is seven feet, their weight three hundred pounds. When eight months old they pass from the primary to the intermediate department, mingling in the large paddock with birds of various ages. They swallow oranges whole now and have their feathers plucked with the bravest.

Plucking, advertised, never fails to draw an interested crowd; the bird, blindfolded by a stocking-like bag slipped over its head, is coaxed into a fence-corner; its powerful and dangerous forward kick thus disposed of, one or two men hold it, while another pulls out the short feathers and clips off the long ones which would not come out painlessly; later the quills are shed. As it is claimed that the birds object to this process only because of being handled, members of humane societies may wear ostrich plumage without a qualm.

During the fourth year they choose their mates and, emerging from obscurity, are named and set up in housekeeping, with such aristocratic neighbors as George Washington, William McKinley, Grover Cleveland, Edward VII, Lord Roberts, Pierpont Morgan, and their wives; besides the lesser celebrities

Jeffries, Corbett, and Fitzsimmons. These fine names fail to impress their owners with a sense of noblesse oblige, William McKinley, for instance,—so named because one of the finest birds on the farm—trampled his wife to death some years ago, presumably because she would look over the fence at Grover Cleveland.

The encyclopedias describe the ostrich as polygamous; in this country, however, he adopts American institutions and chooses but one wife. A shallow hole scooped in the ground serves as a nest, where every alternate day an egg is laid. Such an egg! Half a yard around the longer way and tipping the scales at three and a half pounds! A single egg would be a breakfast for a large family, though by no means an economical one. From twelve to eighteen eggs are laid, then the forty-day sitting

begins, in which the male assists; taking his shifts at night, visitors seldom see him engaged in this feminine occupation. Having many enemies in their wild estate, Nature with unerring foresight has decreed that the hen brooding by day should match the sand, while the partner who takes her place when the shades of evening are drawn is the color of the night.

When a week old the chicks are worth twenty-five dollars apiece, and a pair of four-year-old ostriches, five hundred dollars. This is no wonder, for the hen, forgetting the seasons in a land of perpetual sunshine, lays all the year round instead of twice a year as in Africa. Each bird produces every nine months a crop of feathers worth about thirty dollars; while the tourists who pay to see them, and carry off their expensive plumage as souvenirs, form the largest crop of all.



A GROUP OF BABIES

Japan, the Beautiful

By IVAN SWIFT

The ghost of grace, through heathen tides and times,
 Hath kept her vigil 'neath thy trembling stars!
 Thy cherry-blossom checks, in peace or wars,
 Still beam rapport with all thy sweetest chimes!

New states may grow where fallen states have been;—
 The pulse of Beauty, dead, shall beat no more!
 Thine not the cause of wall and tower and store;—
 Thy citadels are laid in hearts of men!



The Course of Empire

Devoted to Facts of Material Progress in the West

Roof Gardens in California

In the southern part of California roof gardens are becoming features of all the new buildings. In Los Angeles they have been added to a few buildings, and in Bakersfield and Fresno, where the heat in summer is intense, the roof garden is now considered an indispensable feature of the tall office building or dwelling house in the heart of town. The recently erected building of the Stock and Oil Exchange in Bakersfield is an example. Its roof garden reminds the traveler of some of the famous resorts of

this kind in New York. It covers the entire roof of the four-story building, and is fenced in by potted plants with a string of electric lights extending completely around it. This roof garden is not, however, for purposes of a vaudeville nature, as are those of New York. The public has nothing to do with it, but here the members of the Exchange go when they wish to talk in coolness and comfort. There are tents where they may retire when the sun's rays become too piercing. B. G. McDougall, the architect of this building, designed the garden and others of the same kind for other buildings. He consulted famous European models for his roof gardens, and they have evidently supplied a long-felt want in the hot section of our state.

In Fresno they have appealed to the taste of the wealthy residents, and several of the new houses there have roof gardens. The handsomest and most picturesque of these is the garden on the roof of Charles Lee's house. Beautiful palms are set about on the roof, and hammocks are swung from supports, inviting the indolent to repose. It is quite the thing to serve iced drinks and Russian tea in the cool of the afternoon to one's friends, who find the garden in the air a much more inviting place to visit in than a close drawing-room.

Though as yet the roof garden has not become general in the architecture of San Francisco homes, being chiefly a part of the houses in Chinatown, there are a few such attachments to dwellings in other parts of the city. On Clay street, near Jones, there is a house that was built in pioneer days, but has lately been remodeled by its owner. A roof garden is a feature of the dwelling. As yet the garden is only a modest affair, but over its wire fence vines are to be trained, and its potted plants are to be augmented by tall palms. A huge Japanese umbrella



C. A. Nelson, photo

NEW STOCK AND OIL EXCHANGE BUILDING, BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA, WITH ROOF GARDEN

is suspended from wires over a hammock. There are easy chairs and little tables scattered about. On the roof of the flat next door is also a garden, with plants and comfortable seats.

By and by, when land becomes higher priced in San Francisco, the roof garden may be part of every home that can now afford its garden plot on *terra firma*. But even now everybody cannot have a garden on the ground in the crowded districts of the city, while it is easy for everybody to have a garden on the roof of his house, if the roof be flat. In the first place it is well to have the roof double-boarded and made water tight, so that no unpleasant streams may soak through to the rooms beneath. Then have the place fenced in, high or low, just as your fancy dictates. Train nasturtiums, morning-glories, fuchsias, sweet peas, or some other hardy climber—perhaps a rose or clematis—to cover the fence. When it grows high enough the vine can be trained over a trellis, or into a natural arbor. Have a tent or a Japanese umbrella in a corner of the garden, and an Oriental settee or couch. Then a hammock or two can be added, and a tabouret or two.

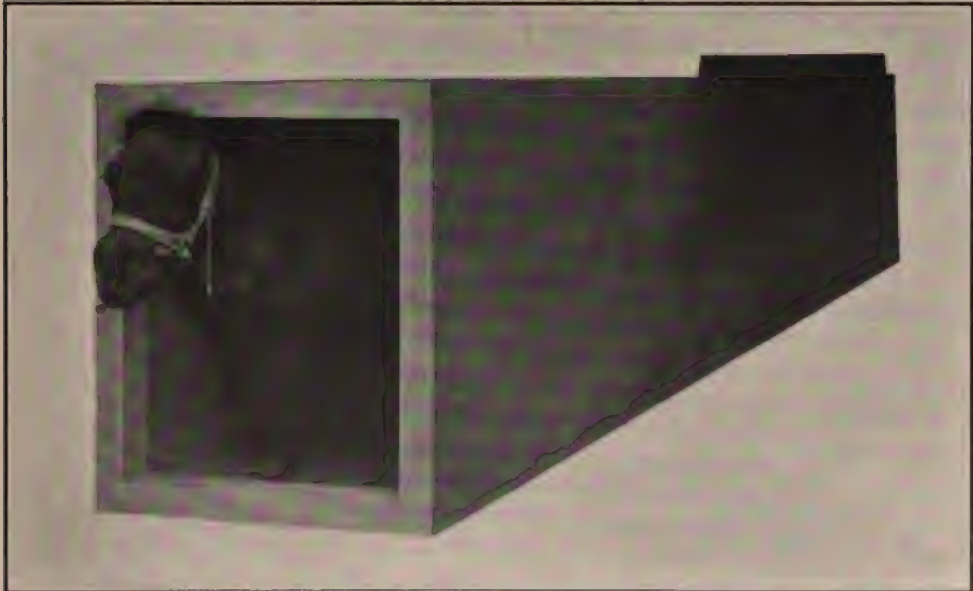
Probably the finest roof gardens on a large scale to be found in California are those in the architectural scheme of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's hacienda at Pleasanton. These are only possible of imitation if the imitator's income is able to keep pace with his taste.

SARAH WILLIAMSON.

Largest Organ in the World

The main attraction in the Festival Hall at St. Louis, and one worthy of the magnificent exposition of which it forms a part, is its grand organ, the largest in the world, which was built by the Art Organ Company of Los Angeles, California. Some idea of its size may be obtained when it is learned that simply to set it in position was a matter of three months' work, and that twelve large furniture cars were used in its transportation.

Not only does this new instrument outrank in size the great organ in Sydney, Australia,—which heretofore has held the palm,—but in quality as well, having many new features which are protected by patent rights. It is one thing to have a large organ, but quite another to have such mechanism as will give the best connection between the keys and pipes. The superiority of the Los Angeles organ in this respect is due largely to the Fleming pneumatic valve with which each of the ten thousand and fifty-nine pipes is provided. Another innovation is the electrical switchboard on which the stop combinations are arranged. By its means the stops in the console, or keyboard, can be drawn beforehand for the solo effects, and, with the combinations previously arranged, one can play for hours with all of the one hundred and forty speaking stops available, yet without the necessity of touching one of them. So perfectly is the organ under



Vincent, photo

THIS IS NOT A STABLE—IT IS A PIPE FROM THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD, BUT IT HOLDS A PONY



MURAL PAINTING BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS IN THE MECHANICS' LIBRARY, SAN FRANCISCO

electrical control that no more physical effort is required by the performer for its greatest power than for its least.

The organ's larger metal pipes are of zinc, but the smaller ones where the quality of tone tells so much, are, for the most part, of pure tin. Lead and an amalgam of lead and tin are also used in some of the smaller pipes for special effects.

The pipe which has the distinction of being the largest metal organ pipe in the world measures thirty-seven feet six inches in length, is eighteen inches in diameter, and weighs eight hundred and forty pounds. This pipe is called the *sub-principal*. The thundering tones of its low *C* were not tested until it was set up in St. Louis, its great size making its handling in the factory voicing-room impracticable.

In decided contrast is the smallest pipe which is just about the size of an ordinary slate pencil, while its speaking length, the only part which counts, is but five-eighths of an inch, the remainder of its length being merely the base upon which it stands.

Many of the pipes are made of wood, and of these the largest has been photographed with a seven-year-old pony standing comfortably inside. It is a very small pony,

certainly, but even a small pony requires a large organ pipe to house it.

The wood used in the construction of the pipes is chiefly sugar pine, which grows only on the Sierra Nevada and Coast ranges; some maple is used also, and the case is made entirely of the best selected Oregon pine. There is enough lumber in the organ, exclusive of the case, to build four eight-room houses, while the electric wire, one hundred and thirty miles, would probably,—in length, though the quality is different,—supply a small town with lights and 'phones.

The organ has been sold to the Kansas City Convention Hall Company for about seventy thousand dollars, and will be removed to that city at the close of the fair.

H. D. HOWELL.

A Photograph Taken by Radium

A photograph made with a piece of ore containing radium, through the opaque shutter of a photograph plate-holder, is the interesting result of an experiment made in the Utah state building at the St. Louis Fair, by S. T. Whitaker, director-general of the state exhibit. The ore is from Richardson, Grand county, where the mineral is being mined for commercial purposes. The

Richardson ore is being used by the French experts who discovered the radium in ore which was first found in Bulgaria. Almost the entire output of radium is now obtained from American ores, and the mine at Richardson, Utah, has recently been purchased by a wealthy syndicate. Although the photograph taken by Mr. Whitaker was only the reproduction of the slide of the holder, it was obtained by simply placing the piece of ore on the shutter and leaving it over night.



MAY SUTTON, THE TENNIS CHAMPION

She Beats the Nation at Tennis

Since June 25 of the present year a California girl has been woman tennis champion of the United States. Miss May Sutton, whose picture appears in this department of SUNSET, is the one who has attained this distinction, and she won it by defeating Miss Elizabeth Moore, of New York, in straights. The championship game took place in Philadelphia, and the score stood in Miss Sutton's favor as follows: 6-1, 6-2. Miss Sutton and Miss Hall (also of Pasadena) were the winners of the woman's championship doubles over Miss Moore and Miss C. B. Neeley, the latter of Chicago.

San Francisco's New Hotels

After calling attention to the fact that in the last year over twenty-two hundred rooms have been added to what is known as the boarding-house district of San Francisco, and after referring to the new St. Francis and Fairmount hotels of the same city, Edward H. Hamilton continues as follows in a communication published in the *San Francisco Examiner*:

In most cities it would be thought that the adding of two big hotels would be all the tourist travel would demand. But in booming San Francisco the requirements are so great that these two big hotels will not begin to satisfy it. So on the first of the year the present Tivoli structure on Eddy street is to be torn down and a hotel of 450 rooms—same size as the St. Francis—is to be erected there. This hotel is to be arranged with a special idea of accommodating commercial travelers. But on top of all this the "Castle Law," at Pine and Stockton streets, is to be commenced next year. It is to be the largest of all the new hotels, with nearly 700 guest-rooms. And the croakers have quit predicting that these ventures will be failures. Their success is assured.

So San Francisco is to add about 2,200 rooms in the way of big hotels inside of a year. That's nearly three more Palace hotels. I think our promotion committee might call attention to that fact in big type. Perhaps our railroads might mention the fact in their advertisements. The bigger the type the more eyes it will catch. A few circus posters during the St. Louis Exposition would get the notice of a great many people. We know that San Francisco is the great bustling city of the west. Now let's let the other people know about it.

A Great State Highway

The project of building a California state highway from San Francisco to San Diego, following the line of El Camino Real, the old missions road, is being much discussed at present, and it is probable that definite action will be taken in the matter at no distant day. This done, the step that naturally will follow—it even now is under consideration—will be the continuation of this road from San Francisco to Siskiyou; and when all has been accomplished, as it ultimately will be, California will be the possessor of a species of King's highway about 1,500 miles in length, a great thoroughfare with which no other state in the Union, except it be Texas, can hope ever to vie.

The Foothill Valleys

In the foothills of the Sierra Nevada and Coast ranges—particularly in the former—are a large number of small but exceedingly fertile valleys, which, although they are at present but little known, are destined at no distant day to be well populated by prosperous people. In these valleys the winters usually are mild, and the heat of the summer is tempered by the surrounding mountains. As a rule, they afford excellent pasturage for



FERRYBOAT BERKELEY ENTERING THE SLIP AT THE OAKLAND MOLE

cattle in winter, and in summer dairy stock obtain green forage in the mountains. Almost without exception the valleys possess running streams, with plenty of water for the greater part if not all of the year. In practically all of them the hardier deciduous fruits are cultivated. As most of the mountain valleys are remote and lack transportation facilities, lands may be purchased at figures correspondingly moderate: say from five dollars per acre upwards. The lands in the mountain valleys are usually available in small tracts, and hence, as they become known, they will appeal strongly to men of moderate means who desire to insure to themselves a living income without the expenditure of much money.

A booklet about Hotel Bon-Air has just been issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Manlove, the proprietors. It will interest all those who are looking for a place to spend a holiday, as Bon-Air lacks none of the advantages of other resorts and has some which are distinctly its own, notably its location in the beautiful Ross Valley at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais, only an hour's ride from San Francisco. In these days of storm and stress only those who know the value of rest are able to do their work in the world.

The season for deer-hunting in California opened on July 15th, and not a few sportsmen have taken advantage of it, as venison, in the market or out of it, has demonstrated. Deer still are seen frequently enough west of the Rockies to make the hunting of them something more than the pleasant fiction

that it is in a majority of the eastern states, while the number of smaller game is legion. The Westerner pretty nearly has the only "real thing" in the line of hunting to be found on Uncle Sam's snug little central ranch.

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President Rudolph J. Taussig, of the San Francisco Mechanics' Institute, has presented to that body a handsome painting which now adorns the walls of its library. The painting is by Arthur F. Mathews, of San Francisco. In the background is a cloudy sky, while the middle distance has in it typical California hills and a magnificent eucalyptus tree, and in the foreground is a group of figures representing the industrial and fine arts. A picture of the painting appears elsewhere in this department. Mr. Mathews is recognized as one of the foremost mural painters in the United States. He is at the head of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, an affiliated college of the University of California.

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The ferryboat Berkeley, plying between San Francisco and Oakland, is one of the safest and most carefully appointed ferryboats in this country. The hull of steel was built in 1898, and is divided into a series of water-tight compartments in such a manner that in the event of a collision it would be practically impossible to sink her. Although the necessity for using life-preservers is remote, the Berkeley is provided with a full complement of them. The length of the deck is 276 feet, and the width of beam is forty feet, with a draft, when loaded, of eight feet, nine inches.



Plays and the Players

"Joseph Entangled," the play in which Henry Miller and his company are appearing at the Columbia theater, San Francisco, is from the pen of

Henry Miller
in a
New Play

Henry Arthur Jones, the author of "The Liars," "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and other two-world successes. The production of the piece here is the first that has been essayed on the American stage. Usually Mr. Frohman makes the initial presentation of his acquired foreign plays in New York before exploiting them in any other American city. This departure from his practice is owing to his new arrangement with Mr. Miller, which stipulates that, besides introducing the star in San Francisco in two or three of the pronounced novelties of the eastern winter season, the repertoire shall include the new play or plays Mr. Frohman may have selected for Mr. Miller's winter season in the east. The play is conceded to be the leading dramatic event of the current London season. Its plot is briefly outlined as follows:

Lady Verona Mayne, the wife of Mr. Mayne, unexpectedly runs up to London out of the season and goes to her own house. By a strange coincidence, Sir Joseph, an old admirer, comes to town that very night and, having lost his luggage, asks Lady Verona's butler (who does not know that she is in town) to put him up for the night. The next morning the two meet at the break-

fast table and they are discovered at this compromising meal by two friends of Mr. Mayne, who have come to the house to meet him on business, Mr. Mayne also having



Copyrighted photograph by A. Dupont

HENRY MILLER

come unexpectedly to town. Sir Joseph tells the friends the story of his lost luggage, which is regarded as not even a fairly decent lie. Lady Verona's mouth is sealed because she has come to town to prevent the elopement of a giddy sister. Sir Joseph does more explaining, and then, finding his efforts serve no purpose, stops talking. Mr. Mayne hearing of the breakfast, goes home much excited, but from the welcome concealment of a curtain hears Lady Verona's sister tell all about the frustrated elopement. He then believes his wife's tale and all ends happily.

For this presentation of "Joseph Entangled" Mr. Miller's company has been augmented by the addition of Miss Hilda Spong and Messrs. Frederick Tyler and Stanley Dark; Miss Spong having come to San Francisco direct from London to create her appointed rôle in the new play.

Kyrle Bellew, supported by his entire New York cast, including E. M. Holland, will bring to the Columbia theater early in September his play, "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman." San Francisco will be the first city after New York to see the production.

The musical stage has known some very talented people who have claimed California as their home, and few of them have done the Golden State greater credit than has Fannie Francisca, who has been winning triumph after triumph in Europe for the past several years. In fact, her success has been such as to prevent her coming home until nearly eleven years have elapsed. Her contracts with the various great operatic organizations in Europe have kept her continually before the music-loving people of the great operatic centers of the continent, and two weeks ago she concluded her second contract with the opera at Amsterdam. The Metropolitan Opera people have, it is said, been bargaining with her managers for her appearance in New York, and whether this comes off or not, she will make a limited concert tour of America, probably beginning it in San Francisco, the city from which she took her stage name. As Fannie Michelson, the songstress achieved much local fame before her departure for Europe and long before her leaving great things were predicted for her as soon as she was fully prepared for the operatic stage. She has a most effective dramatic soprano, and as her stage presence is far above the ordinary, her appearance in the cast of an opera always has had much to do with the production's success. During the past few years she has added to her repertoire twenty great operatic works and during the last season at Amsterdam she made the finest hits of her career in two of the most recent of operatic successes.



WHITE WHITTLESEY Sarony, photo

White Whittlesey, is having a remarkably well-patronized engagement at the Alcazar theater in San Francisco.

White Whittlesey He has gained greatly in at the Alcazar breadth and versatility, and crowded houses see him in everything that he plays. Whittlesey is to star for five years upon the coast, under the direction of Belasco, Mayer and Price. His repertoire for the first two named, as well as "Pride of Jennico" and the Brandon Tynan version of "Robert Emmet," which has never been seen in San Francisco. It is quite different from all the other dramas glorifying the Irish patriot. Eugenie Thais Lawton is supporting Whittlesey and will be his leading woman on his tour.

During the month of July two new plays by western writers were launched in California. "Hon. John North," **Two New Plays** written by Herbert Bashford, by Californians was produced at the California theater in San Francisco, and "Hearts of Tennessee," by Ulric B. Collins, first saw the footlights at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. Both plays diverge from the conventional and offer something new in situation in a convincing way. J. R. Stockwell, who for over twenty years has been connected with San Francisco's theatrical world, produced the "Hon. John North" and appeared in the title rôle. This play is thoroughly western, the situations are possible, the action logical, the dialogue amusing, and the hale-fellow-well-met tone which is typical of the land lying west of the Rockies pervades the whole.

North is a highly esteemed Seattle politician who is running for Governor. At the beginning of the play he is living happily with his wife and family—his second wife; his closet skeleton being a first wife of whom his second wife has no knowledge, North never having dared to tell her, because of her extreme prejudice against divorced men. He returns from a successful campaign to find his first wife installed as French teacher in his home, with a pretty blackmailing scheme up her sleeve. The sympathy of the audience is with North and his big, wholesome second wife, who is proud of him, but who, much to his annoyance, is very thoughtful and kind to the new French teacher. To add to the complications, North's brother-in-law falls in love with the French teacher. A purported son of North is produced by wife number one, and the situation is laughable in the extreme. His queer actions make his wife think that his mind is deranged, and in her agony she wishes that any other misfortune but this had befallen her. She declares that she could stand anything but to have John go out of his head. "Could you stand even a divorced man for a husband?" asks North. "A ten times divorced man," she answers. "Only once," prompts North, and forthwith tells her the whole story.

As a side issue, Mrs. North is trying to urge the marriage of her daughter to a

French count, but the young woman is in love with a reporter on a paper that is opposing the candidacy of her father. The reporter saves the day by securing, at the last minute, the scandalous article brought to the office by North's first wife. Virtue triumphs, and the curtain falls amid the roars of laughter.

In speaking of the play, Mr. Stockwell says: "The 'Hon. John North' reminds me of the Hoyt plays. Many of the lines are suggestive of Hoyt in his happiest style of keen satire. I consider this play one of the best vehicles I have had. It has great possibilities, but it must be pruned and readjusted. Laughs have to be developed, and that is what makes a comedy harder to write than a straight drama which simply tells a story. I have great faith in Mr. Bashford as a dramatist. He has the rare ability of appreciating the dramatic in life. The west is full of the dramatic, but he who sees and knows the footlight value of what he sees is the true dramatist."

"Hearts of Tennessee" deals largely with the old spirit of the Civil war, though the action of the play takes place at the time of the Spanish-American war. The most touching scene in the play is where the ex-Confederate colonel accepts a commission in the United States army, and the most amusing situation is where the Confederate soldier, whose mind has been a blank from a wound received at the battle of Chickamauga, is restored to reason by an operation performed by an army surgeon. When he wakes he chases a Union soldier, one of the villains in the play, and makes him prisoner.

The play has a plethora of good situations any one of which would make a climax by itself. As its name implies, "Hearts of Tennessee" is not a star piece. Every one in the east has a good speaking part.

"Hearts of Tennessee" has its initial presentation followed by a week's engagement on what actors claim is the finest stage in America, that of Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. It is a revolving stage, a circle seventy-five feet in diameter; large enough for five sets of scenes, and six can be built upon it by saving a little on the side lines. The peculiar advantage of this arrangement is self evident. There are no shifting of scenes between acts and no long waits. The lack of confusion behind the scenes during the performance is a benefit to the actors and a safeguard against accidents and miscues.

The seating capacity of the Liberty is two thousand, one thousand downstairs and one thousand upstairs. Every seat is good, and the acoustics of the house are perfect. From the date of the opening of the theater, four months ago, to the present time, Mr. Bishop, the manager, has demonstrated his ability by finding good plays and good players.



Shaw, photo

HERBERT BASHFORD
Author of "Hon. John North"

ISABEL FRASER.



Bushnell, photo

ELRIC B. COLLINS
Author of "Hearts of Tennessee"

The story of "The Toreador" which is being presented at the Tivoli, concerns the fortunes of one Carajolo, a bull fighter of Villaya, who has fallen in love with an English widow and who has come to Biarritz for his wedding. The first act opens in the flower shop of the Grand Hotel at Biarritz, where Mrs. Hoppings has come with her bridesmaids for the wedding. Carajolo arrives, but is warned that his former love, a jealous Spanish woman named Teresa, is on his track, and means to make trouble for him. Meantime Mr. Pettifer, an animal dealer, has come to this place to get some bulls, which he means to make Carajolo fight. He is also a suitor for Mrs. Hoppings' hand. He overhears a conversation between Carajolo and Teresa, which he repeats to Mrs. Hoppings. She breaks the engagement and gives her passports to Teresa, who tries her best to induce Carajolo to return to Villaya with her as her husband. Now appears upon the scene a little cockney tiger, or footman, who has come in answer to an advertisement which Pettifer has put in the paper asking for a Bengal tiger. Gigg, the cockney, mistakes this for an advertisement for a footman. He meets Pettifer, who explains the situation to him and he finds himself penniless in this strange place. The proprietress of the flower shop is his sweetheart. They quarrel, and Gigg is cursing his luck when Teresa appears on the scene with passports made out for two. She persuades Gigg to take Carajolo's place as the bullfighter and they all start for Villaya.

The second act opens at Villaya where the entire populace, headed by the Governor and a brass band, is awaiting the return of Carajolo and his bride. Not having seen Carajolo since he was a child, the people mistake Gigg for the real toreador. He is forced to make a speech and go through all sorts of complications, including the leader-

ship of a Carlist uprising. Finally, he is brought down as a toreador and is just about to enter the ring when the real Carajolo turns up and matters are straightened out. There is a sub-plot running through the play which concerns Dora Selby, a ward in chancery, and her friend, Nancy Staunton, who is a niece of Mrs. Hoppings. They meet in the train and come to Biarritz together. Miss Selby finds a letter from her guardian which tells her he is sending his son to meet her and that he thinks she will be a good match for this son. This makes Miss Selby quite angry and she resolves to be revenged. Miss Staunton, her friend, has met a young Englishman, Sir Archie, with whom she has fallen deeply in love. He also is at Biarritz looking for her. Miss Selby persuades her friend to masquerade as a man and play her husband, whom she introduces to Mr. Traill and Sir Archie as Mr. Robinson. This leads to many amusing situations, which in the end are finally straightened out, as Miss Selby has from the first fallen in love with Gus.

Melville Ellis, whom the Tivoli management has brought from New York to play the part of Augustus Traill in "The Toreador," which he created in America, is a San Francisco boy. He left here about seven years ago, and, after a tour through the Orient, went to New York, where he was at once engaged as accompanist for Plunket Greene, the famous English ballad singer. After a six-months'



Vaughan & Keith, photo
MELVILLE ELLIS
Actor, composer and director



Vaughan & Keith, photo

ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY, MERRY MEN IN THE SHERWOOD FOREST AT THE TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

trip, Mr. Ellis decided to go on the stage and made his debut in Chicago with Harry Woodruff in a sketch written by George Ade, called "Two Artists and a Model."

The next season found him supporting May Irwin in a play called "Sister Mary." Mr. Ellis introduced into this play piano solos, which were very successful. He also wrote most of the music for the productions made by the Stroller's Club at the Waldorf in New York. After this, he joined Maurice Farkoa and together they did drawing-room work, appearing at such well-known houses as those of Mrs. Fish, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Albert Gerry, Harry Lehr; in fact, almost every drawing-room of note in New York.

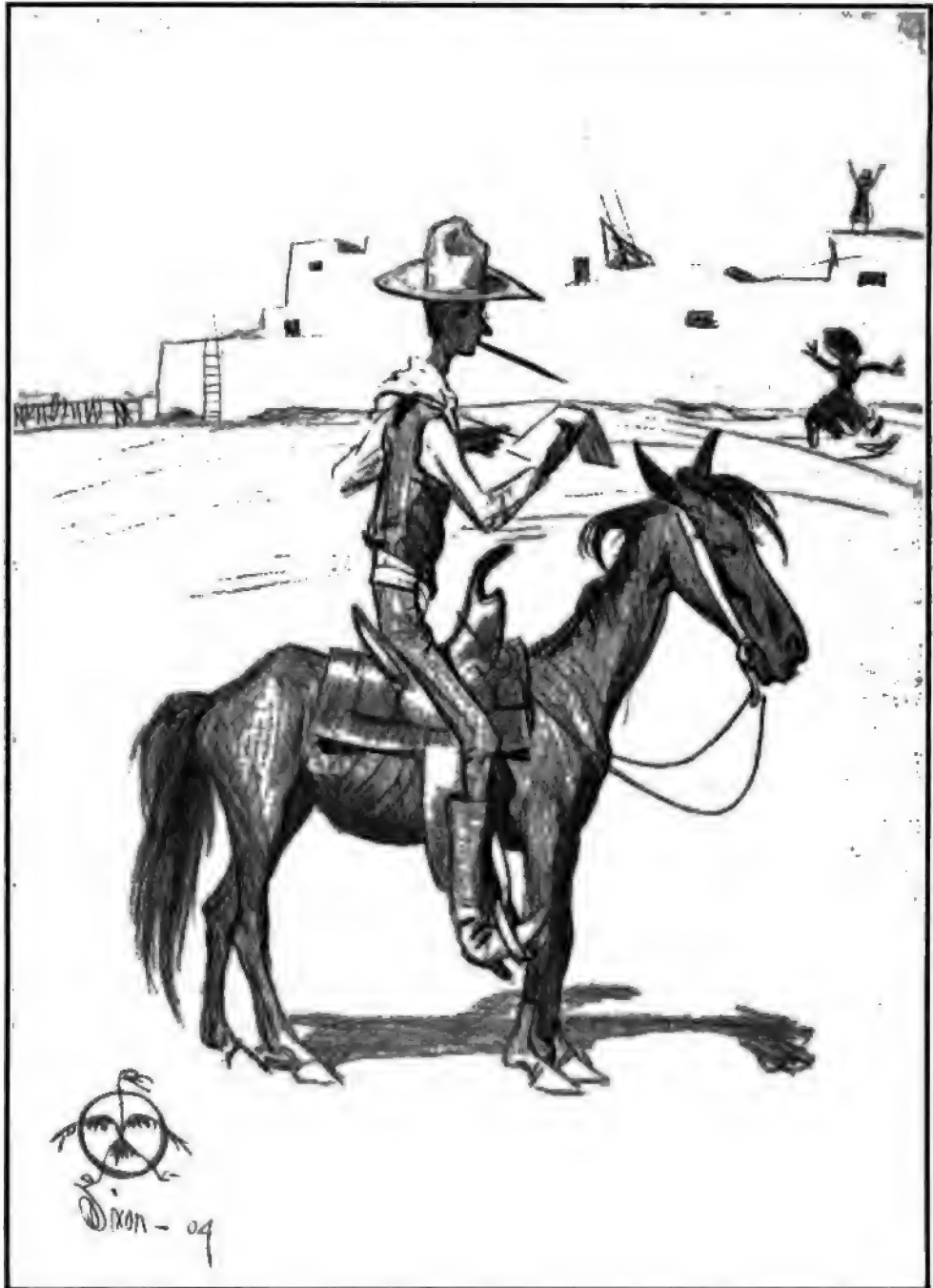
Mr. Ellis then went to Europe, and while in Paris was engaged by Messrs. Fisher & Riley as the original musical director of "Floradora" in this country. He came back and produced this play and after a short season went with Mrs. Leslie Carter as musical director in "Zaza." He remained only two weeks and then became private secretary to the Duke of Manchester, with whom he traveled throughout the states.

Returning to London, Mr. Ellis took up composition and wrote all of the incidental music for Miss Marie Tempest's production of "Vanity Fair." He also wrote the music for Sir Charles Wyndham, Beerbohm Tree and a great deal of music for George

Edwardes' productions. He also played in numerous drawing-rooms in London as well as Paris.

While Mr. Ellis was in London, J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr., engaged him to come to America to play in "The Toreador," in support of Francis Wilson, with whom he remained for two seasons. Mr. Ellis was also concerned in the American production of the "Chinese Honeymoon," for which he wrote several interpolated numbers, notably, "The Leader of Frocks and Frills." This past season he has been with Rogers Brothers in "The Rogers Brothers in London," where his piano playing again made a hit. During the present season he also composed the music for Bertha Galland's play entitled "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which will be seen here during the coming season. He is now at work on two musical plays, and leaves here at the end of September to fill a musical engagement in New York.

Dorothy Morton, who is under contract to remain at Fischer's theater, in San Francisco, a year, originated the principal feminine rôle in "The Wizard of the Nile," the widow in "The Prince of Pilsen," and the leading female character in "The Greek Slave." Her work at Fischer's is of a character to maintain the reputation she had established before appearing on that stage.



OUR ARTIST ON HIS TRAVELS IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST. MR. MAYNARD DIXON OF SAN FRANCISCO AMONG THE NAVAJOS OF NEW MEXICO. FROM A DRAWING BY HIMSELF



Books and Writers

One of the latest developments in the line of American criticism is Professor Horace Spenser Fiske's "Provincial Types in American Fiction," published by the Chautauqua Press, New York and Chicago. The matter is discussed under four heads: Provincial Types in

New England; Provincial Types in the South; Provincial Types in the Mississippi Valley; and Provincial Types in the Far West. To speak of this book as a criticism proper may be, in a sense, slightly misleading, as it is rather a descriptive summing up of the various provincial types in our lighter literature, which is done by placing in juxtaposition, for instance, such characters as Silas Lapham; the cow-puncher hero of Wister's "Virginian," and Cable's "Honore Grandissime."

In the chapter preceding each of these four sections is the author's "Brief Survey of the Field," in which one finds a sympathetic introduction to the fiction-land of that distinctive portion of America.

The New England section is represented by "Silas Lapham"; Mary E. Wilkins's "Pembroke"; and Miss Jewett's "Deephaven." Here is the puritan in all his harshness and unlovely inflexibility of character, worked out with the completest literary skill by writers who are, in two of the cases at least, themselves puritans of the puritans. And this astonishing character is wonderfully productive of good results—of fortitude, honor and high success.

Page's "In Old Virginia"; Smith's "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"; Harris's "Uncle Remus"; Cable's "The Grandissimes"; and Craddock's "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains"; present vividly and picturesquely the typical life of the south. The soft speech of the southern half of the United States fairly pervades the first four of these

books; but in the last are represented characters more nearly approaching in harshness and ruggedness those of the New England group.

"Huckleberry Finn," the Odyssey of the Mississippi; "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," the first and best dialect novel published in the country; and Garland's "Main Traveled Roads," which is a most striking example of realism, tell the story of the middle west.

But two writers are adduced as bodying forth in print the life of the far west: Bret Harte and Owen Wister. Professor Fiske makes no invidious distinctions here, merely setting forth, without special comment, through their own work largely, the merits of these two writers. Of them it may be said that while Harte depicts with the faithfulness of a camera the life of the California of half a century ago, writing it down with an almost unsurpassable literary finish and skill, that the principal character of Mr. Wister's most popular book is entirely foreign to the setting in which he is found. As a cavalier in the days of the Roses he would be all right; but in cowboy boots and wide sombrero he is an anomaly.

Arthur J. Burdick's "The Mystic Mid-Region," which has just been issued from the Knickerbocker Press of G. P.

A Book About The Desert Putnam's Sons, New York, is illustrated with fifty-six fine plates of the desert region of the United States, which he describes as being a section "from two hundred to five hundred miles wide, and seven hundred to eight hundred miles long, and extending far down into Mexico." To this region, in various places, are applied such names as the "Nevada Desert," the "Black Rock Desert," the "Smoke Creek Desert," the "Painted Desert," and the "Colorado Desert."

Mr. Burdick is thoroughly familiar with the wonderful country he describes, and writes with a depth of interest and a spirit of interpretation that make his book extremely interesting. The mid-region has a charm and interest all its own; a terrible-ness and a beauty in which the former is by no means always in the ascendant. All its fascinating mystery is very charmingly set forth, and in this the illustrations are of great assistance to the descriptions which are themselves finished and vivid.

Mr. Burdick treats of the plant and animal life: of the human dwellers (Indian), their products—baskets and other articles of interest; of the vast mineral wealth, gold, silver, salt and borax mines, and numerous precious gems; of the atmosphere and its effects; in fact, of everything of interest in connection with the subject, freshly and vigorously.

All persons who are interested in the history of the southwest will welcome "The Journey of Coronado," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. The book is a translation by George Parker Winship of Castañeda's *Relacion de la Jornada de Cibola*, which is a very full account of Coronado's expedition from the City of Mexico to the plains of Kansas and Nebraska, 1540-1542. Pedro Castañeda was a common soldier who had the gift of reciting a story in a direct and simple manner, and he gives a very complete account of the whole journey. It is a quaint and naive recital, and very valuable, giving as it does the first really reliable description of the country and its inhabitants, and telling the story of one of the most remarkable explorations in American history. This was seventy-five years before the English succeeded in establishing themselves upon the northeastern coast of North America.

The main object of the expedition was the subjugation of the country, and the conquest of the Seven Cities of Cibola especially, these being then considered, from earlier reports made by Cabeza de Vaca and Frey Marcos de Nizza, the repositories of vast wealth. The command was made up of two hundred and fifty horsemen; seventy-five Spanish foot soldiers; three hundred or more native allies, and upward of a thousand negro and Indian servants. The story of the ill-starred expedition is told in full; there are also in the volume a number of translations of other documents written by various members of the expedition, among them Coronado's own reports to the viceroy of Mexico, Mendoza, and to the king of Spain.

It is a moving account of tremendous effort and heart-breaking failure; for it was the ruin of Coronado, and the cause of much burning jealousy and ill feeling on the part of many of his followers.

Professor Winship in the translation of this book has done a work which puts scholars all over the English speaking world in his debt. It is to be hoped that we may have from the same hand translations of other Spanish documents bearing upon the history of the southwest.

U. FRANCIS DUFF.

A good novel is always a wholesome experience, but when it is built on lines broad enough to hold the interest of the whole reading public, with flesh and blood men and women whose courageous devotion to duty makes every reader's heart throb responsively, it deserves heralding. Such a book is Louis Tracy's "The Pillar of Light," published by Edward J. Clode, New York. Two factors lend chiefly to its success; the novel setting, and the character of the hero, Stephen Brand. This man, well born and bred, seeks solace from an ill-fated marriage in the isolated life of a lighthouse keeper. Here, in the early days of his service, he rescues a baby from a drifting ship's boat, adopts her and takes her to his home in Penzance to grow up with his own little girl. This episode forms a prologue, and the story proper opens eighteen years later when the two young women, paying a surprise visit to their father, are detained unexpectedly at the lighthouse. During the night a great storm comes upon them, wrecking a steamer against the light-tower. Perils, brave deeds, and rescues ensue, and the lighthouse, suited to the needs of three men, is for several days the shelter for eighty-one souls. Over this troublous little world Stephen Brand, at once a philosopher and a man of action, rules with the poise of a master-mind. It is a matter of conjecture why the author was not satisfied with a story so fine and complete, and what induced him to drag in melodrama in the person of Brand's long-lost wife. She is the only false note, as the love stories of the two young girls, Brand's daughters, are charming and natural, and the whole action is spontaneous.

A little volume that breathes the fragrance of summer woods is Hildegarde Hawthorne's "A Country Interlude," which is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of New York. The author, as her name might suggest, is the daughter of Julian Hawthorne and the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and although such an ancestry may be a drawback in the matter of comparisons, there is something in the keen love of the wholesome rural life found along the upper Hudson and the plea for a return to the simple life that recalls the spirit of "The

"Blithedale Romance" of the elder Hawthorne. The narrative is unfolded in the form of a series of letters from one girl to another, the frank out-pouring of a nature choked by a life of social conventions and the busy whirl of city life that, under the influence of the summer solitudes of the country, slowly finds itself. Thereupon her engagement to a wealthy young clubman is broken, and the artist who makes his entrance at the opportune moment of her discovery is the man she marries.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

A noteworthy example of the bookbinders' art has been turned

out from the bindery of **Fine Specimen of Bookbinders' Art** the Hicks-Judd Co. for exhibition at the St. Louis Fair. It is a volume of the "Annals of the Bohemian Club," and the binding was designed and executed by Howard Morton.

The book is bound in full red crushed levant, and the decorative scheme is worked out with inlays of yellow and green leather, while combined with the tooling is gilt. The inside of the covers is finished in silk, with an original border design in gilt.

"Prosit" is the title of a book of toasts which will be published in the early fall by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

A Book of Toasts In addition to many ancient and modern toasts which will appear in the book, a considerable number of original ones will be contributed by well-known literary Californians. The volume will be neatly bound, and its decorations, frontispiece and cover design will be by Gordon Ross.

The *California Review*, which is the official organ of both the Native Sons and the Native Daughters of the Golden West, and which is published in San Francisco, is doing some creditable work in behalf of California in these days. It is an illustrated magazine containing stories, poems and a heap of matter relating to the great western commonwealth. Henry F. Pernau is the publisher.

"The Simple Home" is the title of a book of essays by Charles Keeler, which is published by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco. The chief value of the little book, which is illustrated, lies in its practical suggestions concerning the building of homes, in its discussions of mate-



ANNALS OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO, BOUND BY HICKS-JUDD CO., FROM ORIGINAL DESIGN BY HOWARD MORTON

rials, their treatment and use—clinker brick, shingles and plaster for exteriors; wood and plaster variously treated with construction showing, for interiors. The texture and decoration of fabrics are given attention, the making of furniture, the framing of pictures, and the general use of ornamentation. The chapter on gardens will be found helpful for the suburban home with flat or hilly environment, for the city home, the roof-garden or the tenement house.

To those who know a certain spot in England called Shropshire, where the rowan berries redden and guelder-roses blow, Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell's "Old Shropshire Life," published by John Lane, New York, will come like a whiff of home air. The volume is made up of some half-dozen stories, each complete in itself, yet each in a way connected by time and place, and many of the same characters figure in different rôles. The illustrations are remarkably good photographs of manor-house, castle, cottage and forest, and here again, to those who know this section of England, will be a strong appeal in the matter of architecture and scenery.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

The July number of the *Frisco System Magazine*, issued by the passenger department of the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, is of particular interest to those who may be interested in Oklahoma, Missouri, Texas and that part of the United States. Illustrations lend their force to the text, and the latter is full of data that are worthy of consideration.

A selection from the poems of John Boyle O'Reilly will be published this fall by Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco.

Andrew McNally, the founder of the well-known publishing house of Rand, McNally & Co., recently passed away at his home in Altadena, California. Mr. McNally was born at Armagh, Ireland, in 1836, and was about sixty-eight years old at the time of his death. In less than the scriptural three score years and ten he had established unto himself a name which was bounded only by the limits in which the English language is spoken. He was a citizen of the world; but, at the time of his death, he was primarily a citizen of California, and as such Californians will remember and honor him.

George Sterling of Piedmont, California, whose recent book, "The Testimony of the Suns and other Poems," is considered by some critics the purest English verse which has been written since the passing of Tennyson, voices his appreciation of Poe in the following:

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

Time, who but jests with sword and sovereignty,
 Confirming these as phantoms in his gloom
 Or bubbles that his arid hours consume,
 Shall mold an undeparting light of thee—
 A star whereby futurity shall see
 How Song's eventual majesties illumine,
 Beyond Augustan pomp or battle-doom,
 Her annals of abiding heraldry.

Time, tho' his mordant ages gnaw the crag,
 Shall blot no hue from thy seraphic wings
 Nor vex thy crown and choral glories won,
 Albeit the solvents of Oblivion drag
 To dust the sundered sepulchers of kings,
 In desolations splendid with the sun.

"Heptalogia," which long was an anonymous collection of parodies, is acknowledged and included in the latest Swinburne edition of Swinburne's works. Parodies This acknowledgment adds interest to Swinburne's parodies of himself in the former work, as in the following:

Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of
 memory, melodiously mute as it may be,
 While the hope in the heart of a hero is
 bruised by the breach of men's rapiers,
 resigned to the rod:
 Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats
 bound with the bliss-bringing bulk of a
 balm-breathing baby.
 As they grope through the graveyard of
 creeds under skies glowing green at a
 groan for the grimness of God.
 Blank is the book of his bounty beholden of
 old, and its binding is blacker than blue;
 Out of blue into black is the scheme of the
 skies, and their dews are the wine of the
 bloodshed of things;
 Till the darkling desire of delight shall be free
 as a fawn that is freed from the fangs
 that pursue her.
 Till the heart-beats of hell shall be hushed
 by a hymn from the hunt that has harried
 the kennel of kings.

Which is excellently done, but it still remains doubtful whether anybody else could have parodied Swinburne quite as successfully as Swinburne did.



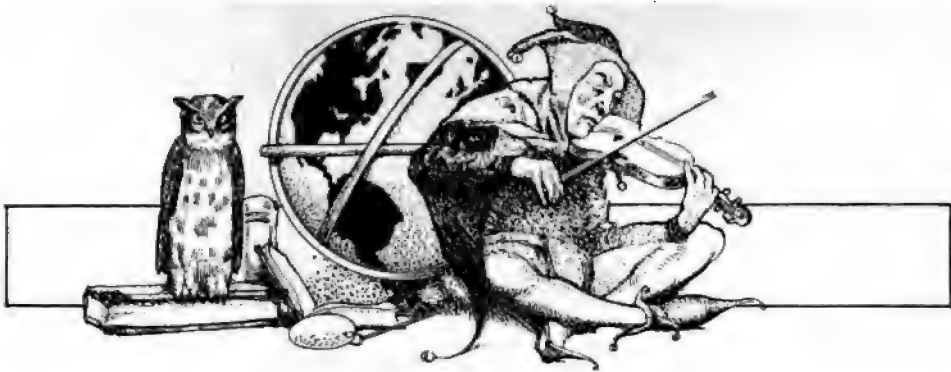
THE LATE ANDREW McNALLY

The August number of the *Overland Monthly* is a particularly creditable production. Its leading article, by a Knight Templar, is devoted to the approaching Templar Encampment. Illustrations add much to the value of the article. Descriptive articles, stories and verse, with numerous illustrations, combine to make an excellent number of San Francisco's oldest magazine.

Professor C. H. Gilbert, of the Department of Zoology at Stanford University, has recently completed a submarine survey of the bay of Monterey, in the course of which a very complete collection of zoological specimens from the bay has been made. The Monterey work is a continuation of a labor that has been under progress for several months from San Diego northward.

Dr. John Ernst Matzke, head of the Department of Romanic Languages at Stanford University, has been appointed to a staff position on the advisory board of *Modern Philology*. The magazine is a quarterly, and is published at the University of Chicago.

The Literary Collector, a monthly magazine, is published by the Literary Collector Press, of Greenwich, Conn. As its name implies, it is a publication of especial interest to people who are interested in things literary.



Sunset Rays

(Conducted by ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE)

The Little Back Room

Quong Lee has a laundry,
Such a busy place;
Irons ply their course o'er
Furbelow and lace;
Beads of perspiration
From sallow foreheads drop;—
Strenuous is life at
Quong Lee's washee-shop!

Never dream of pleasure,
Never chance to shirk,—
Wash, and starch, and iron.—
Naught is here save work.
Holidays like hen's teeth
Are such a meager crop;—
Ever see one rest at
Quong Lee's washee-shop!

If my song's impressed you,
Come and go with me.
I can show you something
Little known of Lee! * * *
Ever play at fan-tan?
Ever "hit the hop?"—
Ah, the room that's back of
Quong Lee's washee-shop!

Roy Farrell Greene.

The Modern Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
And so the story goes.
When they came down, t'was the talk of the
town.
You should have seen their clothes.
T. Wesley Wright.

What I'd Ruther Be

I'd ruther be a sucker than a trout—
they's less people fishin' fer it.

* * *

I'd ruther be jest a leetle wicked than ter
be a earthly saint—a feller wants some
company.

* * *

I'd ruther do a few things than know
how to do so blame many an' never do them
—Who said I was reflectin' onto Populists?
I never mentioned them.

* * *

I'd ruther be a livin' voice, though cracked,
than the slim echo of a bygone halleluyer
chorus—Who said anything erbout Demer-
crats? Set down!

* * *

I'd ruther point with pride to something
I'm doin' now than to have to almos' twist
my arm off pointin' backward forty or fifty
years—Republicans orto quit squirmin'. I
hain't once named 'em.

* * *

I'd ruther be a politishun than a states-
man—the latter seems ter be the most likely
to be dead.

* * *

I'd ruther not say any more erbout politics
jest now—a man whose remarks hain't left
him a friend, 'cept maybe a Prohibitionist
that don't count even in the votin', orto be
excused easy 'nough.

California

(An Easterner's longing)

The Land of Sunshine,—California,
Which, never having seen, yet do I love,
Methinks I see that fair blue sky above
Gay-flowered gardens miraged from afar.
As oft at midnight one has seen a star
Twinkle and beckon in the summer sky,
Seeming to cry "Come here, and never die!"
So to my mind the fairy stories are
That tell the marvels of thy wonderland;
Eternal summer and a cloudless sky,
And gold, and precious earth more rich
than gold,
And never failing flowers; while here I stand
In this gray east, and muse "Ah me, shall I
That blooming land of promise e'er behold?"
W. B. Southwick.

A Mere Slip of a Girl

Along the street she passed so neat,
So pretty, charming, and so sweet,
A mere slip of a girl.
To see this girl was quite a treat,
But a banana peel disturbed her feet—
T'was a mere slip of a girl.
T. Wesley Wright.

Good Reason for Joy

The ichthyosaurus existed, I'm told, an eon
or so ago;
And the plesiosaurus was also enrolled in
the antediluvian show;
And the tall megatherium frequently prowled
in search of his palpitant prey;
And the fierce dinothorium dolefully howled
—'twas the dinothoristic way;
And the mammoth and mastodon gambled
around, that is, when the weather was
good;
And the ornithoscelida pounded the ground
while ambling and shambling for food;
And the ornithopappi, with manners quite
choppy was hunting for some one to eat;
And the ornithopterus—oh, wouldn't he
"skeer" us!—was wont to make cave
men his meat.
And whenever I think of those monsters I
shrink, for their records were really of
crime.
But I'm glad as can be, yes, I'm happy, you
see, that I was not on earth at the time.

In the Early Morning

There was an old man from Sedar,
Who mistook an arc-light for a star.
"Twinkle, twinkle," he said,
As he wagged his head,
"You think I don't know what you are."
Ethel L. Preble.

How Me and Marthy Made Up

We had a row 'bout a month ago—
Me an' Marthy, an' couldn't agree;
Somehow or other it seemed as though
Love was a-wanin' 'twixt her an' me.
I'll allow that it wasn't right,
But I had a temper that wouldn't hold,
While Marthy, it seemed to me, fer spite,
Grew harsh an' sullen an' stern an' cold.

Matters come to a p'int at last,
She said she reckoned we'd better part;
Each go away an' fergit th' past—
I smothered th' feelin's 'twas in my heart,
Fer I was proud, an' I wouldn't show
My feelin's to her, so, without a sigh,
I slammed th' door fer to let her know
That that was my only an' last good-bye.

I went to town, but my heart was sad.
In spite of th' bitter remarks she'd made,
I thought of the past years, bright an' glad,
While lovin' thoughts through my memory
strayed.
I brought to mind all th' days gone by,
An' th' sacred time when we two had wed,
An' a tear, unbidden, come to my eye,
As I thought of the words of reproach I'd
said.

Then came remorse, an' I turned about,
An' 'twas late when I reached th' farm
once more;
There was no wife givin' a welcome out,
As I stopped th' team at th' kitchen door.
I tip-toed into th' settin' room,
An' stood, ashamed for a minute's space,
Fer there she sat in th' gatherin' gloom,
An' th' tears flowed free down her careworn
face.

An' there on th' table, a baby's wrap
I saw, with a hood of faded blue;
While a little sock lay in her lap,
With a curl of gold an' a tiny shoe.
An' then I thought of the child that slept,
Of th' golden head that had gone before.
An' I knelt beside her, an' us two wept
O'er th' little things that our baby wore.

I drew her face to my furrowed cheek,
An' kissed th' tears from her eyes, an' then
I sobbed repentance when I could speak,
An' begged fer th' ol'-time love again;
She smoothed my face with her wrinkled hand,
An' smiled at me in th' old, old way,
An' whispered words of tenderness, and
Marthy an' I made up to stay.
E. A. Brininstool.

The Logical Conclusion

"'Tis merit tells." The words are true,
But, though to think it's sin,
They also prove—I'm sure they do—
That Merit's feminine.

The Tenderfoot

Who is it lives in fear and woe
Where rivers rage and overflow
And summer winds to cyclones grow?
The tenderfoot.

Who is it dreads the sun's hot blaze,
The suffocating sultry days,
The ice and snow that block his ways?
The tenderfoot.

Who is it then a vision sees
Of olive, palm, and orange trees,
Of balmy air and lotus ease?
The tenderfoot.

Who is it fierce the land decries,
And says the vision all is lies,
And turns his nose up to the skies?
The tenderfoot.

Who is it quickly turns him east,
Whose various charms have nothing least
For which his boast has not increased?
The tenderfoot.

Who is it then, with sigh and groan,
Begins to whine and long to roam
And turn his back on that dear home?
The tenderfoot.

Who is it flees Atlantic shore
And to Pacific hies him o'er
And dwells content forever more?
The tenderfoot.
Heatherwick Kirk.

A Voice of Woe

Up in the morning and work all day,
Just for the grub of tomorrow to pay;
Work tomorrow for meat to carve—
Got to keep working or else I'll starve;
Work next day for a chance to sup—
Just earn money to eat it up!
Next day after it's root or die—
Habit of eating comes mighty high.

Next week, too, it is just the same—
Never can beat the eating game.
Working on Monday for Tuesday's bread;
Working on Tuesday to keep me fed;
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, too,
Same old game, and it's never new.
Don't want to kick or to make a fuss,
But blowed if it isn't monotonous!

Together and To-get-her

"If through the days just you and I
Could roam like this together,
'Neath sky of blue or cloudy sky,
In fair or stormy weather;
If thus together—" "Not for mine!"
She said; I had to let her.
I learned, together to combine
'Tis needful first to-get-her.

To a Health-Food Girl

Hail to thee, Granola Maid!
Kumyas cheek and silken braid,
Flower blooming in the shade
Of the Protose tree;
Pious bearing, modest mien,
Hail, my Vegetarian Queen,
Hail, my healthy Nuttolene,
Zwieback fairy, thee!

Set my Glutose spirit free,
Lift thy Meltose eyes to me,
Say thou't be my Bean Puree,—
All my cares beguile;
Sway me with thy grace imperial,
Say thou't be my Flaky Cereal,
Beam on me, while charms ethereal
Sterilize thy smile!

See, thy Granut tear-drop start!
Swear that we will never part,—
Give to me thy Whole Wheat heart,
Let the skeptics scoff;
'Round thy waist my strong arm clinches,—
This is where my spirit finches,
For that waist is forty inches—
Let us call it off!

Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

Ef

You can't ha'f way imagine how well I'd
Jes' like
'Ith my pole through th' green grass there
beside

Th' pike
T' hike
Down ther' an' lis'nin' t' th' water's swish,
An' sech,
T' stretch
Out on th' groun' ther' by th' crick an' fish.

I'd mighty like t' take my ol' bait can
Agin,
An' fish, an' after playin' in th' san'
An' win',
Go in
A swimmin'. Ef ther' wuz lef' jest one wish
T' me,
'Tw'd be
T' be a boy, t' hev a pole an' fish.

Zellard E. Buell.

Hard to Stand

The bank had failed. I thus condoled
With Jack: "Don't let it fret you!
I thought you'd view the matter cold;
Instead it's quite upset you!"
"I did not quite upset," with guile
And all a jester's talents
Jack answered, as he tried to smile:
"I simply lost my balance!"

Roy Farrell Greene.



Drawing by J. F. O'Ryan

Professor Adjutant—Yes, indeed, I regret exceedingly the prevalence of slang among the jungle inhabitants.

Herr Snake—It gives me a pain, too, Professor. Today, when I invited Brer Rabbit to come and have a little conversation with me, he mockingly replied: "Not much! I'm onto your curves, snakesey."

A Poetic Affair

A rhyme with a stanza once fell in love.
With looks he did entreat her,
But the stanza shy caught not his eye.
And the rhyme could never meter.

But the rhyme met the stanza and spoke his love:

"I love, fair one; do you?"
Spoke the stanza gay, "How silly, I say;
I am a verse to you."

Harry T. Fee.

Be a Bit of Sunshine

Work a little, sing a little,
Whistle and be gay;
Read a little, play a little.
Busy every day;
Talk a little, laugh a little,
Don't forget to pray;
Be a bit of merry sunshine
All the blessed way.

M. C. B. Woodward

The Brakeman

The brakeman is a gallant wight;
I always find him quite polite.
When I ask questions as I go
His voice is bland and mild and low,
But when, some station just before,
He calls its name, his awful roar
Is anything but low and bland,
And what he says none understand;
But people always talk this way:
"I wonder what he tried to say.
It wasn't very clear to me,
But sounded like 'gr-r-rur gr-r-ree.'"
It's queer that one with voice so low
Should roar and rumble-mumble so!

A Prophecy

If it be true that silence is of gold
And speech of silver—as the poets say;
I prophecy that if our wives e'er vote
Free silver'll be the issue of the day.

Julien Josephson.

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(2-21-05-20 M.)



T. H. GOODMAN,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.
R. A. DONALDSON,
JAS. HORSBURGH, JR.,
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ASST. GEN. PASS. AGENTS.

431 CALIFORNIA STREET,
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Sunset of July 18,

Mr. F. C. Davis,

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Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your postal of July 8 requesting copies of pages 490 to 507 of Sunset Magazine volume 13, I note that through an error in the numbering of pages there were no pages printed corresponding to these numbers, and the volume is therefore complete with

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive, appearing to read 'T. H. Goodman', with a date '7/18' written below it.

B



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SUNSET

OCTOBER



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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
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KEEP YOUR EYE ON SAN DIEGO

CALIFORNIA

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The Orient

San Diego
gained
25 per
cent in
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in the last
twelve
months



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is a
beautiful
city of
beautiful
homes

While on the Pacific Coast you will of course visit

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MIMIC WAR IN CALIFORNIA—MANEUVERS AT THE ARMY CAMP AT ATASCADERO—REPELLING AN ASSAULT
Frontispiece, Sunset Magazine, October, 1924

See of California's Army Camp



EDITED BY CHARLES SEDOWICK AIKEN

Vol. XIII

OCTOBER, 1904

No. 6

California's Army Camp

Photographs by Tibbitts and Givens and drawings by Edward Cucuel

COMMENT AND PAPERS BY

MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR MACARTHUR, Commanding Pacific Division and Department of California.

HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE C. PARDEE, Governor of California.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. B. LAUCK, N. G. C., Adjutant General of California.

COLONEL ALFRED C. GIRARD, Assistant Surgeon-General and Chief Surgeon, Department of California and Provisional Division.

COLONEL W. S. PATTEN, Assistant Quartermaster-General and Chief Quartermaster.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EDWARD A. GODWIN, Ninth Cavalry, Commanding Cavalry Squadron.

MAJOR EDWARD T. BROWN, Artillery Corps, Commanding Battalion Field Artillery.

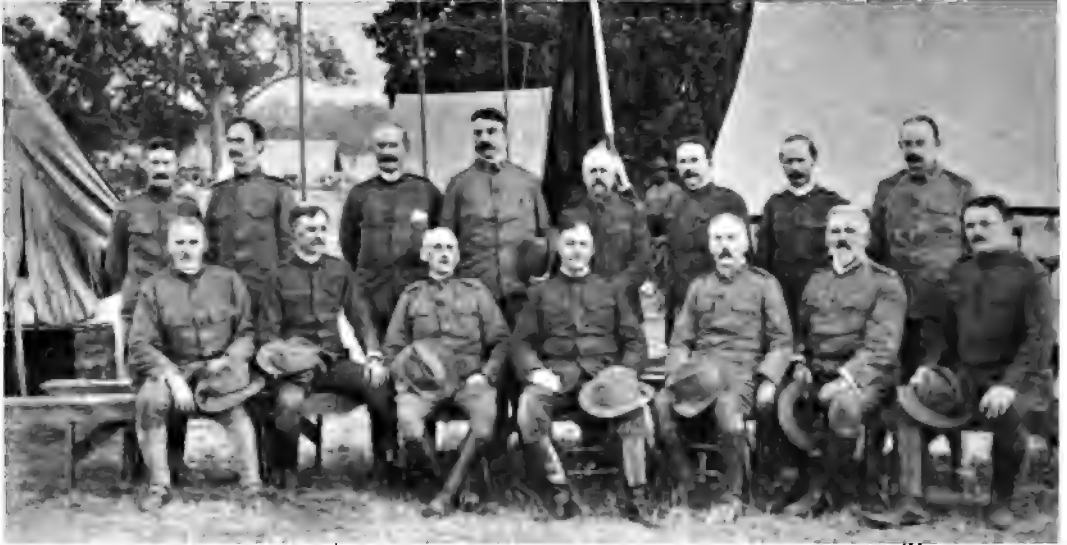
MAJOR GEORGE O. SQUIER, In Charge Signal Corps, Department of California.

MAJOR CASSIUS E. GILLETTE, Corps of Engineers and Senior Umpire of Maneuvers.

CAPTAIN SYDNEY A. CLOMAN, General Staff, Captain Twenty-third Infantry; Assistant to Chief of Staff.

GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD, Late War Correspondent in Manchuria of the *London Daily Chronicle*, and Correspondent Associated Press at Camp Atascadero.

The recent army maneuvers at Camp Atascadero, California, are of vast significance to the entire nation. No other encampment provided for by the army reorganization bill has resulted more successfully. It was mimic war, with regulars and militia fighting side by side. Major-General Arthur MacArthur, commanding the Department of California, says: "The camp was a success in every way." The benefits of such experience cannot be over estimated. The Henry ranch of 22,000 acres of wooded hill and plain proved admirably suited for the purpose. In this great state that fronts the Orient is a wonderful training ground for American soldiers, and Congress wisely contemplates making this a permanent army camp for annual maneuvers. Here follows a series of articles by regular army officers and others engaged in the recent events, and here are presented a large number of illustrations from photographs taken on the field especially for SUNSET. The attention of the reader is also called to the spirited cover design, as well as to the striking color engraving folded with the magazine, both drawn for SUNSET by Edward Cucuel, a Californian, whose art work in London and Berlin have won for him wide fame:



MAJOR-GENERAL MACARTHUR AND STAFF AT CAMP ATASCADERO

Reading left to right here are: Upper row—Captain W. F. Creary, Paymaster; Major Geo. W. Ruthers, Chief Commissary; Major Lea Feldeger, Inspector-General; Major C. E. Gillette, Engineer Officer; Captain P. W. West, Aide; Captain F. L. Winn, Aide; Major Geo. O. Sigler, Signal Officer; Major W. B. Rochester, Jr., Paymaster. Lower row—Major Wm. P. Dwyall, General Staff; Colonel Wm. S. Patten, Chief Quartermaster; Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, Chief of Staff; Major-General Arthur MacArthur, Colonel Geo. Andrews, Adjutant-General; Colonel A. C. Girard, Chief Surgeon; Captain S. A. Clemm, General Staff.

★ "THE ENCAMPMENT WAS A
COMPLETE SUCCESS IN EVERY
WAY." SAYS MAJOR-GENERAL
★ ARTHUR MACARTHUR: ★

THE recent encampment at Atascadero, from a professional point of view, was a complete success in every way, so much so that I am certainly very much pleased that SUNSET MAGAZINE has undertaken to set it forth in such a manner as will reach a large audience. The matter is of national importance and the more that people know about it, the more value it is bound to be, for the merit of the work will recommend itself to anybody familiar with it. The practical value of such a training arises from the fact that it consists entirely of work which requires a large number of men and a great scope of country and, therefore, cannot be undertaken at any ordinary army post, or in the vicinity of any of the armories of the National Guard of California. The exercises and maneuvers were framed

to represent actual conditions in the field and the execution was so carried out and realistic that we had actual campaigning in every way excepting the tragedy or the killing of men on the field. The hope of all army officers is that the experience has been so profitable to the state troops that they will respond to the next call for such an encampment with increased enthusiasm and in multiplied numbers.

★ "CAMP ATASCADERO WAS
THE ONLY CAMP WE HAVE
EVER HAD." SAYS GOV-
★ ERNOR GEORGE C. PARDEE: ★

THE epitome of my ideas regarding Camp Atascadero is that it was the only camp we have ever had. Former state encampments, while they were the best that they could have been, still lacked the first principles of a military encampment, which was due to the idea that state encampments were a mere excuse for the amusement of the men. This time work began from the

moment the men stepped from the train, and continued until the last day.

The experience gained by the National Guard through this encampment is not to be estimated in words, but will show results in future encampments. I wish to say here that the regular army has done all in its power to make the camp a success, and we are grateful to General MacArthur, the officers of the army and others. They went out of their way to do things for the National Guard and put themselves to considerable inconvenience. They never allowed mistakes of inexperience to irritate them, and there was not a single case on record of harsh criticism having been made by the regular army with regard to the National Guard. Though many mistakes were made by the boys of California, still the army realized that these men had come there out of pure love of the work, that they were giving up their vacations, most of them—the only rest they got through the year—to go to the camp to do hard work.

There was some criticism by the National Guard as to the hard work imposed upon the men at the outset; still, after the first few days, everything came down to a sound basis and the

work from then on did not justify any adverse remarks whatever.

I have spoken to many officers and men of the militia about the camp; and one and all of them declare that they could wish nothing better than to have the same experience each year. Even actual war could not have taught them more than they learned in the two weeks.

Everything was done for the comfort of the men. I have never seen any encampment which had such excellent sanitary appliances or such conveniences for bathing and other luxuries. The reports circulated that the water supply was short I have found to be absolutely unwarranted. Taking it all in all, I am greatly pleased with the camp and hope that we shall have such another each year.

★ THE BENEFIT TO THE ★
NATIONAL GUARD—A
REVIEW BY ADJUTANT-
★ GENERAL J. B. LAUCK ★

THE recent joint maneuvers at Camp Atascadero, San Luis Obispo county, will be of incalculable benefit



TROOPS LEAVING THE STATION AT ASUNCION AND MARCHING TO CAMP



WHERE THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED—GENERAL MACARTHUR (IN CENTER), MAJOR GILLETTE AND CAPTAIN WEST WATCHING MANEUVERS

and help to the National Guard of California. The encampment was a success in every sense of the word. The harmony that prevailed between the regular and state troops was very noticeable, and tended to inspire the latter to increased effort to show what they could do when it came to real hard work. Heretofore the camps were more or less of a social character, but this was entirely eliminated at Camp Atascadero, with the result that the members of the National Guard that attended the maneuvers learned more in the art of war than could be possible under the old system of distinctive state encampments. The lessons they have learned will stand them well in hand for future field service, whether in state camp or jointly with the troops of the regular establishment, or in active service within or without the state.

The good health of the state soldiers during the maneuvers speaks volumes for the excellent sanitary conditions prevailing. In my opinion, however, had the men been encamped in close proximity to ocean or bay many of them would have been taken down with sickness, for most likely they would have plunged into the water immediately upon returning from

each day's exercises with their bodies so warm that sudden immersion would have been disastrous. That is one of the reasons why I think the site of the late camp is a good one. There is sufficient good water on the ground for all purposes, and with a few minor improvements the spot could be made ideal for encampment purposes.

The National Guard responded very promptly to the orders of the Governor to go into camp with the United States troops. From unofficial reports I have already received from various reliable sources I am convinced that the same men who served their country and state so well at Camp Atascadero will gladly embrace the opportunity again to participate with Uncle Sam's soldiers in field exercises, and this is sure to be of great benefit to the state guard. The time is close at hand when the National Guard of California will be one of the most efficient military organizations in the United States.

General MacArthur and the gentlemen composing his staff at camp did all in their power for the proper instruction and comfort of the state soldiers, and their efforts in this respect are fully appreciated.

★ THE CAMP FROM A SANITARY
STANDPOINT, BY COLONEL
ALFRED C. GIRARD, ASSIST-
ANT SURGEON-GENERAL ★

OF the various ranches visited by the writer, in company with other army officials, the one of J. H. Henry was the one which appeared the most suitable for the purposes of an encampment. The climate during the summer season is practically dry, with cool nights, and a brisk sea breeze did away with the objection to the fogs rolling in from the Pacific ocean everywhere along the coast.

The question of water supply was to be solved in a twofold manner. One by driving wells within about fifty feet of the Salinas river, which forms on one side the boundary of the ranch. This would have necessitated a pumping apparatus and large tanks on neighboring hills from which water could be distributed by gravity to the different camps. The water of the Salinas river obtained in this manner, going through a process of natural filtration, and not being

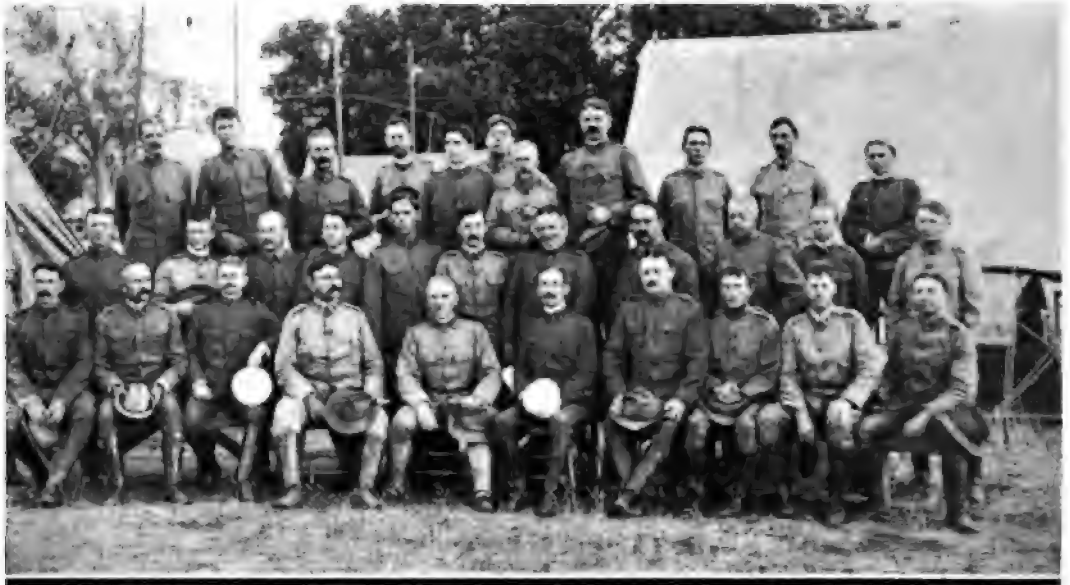
impregnated with mineral matter, would be a splendid supply for a permanent camp, but for the time at the disposal of the government after Congress had made their appropriation, and the great cost of such supply, induced the Quartermaster's Department to select a second source, consisting of springs along Atascadero creek, which, by natural gravity, would flow into reservoirs and thence through pipes to the different camps.

The great heat during the middle of the day in the month of August was an objection in the selection of any camp along the Pacific coast, but between the discomfort of localities exposed to rains, as was the case in the camp at American lake, in the state of Washington, and the dry heat of California, I believe the latter to be preferable. It would be desirable if these encampments could be held earlier in the season, but then the regiments of the National Guard from the rural districts would not be able to attend, owing to the work necessary on the farms during the earlier months. This heat, if problems are adapted to it, is not objectionable, and the troops soon become used to it.

Taking the above points into consideration, there followed the selection of the



GOVERNOR PARDEE, GENERAL MACARTHUR AND THEIR STAFF HEADING FOR THE BLOODLESS BATTLEFIELD



THESE MEN MADE VICTORY OR DEFEAT—ARMY UMPIRES AT CAMP ATASCADERO

Reading from left to right here are: Top row—Captain W. W. Harts, Engineer Corps; Captain R. S. Abernethy, Artillery Corps; Captain J. R. Lindsay, 13th Infantry; Captain W. C. Davis, Artillery Corps; Captain T. A. Pearce, 28th Infantry; Captain C. E. Stotter, 10th Infantry; Captain H. L. Roberts, 19th Infantry; Captain D. L. Tate, 3rd Cavalry; Captain W. H. McCornack, 9th Cavalry; Captain A. M. Miller, Jr., 9th Cavalry; Captain E. R. Chrisman, 9th Cavalry. Middle row—Captain B. H. Wells, 29th Infantry; Captain R. D. Walsh, 9th Cavalry; Captain D. G. McAlexander, 19th Infantry; Captain J. J. Bradley, 14th Infantry; Captain G. P. White, Quartermaster's Department; Captain M. McCloskey, Artillery Corps; Captain A. S. Kewan, 10th Infantry; Captain E. T. Wilson, Artillery Corps; Captain C. H. Hunter, Artillery Corps; Captain E. J. Ovenshine, 20th Infantry; Captain A. B. Foster, 10th Infantry. Bottom row—Captain C. H. McKinstry, Engineer Corps; Captain H. D. Siver, 14th Infantry; Captain W. P. Burnham, 20th Infantry; Major C. E. Gillette, Engineer Corps, Senior Umpire "Blue" Force; Major W. P. Duvall, Artillery Corps, General Staff, Chief Umpire; Major S. E. Allen, Artillery Corps, Senior Umpire "Brown" Force; Captain S. A. Cloman, 23rd Infantry, General Staff, Assistant to Chief Umpire; Captain W. S. Kenly, Artillery Corps; Captain F. S. Armstrong, 9th Cavalry; Captain G. W. Helms, 19th Infantry.

Henry ranch for a camp which was called Atascadero. The excellent train service of the Southern Pacific, by which regiment after regiment was put aboard of the company's cars, with tents, baggage and horses, enabled them to reach the camp in proper order at the time specified; there they were met by large wagon trains to transport their equipage to the proper sites. Here they found fuel and food supplies awaiting them and had only to raise their tents and cook their meals and install themselves for their two weeks' residence in the camp. The necessary details of sanitary inspectors, besides the watchful care of the medical officers, from the chief surgeon to the regimental surgeons, and of the sanitary police, effectually kept the troops in a healthy condition.

All these medical officers of the regular army and of the National Guard were not only sent to that camp for the purpose of taking care of the casual

sick or accidents, but for the purpose of making them acquainted with the methods based on modern warfare—of taking care of the wounded in battle, their removal from the firing line to the dressing stations, and eventually to the field hospital. For this purpose, in addition to the division hospital of one hundred and eight beds, which was established in a shady nook near Atascadero creek for the purpose of taking care of the sick of the command and the instruction of the medical officers, a train of ambulances, and we may say, "flying hospitals," were kept in readiness to accompany each command on its maneuvers. These established regimental dressing stations behind the firing line, at a suitable distance therefrom, and on the traveled road, ambulance stations, and farther back in a place sheltered from the supposed bullets of the enemy the first-dressing stations and their equipment of instruments and operating tables; and

still farther back so as not to be in the way of the army, either in advance or retreat, was the field hospital, with its operating room, wards with comfortable beds covered with mosquito bars, kitchens, etc. The purpose of this work was to have regulars as well as militia become familiar with the different steps taken in the selection of suitable localities at a safe distance from the firing—and still not too far—all of which experience would be of immense value to them in actual warfare.

In order still more to exemplify the work of the medical department on the field of battle, those of the troops who were declared by the umpires to be *hors de combat*, either killed or wounded in proper proportion, were attended to as in actual warfare. Lists of dead were prepared and the wounded, provided with diagnosis cards indicating their supposed injury, were dressed and assembled at the regimental aid stations, where the medical officers of the regiments would apply the most necessary dressings. On the firing line itself, nothing was done except the application of the tourniquet in cases of arterial hemorrhage, or first

aid dressing, or a temporary splint in wounds or fractures.

The health of the command, aside from a few accidents and the effects of the continued exposure to the sun on the march, which caused only temporary illness, was remarkably good, and of the five thousand men assembled at Atascadero, all of the sick of the National Guard could accompany their regiments back to their homes, and only a few cases of the regular army had to be transferred to San Francisco for further treatment.

★ WHAT THE QUARTER-
MASTER'S DEPARTMENT
ACCOMPLISHED, AS TOLD
★ BY COLONEL W. S. PATTEN ★

THE Quartermaster's Department of the army is charged with the duty of providing means of transportation of every character which may be needed in the movement of troops or material of war. It furnishes all public



GENERAL MACARTHUR RECEIVING THE OFFICERS OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA

Reading left to right here are: Lieutenant H. D. Walter; Captain F. W. Warren; Lieutenant H. D. Studdt; Lieutenant J. L. Swift; Lieutenant W. F. Humphreys; Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A.; Colonel Thos. F. O'Neill; Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, Chief of Staff, U. S. A.; Captain J. J. West; Captain H. C. Mattessen; Captain Herbert Choyanski; Captain A. Keenan, Assistant Surgeon, 1st Regiment; Lieutenant H. H. Verney.

wealth and resources of this country are unlimited, and it is the pleasure of the American people that its soldiers should have every possible comfort.

The site for Camp Atascadero having been determined by a board of officers, it became the duty of the Quartermaster's Department to arrange there for the necessary fuel, water for the command, and water and forage for about one thousand animals, organize the required wagon trains, provide the necessary facilities for unloading troops and supplies, and storehouses for keeping the latter, and attend to many other matters incident to a large camp. All commands, so far as clothing, tents and cooking outfits were concerned, were equipped before leaving their home stations.

Water for the command was obtained from two large springs on Atascadero creek, each of which flowed about 50,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. The water was collected in two shallow wells and from these pumped into a tank of 30,000 gallons capacity, from which it was distributed throughout the camping ground by about three miles of pipe, so that at the location of each company

kitchen and for each separate organization there was a standpipe and a faucet, under which was placed a new water barrel, thus insuring at all times an ample supply of pure water. Usually, for watering animals and for bathing purposes, running water of streams is depended upon, but owing to the fact that streams in California sink during the summer season, and water stands only in places, it was found necessary to sink a well in the bed of Atascadero creek, and pump the water into two large tanks, from which it was run into troughs for watering the animals. This supply also afforded bathing facilities for the command, eighty shower-baths being provided for the enlisted men and twenty for the officers. In addition to these a number of showers were provided at division headquarters and one at each brigade headquarters.

In addition to the foregoing seven large galvanized iron tanks, having eight faucets each, were placed at various parts of the ranch where there were springs. These tanks of pure cool water afforded means of refilling canteens whenever organizations passed in their vicinity during maneuvers.



THE CAVALRY CAMP WAS ON A STRETCH OF OAK-DOTTED PLAIN



COLONEL WARD ORDERS A GENERAL ADVANCE OF HIS FORCES

The dirt road from the railroad station at Asuncion to the camp, a distance of over two miles, having been badly cut up and being very dusty, due to much heavy hauling prior to the encampment, was covered with straw and then kept sprinkled, resulting in an excellent road. One road through the camp along the company parades was also kept sprinkled. To accomplish this required the almost constant service of three four-horse sprinkling wagons, consuming some days as high as 50,000 gallons of water. This water was obtained from the Estrada spring near Asuncion and the tanks supplying the watering-troughs at the camp. Through the co-operation of the Southern Pacific Company and the officials of San Luis Obispo county, the county road leading to and from the camp was oiled. One application of oil not only sufficed permanently to overcome the dust, but resulted in making a smooth, hard road over which it was a pleasure to travel. As this road passed directly by division headquarters and through the camp, its having been oiled proved of inestimable value in the resulting comfort, and also demonstrated the immense advantage of oiling roads as against efforts to keep down the dust

by sprinkling with water, involving, as the latter does, never-ending labor and expense.

Wood and forage were contracted for in the locality. The number of government wagons available was supplemented by hiring additional four-horse wagons. Four-wagon trains were organized comprising in all sixty-four wagons, with four animals and driver each; also the necessary trainmaster and wagon bosses.

No small part of the benefit derived from the maneuvers at Rancho del Encinal was the instruction which the militia received concerning how, through their own quartermaster's and other supply departments to do and care for themselves. Too often the summer camp has been in the nature of a picnic. Troops would assemble to find their tents pitched for them and a caterer duly installed to serve three meals a day. This has been the usual feature in the militia encampments from Maine to California, so that the city-bred man could not realize that it was possible to be in a situation where there was not a good store and a restaurant around the corner. A sudden awakening occurred in 1898, when over two hundred thousand men were called upon to take the

field immediately. It is needless to say that if these organizations had been as well instructed and experienced in the matter of how to do and care for themselves as they were in drill and target practice, great hardships and much suffering would have been averted. The fault was not with the rank and file, but was due to the inexperience of officers resulting from lack of proper methods and instruction.

It was the purpose in these recent maneuvers to give, at least in a degree, instruction in these important matters. To that end the Commanding General of the state militia was requested to designate an officer for duty as quartermaster of each regiment or separate organization. Special instructions were issued to these officers and each was required to issue all necessary transportation requests and bills of lading upon the government forms, covering the movement of his own command. The designated quartermasters were, with proper assistants, placed in charge of the loading of the baggage and entraining of their respective commands, and, upon arrival at Atascadero station, of the detraining, the unloading of the cars, and the loading of the wagons. This was

so accomplished that each regiment, as it marched from the railroad station to the camp, was followed by its own wagon train containing the entire property of the regiment, so loaded that the property of each company was separate. Wood and water were on the ground, and, as rations were immediately issued by the subsistence department, each organization was enabled to start the important work of preparing food while the tents for the men were being pitched. All the militia arrived the same day, and before night military exercises were being held as though the camp had been established a week. The same order was observed in breaking camp; three hours being allowed from the time of striking the tents to the departure of the train from the railroad station.

All the militia officers doing duty in the Quartermaster's Department during encampment displayed great interest in their work, and there is no doubt that the result will be a tendency in future, with these organizations, to accord to the business end of military movements something of the thought, care, and attention to details which the conditions demand and without which success can never attend a military campaign.



AN OFFICER'S PATROL IN ACTION



A PATROL AMBUSHED

★ ADAPTATION OF THE CAMP ★
 TO THE USES OF CAVALRY,
 BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
 ★ EDWARD A. GODWIN ★

THE modern uses of cavalry are to screen movements, to get information, to move where celerity is indispensable, to rout a defeated enemy and occasionally to break a line by the shock of an old-fashioned charge. It is called the "eyes and ears" of an army. The objects of the screen are to confuse the enemy as to the movements under way and to wear him out deploying to repel imaginary attacks. Cavalry screen on a large scale is impracticable on a maneuver ground, and charges en masse, as well as the routing of a defeated enemy, are also out of the question; but the use of small screens, gathering information, making quick movements as mounted riflemen, raiding, and so forth, are practicable.

The smallness of the mounted force at Camp Atascadero prevented its full use in many cases. Though the Signal Corps generally supplied full facilities

for transmitting information to the rear, the cavalry was so occupied with other duties that it was not practicable always to make systematic details for the exclusive purpose of getting information for the Signal Corps to transmit.

The maneuver ground was a little rough and covered too generally with timber and brush for ideal cavalry work. The California cavalrymen did much better than would naturally be expected, considering their limited opportunities. With only one small troop of about thirty men at any one place and provision for only two or three drills a year, finished cavalry could hardly be expected. But their conduct was excellent. They wanted to learn and they showed a marked improvement.

As cavalry is the most useful arm the state possesses for quelling riots, it is worthy of encouragement. Funds should be provided for the hire of good horses and each troop should have from forty to sixty men. This arm is more expensive per man than infantry and the allowance for each troop should be correspondingly increased. The equipment was very good, so that what the state should do to improve its cavalry is to allow money enough for larger troops and more drills.

★ WHEREIN CAMP MANEU- ★
 ★ VERS WERE INSTRUCTIVE ★
 TO THE ARTILLERY, BY
 ★ MAJOR EDWARD T. BROWN ★

THE effective range of the best infantry fire of today is probably as much as fifteen hundred yards. Field artillery can pour in a destructive fire at more than twice that distance. The wonderful accuracy and rapidity of fire of recent models of field guns is one of the marvels of mechanical development. At two-mile range two shots fired in twenty seconds serve generally to determine the range accurately, after which the fire of six field guns is as destructive as the fire of a regiment of infantry at one fifth the range.

Infantry forms a proper target for artillery only when more or less grouped, as artillery projectiles should not be wasted on single men or scattered skirmishers, the latter of which can capture artillery unless it has infantry support. This is also necessary to offset cavalry raids.

In general, the duties of field artillery can be fully performed at maneuvers,

and everything exemplified as well as in actual service.

At the maneuvers at Camp Atascadero the ground was not satisfactory for battalion work on the offensive. It was too rough and broken for the guns to follow the attacking lines without losing time getting into position on steep ridges. For small defensive operations, such as rear guard and minor engagements generally, it was good.

As showing the possibilities of moving artillery up and down steep hills the ground was an excellent educational feature for all concerned, none having undertaken such maneuvers under service conditions before.

The maneuvers were particularly instructive in training artillery to act on the defensive over rough ground. The hill climbing was a good service test of the ordnance material. Steel whiffletrees gave out by bending, and steel horse-collars collapsed. The collars got too hot in the sun to bear the hand. This, with the dust, chafed the horses' necks. Two thousand five hundred rounds of ammunition were fired during the maneuvers and at the preceding target practice without a mishap of any kind.



WORKING A GUN UP THE CREST BY HAND—MILITIAMEN EARNING THEIR VACATION



AN ADVANCE OF SKIRMISHERS

★ "SIGNAL CORPS WORK OF
INESTIMABLE BENEFIT."
WRITES MAJOR GEORGE O.
★ SQUIER OF SIGNAL CORPS: ★

THE Division Signal Corps at Camp Atascadero consisted of Company C, Signal Corps, United States Army, stationed at Benicia Barracks, Benicia, California, under Captain Carl F. Hartman with First Lieutenants W. M. Goodale and W. A. Kent; the Los Angeles Company, under Captain W. W. Lovett, first brigade California organized militia, with First Lieutenant H. E. Sabine, and the San Francisco Company, under Captain Emmet Jones, second brigade California organized militia. In addition to the above Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Hewes, California organized militia, and John F. Tinsley, Electrical Engineer, Signal Corps, United States Army, were on duty as assistants to the Signal Officer of the Division. The three companies were consolidated and placed in one camp, which was known as the Division Signal Corps, and throughout the maneuvers they

worked together in carrying out the field operations necessary for each exercise.

Visual signaling by torch and flag, which was so largely used in the Civil War, while extremely valuable in some instances, is open to the great objection of disclosing the signalman's position to the enemy. On this account the modern field telegraph and telephone kit, which has been developed by officers of the Signal Corps, is used almost exclusively by the Signal Corps for field operations. This kit is believed to be in advance of anything of the kind in use by any other army. It consists of a simple "buzzer coil," with three or four small dry cells, telegraph key and telephone transmitter and receiver, all compactly mounted in a small leather case which can be thrown over the shoulder and carried on horseback, bicycle or on foot.

How great was the benefit derived by the members of the state militia Signal companies from the camp at Atascadero may be estimated when it is understood that prior to the camp they had no acquaintance with the buzzer system, and had no practical knowledge of its use in the field. These companies now are applying for and are receiving field telegraphic equipment of

the latest model, such as was used at Camp Atascadero. The highest type of state troops is represented in the National Guard Signal Corps.

The Signal Corps made during the maneuvers at Camp Atascadero a thorough test of the utility of automobiles for military purposes. The tests were very severe and a complete success.

★ VALUE OF MIMIC WAR TO
THE NATION POINTED OUT
BY MAJOR GILLETTE,
★ THE SENIOR UMPIRE ★

WHEN wars are waged with ball cartridges, umpires are unnecessary. In practice-war a substitute for the effects of real action must be provided. In our maneuvers this is done by detailing for each battalion, troop and battery, an army officer whose duty is to decide on the spot the number of casualties that would have occurred had the action been real. As fast as he estimates the men would be struck by the fire to which they are subjected, he drops them out and sends

them to the rear, metaphorically dead or wounded. He must decide as to the taking of prisoners, and in the discussion which follows he reports all mistakes in plan or operation that he has seen and commends where special merit has been shown.

At Camp Atascadero special facilities were provided for the umpires to record their notes and make their reports, enabling them to turn in the latter by three or four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the exercise. The senior umpires then took them and, taking into consideration their own observations, prepared themselves with the chief umpire to fight the battle over again that evening on the big map in the assembly tent, with all the officers present who were concerned in the operations, the session being presided over by the Commanding General. This rapidity of work was to get the greatest possible amount of benefit from the small amount of marching and fighting permissible. Each day's maneuvers cost a large sum and, as the funds were limited, it was necessary to improve every possible minute. For this same reason no time could be given to teaching company drill, or even battalion or regimental



SHOT THROUGH THE CHEST—THE HOSPITAL CORPS APPLIES FIRST AID IN THE FIELD THE SAME AS IF THERE WERE ACTUAL WOUNDS



REGRETFULLY OBEYING THE ORDER TO ABANDON TRENCHES

drill. The moments were too valuable to waste on anything that could be taught in the armory or on the regimental drill ground. All that kind of work should be done at home. In many cases the California militia needed elementary drill, and their usefulness at the maneuvers as well as the benefit they derived were correspondingly lessened. Companies can be thoroughly and completely drilled at home, and when companies are perfect it does not take long to make well-drilled battalions and regiments.

Drilling a company may be monotonous work, yet it forms the foundation on which successful campaigns are built and brilliant victories won. It is perhaps known to few of the militia that the Commanding General of the camp spent twenty years keeping one company in constant readiness for the field. It is to be hoped that at the next maneuvers every company will come with perfect knowledge of all that can be learned in the armory or practised on the drill ground and target range, and that battalions and regiments that have had opportunity will be equally proficient in the corresponding drills.

In all the things that the maneuvers were intended to teach, the improvement was very marked. At first the officers were hesitating and uncertain; plans were vague or were hardly made at all, and fire control and discipline were very little in evidence. The men exposed themselves bunched together and seemed to consider the blank-cartridge fire of the enemy at its actual rather than at its theoretical value.

Toward the end of the camp all this was changed. The orders of the commanders were clear and complete, showing carefully considered plans and a study of the topography. The men understood their duties more thoroughly. The improvement of the entire command, especially in the organized militia, was really remarkable. Every officer and man must have learned something about entraining, detraining and marching, about outpost duty, advance guard and rear guard, about orders and reports, map reading and entrenching, as well as those other most important matters, the necessity of husbanding ammunition, the proper shoe for marching, the necessity of keeping a little food and water in reserve, and all those minor points

so important to an army and which the American has to learn by sad experience. After a few days, discipline underwent a marked improvement, while fire control and the intelligent use of cover were manifest everywhere. As concealment must play an important part in war of today, it was a notable feature of the maneuvers. The difference between the conspicuous blue and the olive drab was striking. In all the troops surprising skill was developed in making concealed movements. Sometimes hostile lines got within a few yards of each other, both unsuspecting. Heavy columns were moved by skilful detours behind ridges and through brush and gave no sign. In the problem of attack on the entrenched position, the artillery of the attack, though watched for by dozens of trained eyes of the defenders, gave no sign of its location till it opened fire after it had its targets carefully located and the ranges accurately determined. Even after opening fire at effective ranges nothing could be seen but the smoke. Not the glint of the sun on a tire or a saber, not a horse, wheel or man betrayed the position. In many cases until the action opened it reminded one of the story of the British soldier

who, though he had been through a dozen actions in the Boer war, was asked in London what the Boers looked like and replied that he didn't know as he had never seen one.

One of the most valuable features of maneuvers lies in the discussions. When the men have endured the hardships of the march and given a practical example of what can be done on the piece of ground where the operation takes place, the lesson has only begun. A careful study and analysis of all the good and bad features of plan and execution give the real value to the exercises.

A study of the art of war from battles of history is always uncertain on account of unrecorded facts as to morale, equipment, intrigue, disloyalty to rival commanders and a hundred complications that are unknown to the student. In mimic war, while many things have to be assumed, the essential facts are known and the details of topography, etc., are complete and fresh in the mind, so that the study of maneuver campaigns is really of a value far beyond what would be expected.

Individual deficiencies were brought out in a striking manner. Perhaps the two most necessary qualities for an



ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION; AN UMPIRE IN THE FOREGROUND



BATTERY CONCEALED IN A "DRAW"—THE ARMY TERM FOR RAVINE

enlisted man to possess are endurance and intelligence; for an officer, intelligence and endurance. Many of the men gave out on the march—many of them from natural lack of stamina. They never could make good soldiers. And there were great differences in the ability shown by different officers to grasp promptly and handle military problems. This suggests a field of usefulness of these maneuvers that has not yet been fully developed; that is, their use as an aid in the selection of officers for command of volunteer organizations in time of war. Such selection by the test of war is very expensive. Who can compute the blood and treasure it cost to find Grant, Sherman or Sheridan? How many lives did it take in the futile charge against that impregnable stone wall at Fredericksburg to show that General Burnside was not the man the occasion required?

It is a curious fact, perhaps not fully appreciated, that a republic is at a disadvantage as compared with an absolute monarchy in the selection of its military commanders. A monarch can make a continuous life study of his army and the qualifications of its officers and adjust them to his will at any time. On the

other hand, the head of the army of a republic serves as such but a short time and is generally not familiar with military matters or with the qualifications of his subordinates. Appointments made originally to comparatively unimportant places in times of peace, when politics or friendship is dominant, develop in war into important commands held by incompetents; and then it takes more force than is usually available to make the necessary changes. When war comes suddenly a vast number of appointments have to be made quickly, and to make them on the recommendation of people who are not responsible for the results is about the only available method. Errors in appointments can generally be remedied only by the tremendously expensive plan of waiting for military failures. Peace maneuvers may not form a sufficient basis for the selection of war commanders, but they can surely be made a valuable help in that respect, for minor commands at least, and the cost of many maneuvers would be well repaid if they saved the country one mistake in the selection of an army commander. As to the training of our fighting force, even a few days' maneuvers preliminary to a war would be

invaluable. Had such maneuvers preceded Bull Run the Union might have saved the millions of money and the thousands of lives lost by that amateur performance.

It would be surprising if any officer who fought and perspired at Atascadero should ever permit his command to be surprised in camp as the Union army was at Shiloh, and the object lesson seen there in detraining troops and freight ought to go far toward preventing another freight congestion like that at Port Tampa. The ruling out of cannoners, horses, etc., by the umpires of batteries exposed to infantry fire must have taught all present the necessity of protecting artillery by infantry against infantry, and should such knowledge in a single case prevent some officer from losing his artillery, as the English did at Colenso, the maneuvers will not have been in vain; and it would be strange if any officer after attending maneuvers should ever attempt a cavalry charge like that at Sedan.

Theoretically, civilized nations ought not to go to war, but the only apparent force of any potency for its prevention seems to be thorough readiness for it. Unless the United States is to retire within itself it will have an enormous

foreign trade and it must be prepared to defend it. This trade will be especially important with the countries bordering the Pacific. Whether Jap or Slav wins in the present conflict, the day of mighty events is dawning in the Orient, from which our country cannot stand aloof and for which it must be ready with an army and a militia prepared even to the smallest detail, and every part should learn its functions from the comparatively inexpensive and bloodless maneuver, rather than in the awful carnage of a mismanaged first campaign.

★ ENGINEERING PROBLEMS ★
PRESENTED AT CAMP ATAS-
CADERO DISCUSSED BY
★ MAJOR CASSIUS E. GILLETTE ★

THE field duties of the Engineer in a modern army are to make reconnaissances and prepare maps, to locate and construct entrenchments, roads, bridges and obstacles. He lays out camps and makes demolitions. In general, he is charged with all work involving



AN INFANTRY ADVANCE—NOTE HOW THE KHAKEI UNIFORMS BLEND WITH THE AUTUMNAL COLORING—THE FAR END OF THE COLUMN IS JUST EMERGING FROM THE WOODS



DIVISION REVIEW

surveying, topography and construction, except that in our army he is not charged with water-supply construction, which, by a curious anomaly, is a function of the Quartermaster's Department.

Some of the above duties, as, for instance, demolitions, are impracticable at maneuvers generally and others could not be carried out at Atascadero. For example, there being no large stream in August at that point and no pontoon train west of the Rocky mountains, it was obviously impracticable to build a pontoon bridge.

The map of the grounds, an all-important feature of the maneuvers, should have been prepared by a detachment of engineer troops, but there being none in the Pacific Division, the field work and drawing were done by half a dozen young officers of the infantry. That it was a very suitable and satisfactory map is a favorable comment on the versatility of our officers. An enlarged copy, about eight by twelve feet, was prepared to illustrate the discussion that followed each problem. The camp was carefully surveyed and staked, lines run for water pipes, and a detailed map showing the exact location of each tent

was made for each organization. The object of this last was twofold: to enable the troops to camp in a small space for economy in water supply, and to fix in the memory of all the organized militia outlines of a correctly arranged camp.

The body of the encampment occupied a plain bordering Atascadero creek and sloping gently to the northwest. This slope was unimportant, since, from the peculiar conditions existing in this section in summer, drainage is a wholly negligible matter. There being no rain, and the soil being perfectly dry for several feet from the surface, drainage may be omitted from consideration. To this probably is attributable in part the remarkable healthfulness of the camp.

The instruction given in field engineering was limited to bridge-building, obstacles and entrenchment, including gun-pits. A bridge of about eighty feet span was built over the almost dry bed of Atascadero creek. It was built of spars or heavy poles cut on the ground and held together with rope lashings only. It was of a type strong enough to carry a wagon train or field artillery. The only two obstacles of much importance for field work are barbed-wire

entanglement and abatis. Enough of each was built to demonstrate its use and the method of constructing it. About 1700 feet of trenches were built and used in the problem of attack and defense of an entrenched position.

During these maneuvers a serious handicap was due to the entire absence of engineer troops. There are two battalions of such troops available for maneuvers and war east of the Rocky mountains; the third is in the Philippines. Until a fourth is provided for the Pacific Division, maneuvers will be lacking in essential features and both offensive and defensive operations in time of war will be undertaken in this part of the country under great disadvantage.

★ DUTIES OF GENERAL STAFF ★
★ OFFICERS AT THE ENCAMP- ★
★ MENT OUTLINED BY CAPTAIN ★
★ SYDNEY A. CLOMAN ★

THE duties of the general staff officers in connection with the recent maneuvers in the Department

of California were most varied, interesting and instructive. They included not only the usual duties of a chief of staff and his assistants in time of peace, but also all the work connected with the mobilization of a division of regulars and organized militia in time of war. The myriad details connected with the mobilization, encampment and instruction of a mixed force of this size and character can hardly be appreciated by one who has not taken part in such maneuvers, and to make a success requires not only the most earnest thought and labor on the part of the head of each staff department, but also requires them to work together as one team.

In preparing for the Atascadero maneuvers, I venture to say that no staff ever worked together with more good will and mutual confidence, and although many vexatious obstacles to success arose, they were always surmounted without great jar. No detail was too unimportant to be discussed at length, and in fact almost every hour of the sixteen days from the departure of the first troop train from its home station to the last that left Atascadero was gone over in advance and provided for.



WATER CALL—THE CAMP IS ABUNDANTLY SUPPLIED WITH WATER, AND IN THE CREEKE ARE BIG SWIMMING HOLES FOR THE SOLDIER LADS



THE FINAL REVIEW—NOTE THE BROAD SWEEPING PLAIN WITH SHADED HILLSIDES BEYOND—
A NATURAL PARADE GROUND

The problems were arranged with a primary view of instruction, but enough was left to the commanding officer to arouse interest, promote rivalry and bring out merit and deficiency. They were expressed in the simplest and fewest words possible, and avoided any unnecessary suppositions, the forces being considered at their actual strength and the terrain as it actually existed. The information furnished the rival commanders in advance was only what they would naturally obtain from scouting, and was frequently indefinite and slightly incorrect. The following is a list of the problems:

Advance Guard and Rear Guard.
Attack and Defense of a Convoy.
Attack and Defense of Outposts.
Reconnaissance in Force.
March and Deployment of a Division.
Attack and Defense of Intrenched Position.
Bivouac with Outposts and Night Scouting.
Passage of a Defile.
Contact of Opposing Forces.

The fifth problem was later changed and amplified by the Division Commander, and the fourth, seventh and ninth were omitted.

In the first and third problems, three different exercises were going on simul-

taneously, while in the others the entire provisional division engaged in one problem. The troops were divided into Blues and Browns and uniformed accordingly, and it was provided that each regular field officer and each colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the organized militia should exercise a chief command at least once during the maneuvers. In order to indicate briefly the character of these problems and the method of solution, the following may be taken as an example. The Blue commander was furnished with the following:

PROBLEM No. 2

ATTACK AND DEFENSE OF A CONVOY.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1904.

GENERAL SITUATION—A train consisting of about 100 wagons having been loaded at Asuncion Station with supplies for a main body operating on the coast north of Port Harford, is moving to the coast via Eagle Ranch Gate, escorted by a Blue force composed of the three arms.

SPECIAL SITUATION; BLUE—When the head of the column reaches Henry's Fork the commander hears that a raiding Brown force composed of the three arms is at Hepburn Well, but as the force is reported inferior to his own he resolves to take the train through at all hazards.

BLUE FORCE—Colonel Markley, 13th U. S. Infantry, Commanding. Infantry:

Provisional Regiment, U. S. Army. 1st Regiment, N. G. California. 5th Regiment, N. G. California. 6th Regiment, N. G. California. 7th Regiment, N. G. California. 1st Battalion, Artillery, N. G. California. Cavalry: Troop K, 9th Regiment, U. S. Army. Field Artillery: 24th Battery, U. S. Army. Signal Corps: S. C., 1st Brigade, N. G. California. Hospital Corps: Detachments.

MEMORANDUM; BLUE—The Blue force will start from Henry's Fork at 8:00 A. M.

The Brown commander was at the same time furnished with this:

PROBLEM No. 2

ATTACK AND DEFENSE OF A CONVOY.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1904.

GENERAL SITUATION—A train consisting of about 100 wagons having been loaded at Asuncion Station with supplies for a main body operating on the coast north of Port Harford, is moving to the coast via Eagle Ranch Gate, escorted by a Blue force composed of the three arms.

SPECIAL SITUATION; BROWN—A raiding Brown force operating against the flank and rear of the Blue force on the coast has reached Hepburn Well, and there learns that a Blue supply train with a strong escort left Asuncion Station marching southeast, about a half-hour before. The commander decides to attempt to cut it off and capture or destroy it.

BROWN FORCE—Colonel Ward, 15th U. S. Infantry, Commanding. Infantry: 15th Regiment, U. S. Army. 2nd Regiment, N. G.

California. Cavalry: Troop L, 9th Regiment, U. S. Army. Troop M, 9th Regiment, U. S. Army. Troop A, N. G. California. Troop B, N. G. California. Troop C, N. G. California. Troop D, N. G. California. Field Artillery: 1st Battery, U. S. Army. 5th Battery, U. S. Army. Signal Corps: Company C, U. S. Army. S. C. 2d Brigade N. G. California. Hospital Corps: Detachments.

MEMORANDUM; BROWN—The Brown force may leave Hepburn Well at 8:30 A. M.

It was then left to the respective commanders to examine the ground, select their routes, make their dispositions and bring the exercise to a climax as ordered. It was also left to them to concentrate their forces at the points designated. All this required the issuing of two written orders, one for the concentration and one embodying the plan and the preliminary disposition; but after this preliminary disposition the orders were given verbally and transmitted by orderly, visual signaling or by the telephone or telegraph that always accompanied and connected the elements of a force in the field.

In the case under consideration it may be said that the conveying of a train against an active foe, especially one provided with artillery and cavalry, is one of the most difficult problems in



STAFF AWAITING THE DIVISION COMMANDEE

warfare. A wagon train is a slow, lumbering, defenseless mass, which from its constitution is subject to grave injury from a fire that would not seriously disturb any other part of an army. When in park, it forms a target of such a size and nature that a few shells from a distant battery, a few volleys from a company of infantry, or the charge of a troop of cavalry will turn it into a disorganized mass of frightened or wounded horses and broken wagons; when in column, it covers such a length of road that its protection at any one place must be weak, and a shell, a volley or a charge will block the roadway and

leave it stranded and helpless. Hence it is evident that the commander of the convoy must seize and hold strong points far in advance of the wagons and also extend his lines on the flanks and rear so as to keep the enemy from coming within artillery range of his train at any time; while the opposing commander should delay its advance by seizing and holding strong positions on its route, subject it to long range artillery fire, and if possible push a force through the thin flank guard and attack it directly. A full conception of all this was shown by the commanders, who issued the following orders:

HEADQUARTERS BLUE CONVOY

HENRY FORKS (Near Asuncion), California,

August 17, 1904 (8 A.M.).

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 1.

Distribution of Forces:
Col. A. C. Markley,
13th Inf'ty,
Commanding Convoy.

Advance Cavalry
2d Lt. J. V. Kuznik,
Troop K, 9th Cavalry.

Advance Guard:
Col. R. K. Whitmore,
6th Inf. Calif. O. M.
Detachment Signal Corps
24th Batt'y Field Art.
Left Flank Guard.
Col. S. H. Finley,
Commanding,
6th Inf. Cal. O. M.

Expeditionary Force:
Lt. Col. W. L. Pitcher,
28th Inf. Command'g,
Provisional Reg't U. S.
Infantry,
Detachment Signal Corps.

Main Body—
Col. T. F. O'Neil,
Commanding,
1st Inf. Cal. O. M.
5th Inf. Cal. O. M.
Det. Hospital Corps.
Detachment Signal Corps.

TRAIN:

Major G. McK. Williamson,
Commanding,
Rear Guard
Capt. G. J. Petty,
Commanding,
1st Batt'y, Artillery,
Cal. O. M.

1. A report has just been received that a raiding Force of Brown composed of the three arms is at Hepburn Wells. It is believed that this force will be encountered at a point about half way between Point 65 and the 16 Plank Bridge on the Eagle Ranch road.

2. The Convoy will proceed via the Camp Atascadero Road, Point 65, Shale Rock Springs, Point 43, 16 Plank Bridge and Eagle Ranch Gate. The convoy will march at 8 A.M., this date, troops to be in the order named, under distribution of forces.

(a) Advance cavalry will proceed with all possible haste to, and will occupy the highest point south of Shale Rock Springs, near the 16 Plank Bridge, and will remain there until relieved by the advance guard, when further orders will be given as necessity then requires. Celerity of movement and secrecy are the indispensable requisites of this movement.

(b) The advance guard will push rapidly forward and will relieve the advance cavalry of the duty of holding the high point above mentioned. The field battery will be pushed with all possible haste to the same point under an appropriate escort.

(c) The expeditionary force will act under the verbal orders of the convoy commander.

(d) The left flank guard will maintain connection with the advance guard and will extend far enough to the left to control by its fire the County Road south of the Von Schroeder Ranch.

(e) The main body will march as near the center of the train as possible, placing one company at its head and one immediately following. The necessary right flank guard will be detailed from the main body by verbal orders of its commanding officer.

(f) Regimental Quartermasters will report to the officer in charge of the train for assignment to duty with it. The Commander of the train will assign commanders of sections from officers on duty with the train.

3. The Commanding Officer will be near the head of the column of the main body.

By Command of Colonel Markley:
U. G. McALEXANDER,
Captain and Adjutant, 13th Infantry, Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS BROWN FORCES

Near HEPBURN WELL, August 17, 1904.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 2.

1. Information has been received that a large force of the Blue Army, consisting of the three arms of the service, is conveying a wagon train from Asuncion to the coast, via Eagle Ranch Gate.

2. The head of the Blue column will be checked near Eagle Bridge. The Infantry and the Fifth Battery Field Artillery will take up positions there so that the head of the enemy's column will be checked should he advance by either the Eagle Ranch or the Shale Rock Spring Road.

3. The Cavalry and the First Battery of Field Artillery under the command of Captain L. W. Cornish, Ninth Cavalry, will act independently, and will endeavor to destroy the train when the enemy's Infantry is well engaged in front.

4. The Cavalry will move rapidly to No. 42, and will obtain all possible information of the enemy, reporting immediately to the Colonel commanding.

5. Two companies of the Third Battalion, Fifteenth Infantry, will act as Advance Guard in moving from Hepburn Well to Eagle Bridge.

6. One battalion of the Second Regiment, N. G. C., will act as Rear Guard in moving from No. 42 to Eagle Bridge.

7. The Hospital Detachments, Sanitary Corps and Signal Company will move in rear of the main body.

8. The Colonel commanding will be found near Eagle Bridge.

By order of Colonel Ward:

H. A. SMITH,

Captain and Adjutant, 15th Infantry, Adjutant General.



GENERAL MACARTHUR DIRECTING MOVEMENTS OF TWO BRIGADES BY FIELD TELEPHONE; MAJOR SQUIER OF THE SIGNAL CORPS IS AT HIS LEFT

It is thus seen that the plan of the Brown commander was to hold the high ground at Eagle Gate while a mobile detached force of six troops of cavalry and six guns should try to find a weak spot on the flanks and destroy the train while the mass of the Blue infantry was engaged in trying to drive him from these heights. The Blue commander resorted to the novel and desperate expedient of loading as many infantrymen on his caissons as possible for a support and, accompanied by his single troop of cavalry, sent it forward in a headlong dash to get possession of Tarentula hill before it could be occupied by the Browns and hold it at all hazards until the arrival of the infantry. This, of course, separated this battery and its small support from the rest of the command by about five miles or over an hour's march, during which time it was subjected to the attack of a greatly superior force.

Whether the train would have gotten through or not cannot be decided, for it must be remembered that these exercises were usually stopped just as the climax was reached, where the deciding factors would be numbers, morale, abundance of ammunition and position, rather than generalship. Nor does it matter who would be the ultimate winner in any problem, for all the principles to be taught or emphasized are exemplified before this climax is reached.

In an article of this scope it is impossible to give all the details of the execution of even one simple problem, but it is hoped that the above will indicate what a field these maneuvers furnish for the exercise and development of military talent, professional knowledge, and good, hard, common sense. It is pleasant to add that much clever work was done and that the names of several officers of the organized militia will be reported to the proper authorities as having exceptional professional qualifications such as industry, coolness, interest in their work and the power to control men.

A word in closing is due the enlisted men of the California organized militia. Enough has been said in these pages,

it is thought, to show the value to the country of maneuvers of this character; but without the enlisted men in large numbers the maneuvers could not take place. The interest of the officers is stimulated by furnishing them maps, copies of the Blue or Brown problem with the corresponding orders, etc., promoting rivalry on the field and discussing their work afterward in the assembly tent. The enlisted man of the organized militia who leaves his work or spends his vacation at a maneuver camp that his officers may become more valuable to their country shows a high order of patriotism, and plans are under consideration by the proper authorities to promote his interest and give him an intelligent idea of the work being done, by a modification of the above methods of theoretical instruction, and at the same time to reduce the physical labor to a lower limit.

★	GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD.	★
	LATE WAR CORRESPONDENT	
	LONDON "CHRONICLE."	
★	WRITES OF THE BIG CAMP:	★

OUT of the morning stillness come the notes of the bugle—fretful, almost wailing. The morning shafts of light are piercing the blackness of the east, and show the long rows of dun-colored tents, almost invisible, arranged in lines regular and methodical.

The camp is asleep. Here and there walks a solitary guard, sleepy-eyed and yawning. As the reveille sounds his face brightens and he shifts his carbine to his other shoulder looking expectantly toward the direction from which his relief should come. Again the bugle sounds; the bugler seems to be irritated: "I-can't-get-them-up—I-can't-get-them-up!" goes on in mournful cadence.

Across the lines of tents comes the sound of a voice. Some one is calling my name. I awake with a start. "Y-e-e-s," I respond sleepily, and striking a match glance at my watch. It is half after four.

"Aren't you going to get up?" comes the voice of my friend, Captain George Willis Helms, with whom I daily witness the maneuvers.

Hurriedly I tumble out of my bunk, and shiver in the cool morning air. I have just half an hour in which to dress, wash, eat breakfast and be in the saddle. It does not take long to dress; I have on my flannel shirt, my riding breeches, socks, shoes and puttees in a twinkling. Then I blow out the candle, throw open the flaps of my tent, and wash in the icy water.

Out in the east a golden rim irradiates light from behind a range of hills dotted with live and water oaks. A vista of plateaus brown with the summer's heat, and elevations emerald with the ever-greens meet my eye. Farther away the mountains rise out of the mist, the lights and shadows of dawn converting them into shapes fantastic. From my position at headquarters I can see the plain below alive with moving forms in blue shirts and khaki; breakfast is being cooked and eaten, horses are being groomed and saddled; carbines and cartridge belts are being filled. Up and down the lines orderlies gallop, awakening their officers for the fray; others leading the horses their officers shall ride.

After all it is worth while rising to see it all. In early morning things take on an unusual view because one does not rise often at dawn. Just now I am fascinated with the scene about me. It is an ideal situation for a camp, this rolling plain with its white and khaki tents nestling between hills and mountains.

"See here," says some one very close to me, "I am going to eat breakfast—how about you?"

I turn and see a young man with captain's bars, looking very soldierly in his service khaki and puttees. Around his hat is swathed a piece of white cheesecloth which indicates that he is an umpire. He is the youngest one of them all, and one of the youngest captains in the army—my friend who brings back the days when there was fighting in Samar, where he won his double bar.

"I'm with you," I respond.



THREE MEN WHO KEPT BUSY

From top downward here are: Colonel W. S. Fatten, Chief Quartermaster; Major W. P. Duvall, General Staff, and Major Cassius E. Gillette, Senior Umpire.

As we walk to the mess-tent, Helms explains to me the problem of the day. It is the attack and defense of an intrenched position. Outside our horses are picketed. As we arise it is just five o'clock.

Let it not be imagined that the umpire is a gentleman of leisure. From the first to the last of the day's maneuvers he must watch closely every move made by the force with which he is stationed, and also those of the opposing force when they are near enough for observation. As we reach our two companies I say nothing to Helms, as he is busy watching their formation and jotting down notes in his field book. We are with a militia regiment, and some of them look unfavorably on my friend, knowing that he is there to criticize. Observing the red badge on my arm they hope that I will remember what they have done and wire it to my paper, and sometimes they suggest it after they have done something they consider creditable.

We have finished marching now. We are intrenched—a beautiful position, indeed. "How will the Browns ever take it?" asks another correspondent of me. I shake my head.

Crested with clouds, and seemingly part of an ultramarine sky, its summit alternately turquoise and emerald in the brightening morning light, Pine mountain overlooks the Salinas valley. We do not aim to its heights. Our intrenchments, six feet deep, are thrown up on a wooded spur, extending from the right to the left. Two regiments are in these rifle pits. At the base of the mountain the trees grow sparsely, and there are three hundred yards of perfectly open space through which the opposing force must rush in order to take the position.

One of the regiments is composed of regulars, the other, militia. The regulars have done this before under real circumstances, and reminiscences of fighting in the Philippines and Cuba pass from mouth to mouth as they lie there. They reach the ears of a captain of a company and he remembers something. Taking a handful of straw, dried

grass and leaves he swathes his campaign hat. The men are not slow to follow his example, and the word passes along the line of intrenchments.

Curious as to what they appear from the fore, I mount my horse and ride to the foot of the spur. Looking upward I can see nothing. I ride back satisfied that the Browns will have a hard day when they attempt to take the hill. The Blues carry a plenitude of ammunition and the open space offers great facilities for marksmanship.

By a very small effort one could easily imagine this to be real war. There were the trenches; there were the boys in blue shirts, with Krags in hand, leveled over the earth piled in front. Behind the trees, above and below, were scattered men in twos and threes—flankers. The officers were handling their field glasses. There was a something of eager expectancy in the air.

Through the binoculars the road to Asuncion showed in the distance like a black snake, winding tortuously. On either side was the brown and yellow expanse of dried oats and wheat. Suddenly something moved and one of the flankers discharged his carbine. The next moment a long line of men in khaki leaped a fence and threw themselves face downward on the ground. The tack-hammer reports of a battalion's rifles broke the silence.

"Cease firing," called the battalion commander. The Browns were again unseen.

But now a man in the distance arises from the ground, and with a pair of pinchers cuts the barbed wire of the fences in front of the attacking party. Half a dozen rifles spit their fire at him and the umpire rules him out. But he has accomplished his purpose. The fence is cut, and another dash of Browns for cover is made. They are advancing slowly. So far as we can make out from the hill there are three battalions of them deployed in skirmish lines and advancing in the shape of a half crescent.

But where are the remainder? That is a question soon answered as the crack-crack of carbines on our left flank shows

more men in khaki dashing up hill from tree to tree.

"Don't bunch there!" shouts an officer; but there are not enough trees for them singly. Now the fusillade from both sides is thick and heavy.

"Load, aim, fire!" is shouted all along the line. The Browns are getting nearer and nearer.

Now the whistle of the chief umpire sounds. The maneuver is closed, and the white hats of umpires show in knots and bunches as the question of who has the best of it is threshed out among them. The problem can teach only one thing: that a position thus defended can only be taken by a force at least five times as great.

The eleven days from August thirteenth to August twenty-fourth inclusive, six problems have been worked out by a force of about forty-five hundred men, regulars and militia, side by side. Each one of these problems represented one of the conditions of war in which an army may be placed at any time, and there was no element of play or sham battle about them. They meant serious thinking for the officers, hard "hiking" and prompt obedience from the men. Both were given in the fullest measure.

Every day there was a division of forces, one styled "Blues," the other "Browns," each taking its name from the color of shirt worn. For that day a "Blue" was considered an enemy by a "Brown," and had it been a question of real fighting the whole thing could not have been carried out with more earnestness than was exhibited in the mimic warfare.

For the militia, and especially its officers, the maneuvers have been a splendid training. They went into the thing in the spirit of fun; by the second day they had lost their first impression and buckled down to serious work. They did not wish to give the regulars a chance to sneer at them. They listened; they watched; they were careful. They were willing to learn, and took censure in the spirit it was meant. By the time of the fourth maneuver they were able to make suggestions that could be taken seriously. Let all Californians be proud



MEN WHO HELPED SAVE THE DAY

From top downward here are: Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, Chief of Staff; J. B. Lauck, Adjutant-General, N. G. C.; Colonel E. A. Smith, Ninth Cavalry.

of their National Guardsmen, both officers and men. Remember that each day meant a march of perhaps thirty miles over hills, through thickets and underbrush, fording streams and tramping dusty roads. The militia were giving up their vacations to do this; they were drawing nothing except the pay of soldiers in the army, in few cases a quarter of their wages at home. They were mostly men of sedentary occupations and unused to rough life in the field. But they took all that came cheerfully and did not complain. They knew it was making soldiers of them.

It is positively certain that should a war with a foreign power arise at any time, and that power decide to attack us on our western coast, San Francisco would be the point attacked. Therefore, for reasons of mobilization, as well as for maneuvering points, the United States should have a permanent ground for this purpose somewhere in the vicinity of San Francisco. There have been many sites submitted for the purpose, but after careful examination by a Board of Survey of the United States army, the Rancho del Encinal—known also as the Henry ranch—was chosen as being best fitted.

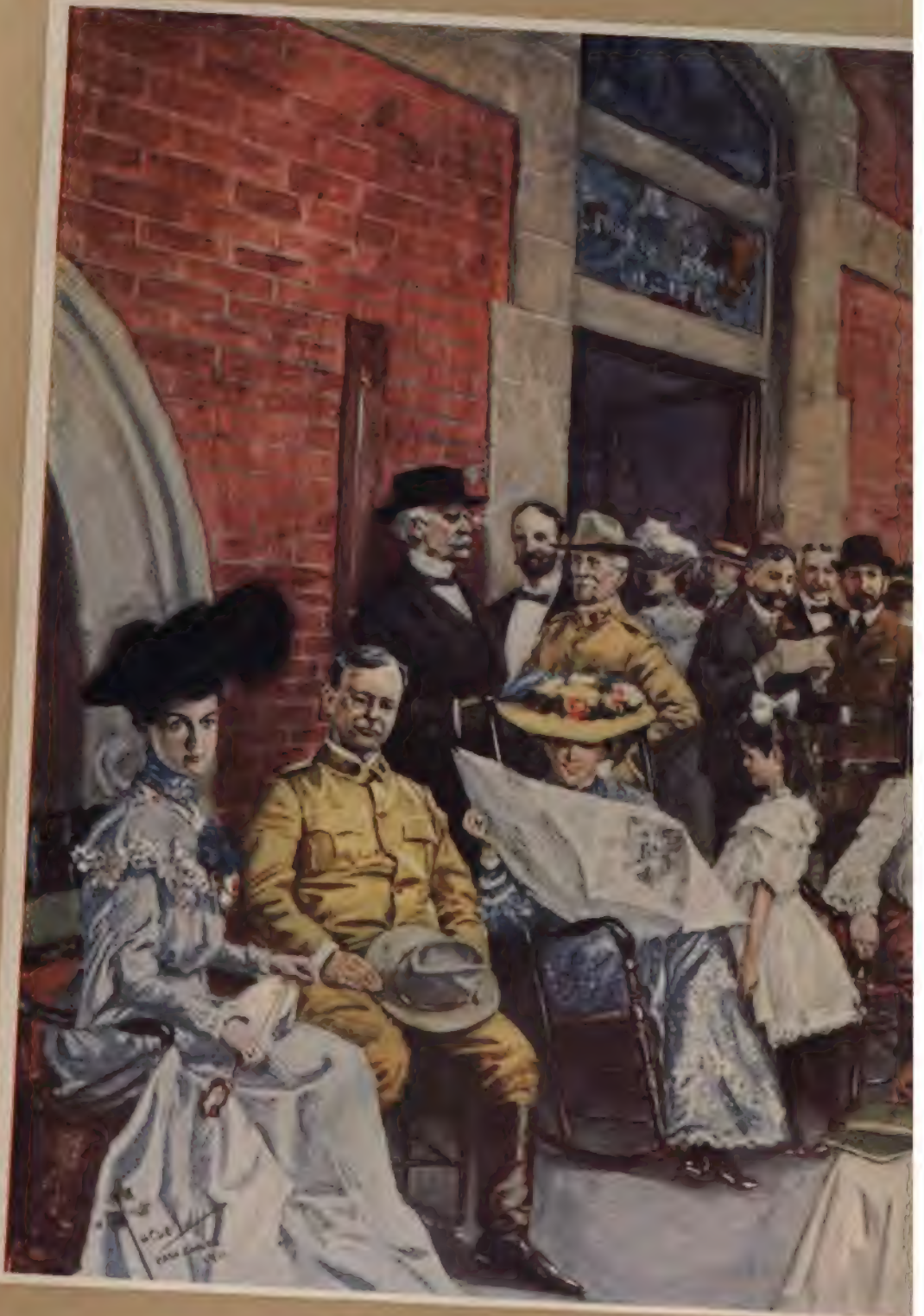
It is not hard to imagine an army being mobilized on the spacious plains of Atascadero. The mind's eye pictures the rolling, billowy plain stretching between wooded slopes for nearly four miles. The five thousand troops who carried out the maneuvers in August, when massed there were but specks on the rolling prairie. It seemed too vast for such a small amount of men. As one's eye took in the columns of khaki, watching the soldiers march to the inspiring martial airs of their bands, saw the colors flying, noted the champion charger, the glittering saber, the endless monotony of black-barreled carbines and canvas-legged feet keeping the step, the involuntary idea was: each company should be a battalion; each battalion a regiment; each regiment a brigade, and each brigade an army.

There is no reason why it should not be. San Francisco is the center of the

Pacific division. Why should not Atascadero be the permanent maneuvering ground for that division? Should time of war come our force must concentrate about San Francisco. Then the carbines will not be loaded with paper wads, nor the men march to bloodless battle. It will be for the protection of our hearths and homes. What if we should not be ready to protect them? Patriotism, courage, ability—these count for little in warfare of today if the knowledge of fighting as a science is not coupled with them. The day of the individual fighter is past. An army is but a machine moving to the touch of the master-hand. No thought vibrates through its serried ranks save the thoughts of the man in command. The army cannot think his thoughts if it has not been trained to know what they mean. Each man is but a cog in a mighty wheel, and each cog must have its true bearings lest the perfect whole be destroyed.

That our militia are willing to learn is proven by the fact that they turned out in the numbers they did. All then that is necessary is for Congress to appropriate the money necessary for the purchase of the camp-site, and next year the grounds of the camp will be populated by a force four times the size of the one of last August. For the militia of all the western states will be represented there, and the regular army posts of the west will empty their garrisons that their men may serve to teach the militia what it wishes to know.

NOTE—The attention of all readers of the preceding articles concerning the recent California maneuvers, is directed to the three-page colored illustration, accompanying this issue of *SUNSET*. This is the work of Edward Cucuel, the talented young Californian, whose work on the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, of Berlin, and the *Illustrated London News*, has placed him at the head of that class of art—pictorial and portrait illustration in colors. In this group, assembled on the veranda of the hotel at Paso Robles, near the army camp, are life-like portraits of the following: Major-General MacArthur and Mrs. MacArthur, Governor George C. Pardee, of California, and Mrs. Pardee, Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, Colonel W. S. Fatten, Major C. E. Gillette, Major W. P. Duvall, E. O. McCormick, Asst. Traffic Director, Southern Pacific; Mrs. McCormick, Frank J. Symmes, President Merchants' Association, of San Francisco; Charles S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific; Mrs. Edith Mason, General T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific; James Horsburgh, Jr., A. G. P. A., Southern Pacific; Mrs. Parker, Miss Junker, George Bronson-Howard, late war correspondent *London Chronicle*.



AFTERNOON ON THE VERANDA AT PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS, DURING THE RECENT ARMY
THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COAST LINE IS OPENING

COLOR INKARTS - SUNSET MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1904
From Illustration by Edward Cooper





AND SUMMER RESORT, MIDWAY BETWEEN SANTA BARBARA AND SAN FRANCISCO ON
BY GEORGE C. FARDEE, OF CALIFORNIA.
-ETE



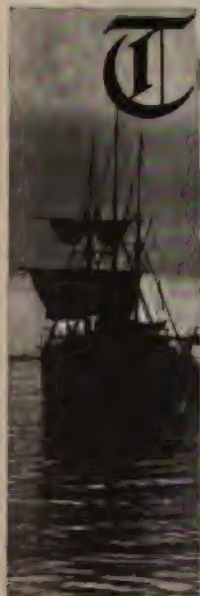


FOR THE DAY'S MANEUVERS

MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA, TEN MILES AWAY. PASO ROBLES IS A FAMOUS
FOR KNOWN MEN. NOTABLE AMONG THEM BEING MAJOR-GENERAL MAC ARTHUR
S. P. JOCELYN, COLONEL W. S. PATTEN, MAJOR W. P. DUVAL AND MAJ

The Pensacola, Sloop of War

By FRANK J. BRAMHALL



THE passenger on the San Francisco-Oakland ferry steamer easily sees as he passes the picturesque Yerba Buena island, with its group of buildings of the Naval Training School, a handsome vessel at the dock, that the expert eye identifies at once as belonging to a past period of marine architecture. It is the old sloop of war, Pensacola, the name and appearance of which revives memories in the minds of older observers,

but tells nothing to the younger generation whose knowledge of our great civil war is limited. The old ship, however, has had a long and glorious history, which makes the heart of the sailor throb with patriotic impulses, and revives the memory of Admiral Farragut, the hero of New Orleans and Mobile bay.

The Pensacola is a type of the fast ships of the old navy, when sails were still used as auxiliary to steam, and the live oak hull had not yet given place to steel. She was one of the five first class screw sloops of war, the construction of which was authorized by the Act of March 3d, 1857.

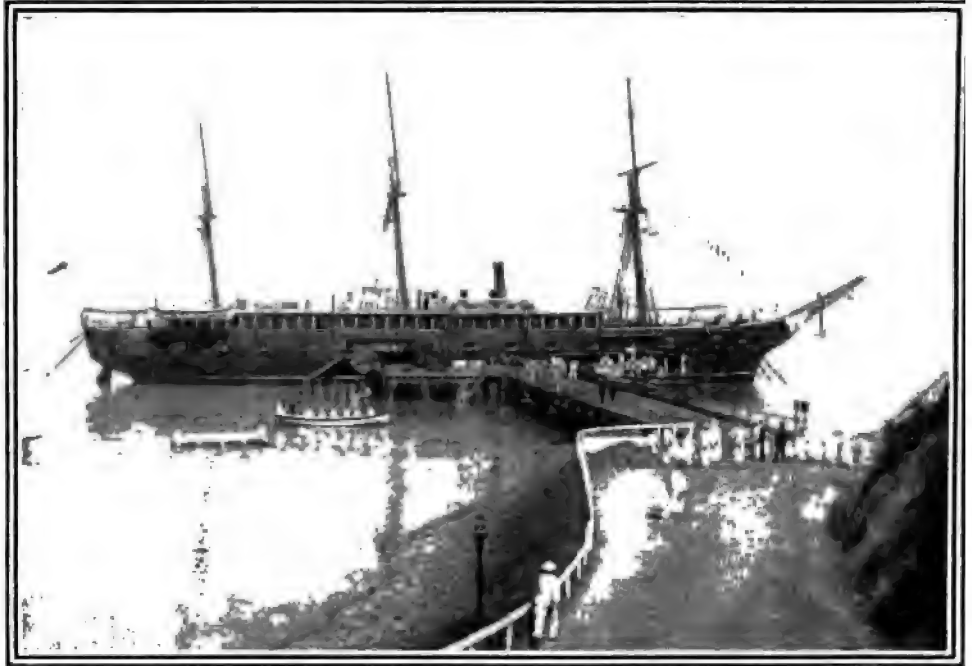
Her sister ships, the Hartford, Brooklyn, Lancaster and Richmond, were, like herself, favorites in the old navy, and assignment to any of them was an appreciated honor. The Hartford was Farragut's flagship at New Orleans and Mobile, and the Brooklyn, Richmond and Pensacola were in his squadron, and par-

ticipated in his great victories. They were all of somewhat over two thousand tons, about 250 feet in length, and some forty-three feet beam, drawing about sixteen feet, when ready for sea; they had large sail area and possessed many of the qualities that made the old clipper-ships famous in the mercantile marine.

The Pensacola was built at the Pensacola Navy Yard, Florida, from designs of John Lenthall, a famous naval constructor, and the lines are fine and beautiful. She was completed just before the breaking out of the war, and sailed to Washington to be fitted out. About the first of August, 1861, she was put in commission with the veteran Captain Henry W. Morris as commander, and



ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT, THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE BAY



THE OLD SLOOP OF WAR, PENSACOLA, AS SHE APPEARS TODAY, MOORED AT YERBA BUENA ISLAND, IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY

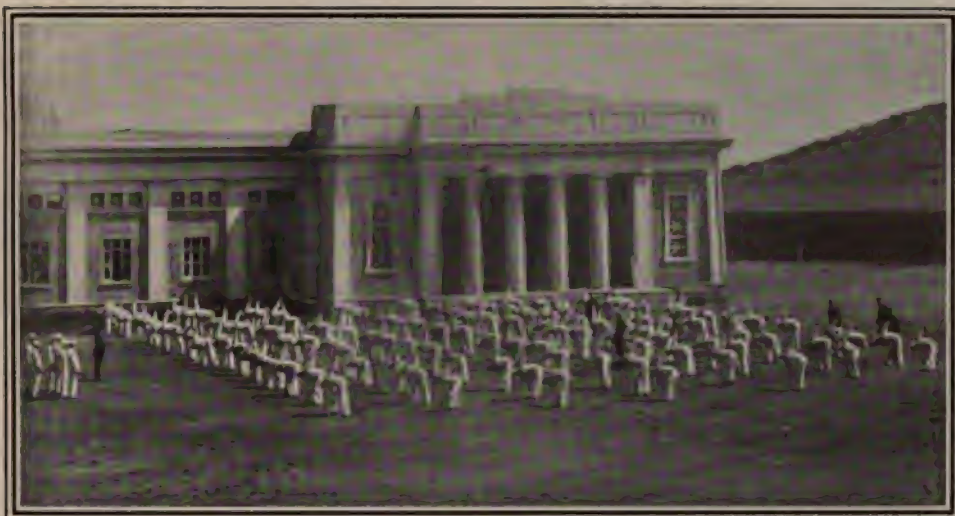
Lieutenant F. A. Roe, now rear-admiral, as executive officer. While preparing for sea, Lieutenant Roe was ordered, temporarily, in great haste, in consequence of the defeat at Bull Run, to occupy with five hundred seamen, Fort Ellsworth, near Alexandria, and so occupied it on the left of McClellan's line until the Army of the Potomac went down to the Peninsula, when he returned to his ship. The passage of the Pensacola down the Potomac was an exciting and somewhat memorable one. The river was blockaded for nine miles by a succession of rebel forts and batteries on the Virginia side,

the officers of which were under strict orders not to permit the passage of any vessel.

President Lincoln and his Cabinet were honored guests on the ship until the batteries were reached, when they were taken off and returned to Washington, while the Pensacola pursued her course through the nine miles of unremitting fire, down the bay to Hampton Roads without serious injury. She accompanied the Hartford, with Flag-Officer Farragut, to the West Gulf blockading squadron, arriving off the Mississippi, March 7, 1862, and participated in the blockade of the



D. S. Weller, U.S. photo.
REAR ADMIRAL W. H. WHITING, COMMANDING
YERBA BUENA NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL



SETTING UP EXERCISES IN FRONT OF THE BARRACKS

R. A. Weiss, photo



SINGLE STICK DRILL. CADETS AT THE NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL, YERBA BUENA ISLAND.
PENSACOLA AT THE DOCK



Beck photo

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, COMMANDER OF THE PENSACOLA IN 1883, WHEN SHE WAS THE FLAGSHIP OF THE EUROPEAN SQUADRON

coast and the long preparations for the coming fight. Among other obstacles, great difficulty was experienced in getting the heavier draft vessels over the bar, the Pensacola going aground several times and being finally pulled over by Captain Porter. At last the fleet was assembled in the lower river, all preparations had been made, and at 2:30 A. M., April 24th, the fleet moved to the attack of New Orleans supported by Porter's mortar boats.

Captain Bailey led the "Column of the Red" in the Cayuga, closely followed by the Pensacola, under the command of Captain Morris. The armament of the latter consisted of one eleven inch and twenty nine-inch, smooth-bore guns, and one one-hundred-pounder and one eighty-pounder rifle gun, and two twelve-pound howitzers. All of these guns were not in action, however, as this first division was to engage Fort St. Philip, and its fifty-four guns, with their starboard batteries.

Approaching the fort, the Pensacola stopped and poured in her heavy broadside, compelling the gunners of the barquette battery to flee to cover. Then as the heavy ship moved slowly on, the gunners returned to their posts, and

reopened fire on the ship. The Pensacola again stopped and once more drove the gunners of the fort from their posts, at such short range that curses were freely exchanged between the opposing forces. Again the ship drew off toward the midriver, and as in doing so, her guns no longer bore on the fort, the enemy manned theirs again, and riddled the Pensacola with a quartering fire. A few minutes after, the ram Manassas came down the river in advance of the enemy's boats and charged the Pensacola. Lieutenant Roe, who was conning the Pensacola, by a skilful management of the helm, avoided the ram and gave her a broadside as she passed, puncturing her shell and carrying away her flagstaff.

Lieutenant Kennon, who commanded the Governor Moore, reports that in his fight with the fleet, the Pensacola cleared away the twelve men from his bow gun by a well-directed fire from the howitzers in her tops.

The Pensacola was hotly engaged during her entire passage of the forts and the enemy's boats for an hour and a half, firing chiefly with grape and canister. The air was filled with blinding smoke, which with the darkness of the night made it difficult to distinguish friend from foe, and through which forts and ships fired at the flashes of each other's guns. In the midst of the darkness and confusion, illumined and made hideous by the bursting shells, the booming guns and the awful broadsides, down the river came plunging the gunboats, rams and fire-rafts of the enemy. It is difficult to conceive a more magnificent or terrible battle scene.

Brownell in his poem, "The River Fight," written on board the Hartford, gives this fine bit of description:

Back echoed Philip!—ah, then
 Could you have seen our men,
 How they sprung, in the dim night haze,
 To their work of toil and of clamor!
 How the loaders, with sponge and rammer,
 And their captains, with cord and hammer,
 Kept every muzzle ablaze!
 How the guns, as with cheer and shout
 Our tackle-men hurled them out,
 Brought up on the waterways!

First, as we fired at their flash,
 'Twas lightning and black eclipse,
 With a bellowing roll and crash—
 But soon, upon either bow,
 What with forts, and fire-rafts, and ships—
 (The whole fleet was hard at it now,
 All pounding away!)—and Porter
 Still thundering with shell and mortar—
 'Twas a mighty sound and form
 Of an equatorial storm!

In an endeavor to avoid a great fire-raft, the flagship Hartford ran aground; the flaming raft was pushed against it, and in a moment the port side was ablaze half way up to the tops. The flames were at length extinguished without cessation of the fire of the Hartford's guns, and the flagship got clear of the raft. Listen again to Brownell:

In a twinkling, the flames had risen
 Half way to main top and mizzen,
 Darting up the shrouds like snakes!
 Ah, how we clanked at the brakes,
 And the deep steam pumps throbb'd under,
 Sending a ceaseless flow—
 Our top-men, a dauntless crowd,
 Swarmed in rigging and shroud—



Anthony, photo
 HENRY W. MORRIS, COMMODORE, U. S. N., COM-
 MANDER OF THE PENSACOLA IN THE BATTLE OF
 NEW ORLEANS



J. O'Kane, photo
 JOHN L. WORDEN, REAR-ADMIRAL, U. S. N., COM-
 MANDER OF THE MONITOR IN THE FAMOUS
 ENGAGEMENT WITH THE MERRIMAC, AND OF THE
 PENSACOLA, WHEN SHE CAME TO THE PACIFIC
 THE FIRST TIME

There ('twas a wonder!)
 The burning ratlins and strands,
 They quenched with their bare hard hands—
 But the great guns below
 Never silenced their thunder.

Morning came upon a scene of desolation, wrecks of the enemy's vessels floating down the stream and several of Farragut's vessels being more or less disabled. The fleet anchored at quarantine, five miles above the forts, but three of the vessels failed to get through.

Fort St. Philip was a strong, defensive work, and was unaffected by the fire of Porter's mortar boats, which was chiefly directed upon Fort Jackson. The most of the damage to the fleet was done by St. Philip and to the vessels which engaged it. The Pensacola had four killed and thirty-three wounded, and her hull and rigging were badly damaged.

Captain Morris and Lieutenant Roe received strong commendation from Farragut in his report, and the latter

was recommended for promotion for his bravery and skill in action. He was transferred to the command of the *Katahdin* on receiving his promotion in the following August.

On April 25th Farragut with a portion of his fleet moved on up the river to New Orleans, engaging and silencing the Chalmette batteries, in which work the *Pensacola* was especially efficient. New Orleans submitted upon Farragut's arrival and the forts surrendered two days later. After the arrival of General Butler and his troops, Farragut refitted his fleet for an advance up the river to Vicksburg, where he was to meet Commodore Davis' Mississippi squadron. The *Pensacola*, however, was injured too severely to participate in this movement, and after being sent to the docks for necessary repairs, remained on duty in the gulf for the next two years, sometimes serving as flagship of the squadron.

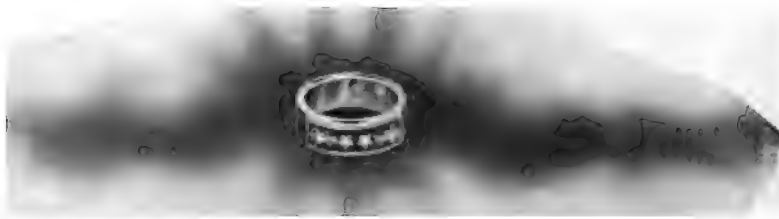
The war over, the *Pensacola* went to the yards and, thoroughly overhauled, repaired and refitted, sailed in August, 1866, for the Pacific ocean, under the command of Captain John L. Worden, who will be remembered as the gallant lieutenant who was in command of the *Monitor* in her famous encounter with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads. She remained on the Pacific station, usually as its flagship, until the latter part of 1883, when she began her homeward voyage under the command

of the present Rear-Admiral Henry Erben. She was again thoroughly repaired and fitted out at the Norfolk Navy Yard for duty as the flagship of the European squadron. She was commanded by Captain George Dewey, and flew the flag of Rear-Admiral Franklin. Upon her arrival from European waters, she made a trip to Africa on special duty, and then went again to the Pacific.

In a letter to the writer, Admiral Dewey says:

My great interest in the *Pensacola* is not due alone to the fact that I commanded her for three years, but dates back to the Civil War days when in the famous river fight below New Orleans, I was attached to the frigate *Mississippi*, which was immediately astern of the *Pensacola*, our bowsprit almost over her taffrail. Because of our close proximity, the most friendly feeling existed between the officers and crews of the two ships. * * * During my command of her I took some trouble to learn the meaning of the word *Pensacola*, and learned that its original Indian meaning was "bay of plenty." Evidently this significance was known to the builders of the ship as her gangway headboards were carved with the "horn of plenty."

As the old *Victory* was forever associated with the name of Nelson, so is the *Pensacola* with the names of Farragut and Dewey, Morris, Worden and Roe, whose patriotism and heroism should inspire the youthful apprentices who tread her decks at the Yerba Buena Training Station, now under the command of Rear-Admiral W. H. Whiting.



A RELIC OF THE GREAT ADMIRAL

DAIRYING IN OREGON

BY
EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL

Photographs by George M. Strong

DAIRYING will probably be a leading industry in Oregon as long as the land endures, as the natural meadows, the magnificent ranges and the perennial streams to be found everywhere in the greater part of the state, make ideal conditions for the unlimited production of butter and cheese. At present the supply is not much in excess of the demand for home consumption, but when dairymen have been able to obtain all the cows they need, the industry is bound to assume mammoth proportions. The condensed milk and evaporated cream business already is receiving an impetus that will add another import to the number that is making the name of Oregon famous throughout the world.

Natural forage plants grow luxuriantly, and nowhere in the world has nature been more lavish in sowing red and white clover, timothy, and other succulent grasses that cattle love. When the land is under cultivation the yield is remarkable, and it is quite common to harvest two crops in a season, while alfalfa affords a crop for almost every

month. Oregon's greatest advantage is her frequent gentle rains, which keep the atmosphere pure and clean and the meadows and ranges green nearly the whole year. Another important factor in stock-raising is the abundant shade wherever there is pasturage. Although there are no extremes of heat or cold in the western part of the state, and no weather that is sufficiently severe to cause discomfort to animals necessarily exposed to it, yet they seem to enjoy thoroughly the grateful shade of the spreading trees.

It is very difficult to give an absolutely correct estimate of the number of creameries in the state, as the conditions for dairying are so perfect in nearly every part of it, the herds require so little attention, and the market being one that will never receive a supply equal to the demand, creameries spring into existence as if by magic and are almost immediately upon a paying basis; but as nearly as I have been able to ascertain there are about one hundred and fifty creameries and nearly as many cheese factories in Oregon. The output

of the creameries last year was in the neighborhood of 4,000,000 pounds of butter, to which may be added the product of the farmers' dairies—about 3,500,000 pounds. The cheese factories turned out about 2,500,000 pounds of cheese. Estimating the butter at twenty cents a pound and the cheese at eleven cents, one can figure for himself what the dairying industry represents to the farmers of the state. These figures are exclusive of the milk and cream sold to the condensed-milk factories and for home consumption.

While creameries and cheese factories are found scattered from the California line to the Columbia river, and from the Cascades to the Coast range, the coast counties are rapidly coming to the front as formidable rivals of the older and more thickly settled section; in fact, Tillamook county is the banner county of the state, as it already possesses twenty-four creameries and thirty-seven cheese factories.

Second to Tillamook in the number of creameries is Multnomah, with twenty-three, while Coos county follows it in the count of cheese factories, possessing nine. The output of the creameries of this county and the one adjoining it—Curry—is taken almost exclusively by San Francisco. In eastern Oregon the industry is in its early infancy, though the eight creameries and one cheese factory are doing well.

Where farms are scattered and are at a distance from a creamery skimming stations have been established at convenient points where farmers may take their milk to be separated. They are thus enabled to save the skim milk for their calves and hogs, and so add materially to the income from the farm.

It is a sight worth seeing when the cows are lined up at the stanchions, each one with her head between the bars, busily eating while the milker rapidly fills his bucket with the foaming liquid.

Though machinery can separate the cream from the milk as soon as it is taken from the cow, and can turn it into butter or cheese, and weigh and mold and cut it into shape, the hand of man is still the only means of relieving the cow of her lacteal supply. Man's ingenuity has done much to render the operation quick of accomplishment. It is really wonderful how expert these milkers become; they are veritable human machines, regular in movement and automatic in action. It is a well-known fact that a poor milker can soon impair the usefulness of a good cow, and from an excellent producer turn her into an animal whose milk supply is scanty and thin.

Absolute cleanliness is another necessary requisite both in the milking quarters and the factory buildings, as the quality of the product would be greatly deteriorated were carelessness in this respect permitted. Nothing in the world is more susceptible to odors or more easily spoiled by unclean environment than milk, hence the creamery or factory that expects a continuation of patronage must regard sanitation as one of its most necessary adjuncts.

The cost of establishing a cheese factory varies with the location, but the following may be accepted as an average estimate: Building, about eight hundred dollars, and the same amount for equipment. Twenty-one hundred dollars will



A VALLEY CREAMERY

build and equip a creamery capable of handling the milk from between three hundred and four hundred cows. In some localities owners estimate the income per cow as averaging fifty dollars a year. The prices of land range from twenty-five to one hundred dollars an acre, according to location and condition.

Experiments have been made to ascertain the breed of cows best adapted for creamery purposes, and opinion is unanimous that graded Jersey stock gives the best financial results owing to the richness of the milk, the large percentage of butter fat it contains, and the rapidity with which it can be churned.

The condensed-milk factories require quantity rather than quality, and for their purpose other breeds, noted for the amount of milk they produce, are in demand.

In some of the coast counties a peculiar condition of soil is encountered. The earth is covered for a depth of several inches with a thick green moss which gives to the tread as does a rich velvet carpet. This is the result of centuries of moisture. The moss is easily removed and the ground under it is found to be exceedingly rich and easily worked, yielding luxuriant crops of hay and grasses.

The country between the mountains and the sea is rather level, though rolling in certain localities. The rains are somewhat too copious to render these

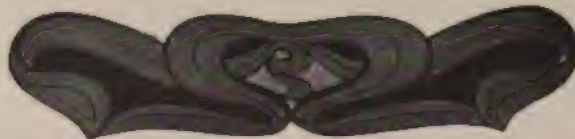


CUTTING AND WRAPPING BUTTER



FURNACE OF THE MODERN DAIRY

sections very desirable for fruit culture or practical farming, but for dairying they are unsurpassed, and numerous small farms dot the landscape and yield the supply which keeps up the creameries and cheese factories that are making these coast counties famous.





Woodcraft

By Aloysius Coll

Here a wide-eyed flower face
Raised in fragrant wonder;
Here a spray of ivy lace
Trembling, as with thunder:
Here the rosaries of the rain
Tangled in the grass—
Love, I follow by the flowers;
They have seen thy pass!

Now a silver-throated thrush
Fers of song a gleaming
On the edge of woodland bush
Shakes in his humming;
Listens while a finer flute
Makes the wood rejoice
Love, the birds have heard thy song;
Thou art in their voice!

Laurel leaf and marigold
Curtain, shining glows,
Onto footprints, faint of mold
Dimpled in the meadow:
Light as water pentacles
Of the laurels, sweet
Here I follow by the leaves
That have lined thy feet!

Close the whispering willow cane
Soft the summer breeze
Swing the acrobats of green
On the vine trapezes
Ah, the woodcraft sweetest of love
And its cunning art
Teach me that this trail of flowers
Leads into thy heart!

A Sierra Empire

Something About the Orchards, Fields and Mines of Plumas County, California

By W. W. KELLOGG

Photographs by W. S. Nichols

ON the slope of the California Sierras that tilts toward the great western sea is a fertile little empire of valley and mountain land that is known to some parts of the world as Plumas county. A beautiful and fertile little empire it is, with "apple and peach tree fruited deep," and if it be not "fair as a garden of the Lord," there are those in plenty who are willing to aver that it is. Here the mountains are sprinkled with gold, while the finer and richer gold of grain

or fruit shines in the valleys. Here are raised the best apples that California produces, and the quality of other deciduous fruits is scarcely less notable. It is a rare little empire, and some day the world of men is going to run upon it, and then—well, Nature has done her part; men will do the rest.

Plumas county is situated in the eastern part of California and considerably to the north of the center of the state. It has an area of 2,567.81 square miles, and is composed of mountain and valley



THE PLAZA AT QUINCY, WITH THE COURT-HOUSE AND OTHER BUILDINGS SURROUNDING IT



Quincy, the county-seat of Plumas county • • • is an attractive little town

lands which are valuable for their timber or for grazing, agriculture or mining purposes. The northeastern boundary is the main summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, or western edge of the Great Interior Basin, the southwestern boundary being close to the foothills bordering on the great Sacramento valley. Plumas covers nearly all of the watershed of the upper Feather river, in which are situated some of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of the state, chief among which are Indian, American, Big Meadows, Genesee, Mohawk and Sierra.

To those who cannot well endure the heat of lower altitudes the climate of Plumas county appeals, as it knows no extreme either of heat or cold. In the valleys the thermometer seldom registers below zero, while it does not often rise above 95 degrees in the summer. The records kept in Quincy by Weather Observer Edwards show that, for the five years ending in 1901, the average

mean temperature for the months of June, July and August, respectively, was 61 degrees, 65 degrees and 64 degrees, and that during the five years beginning with December, 1896, the average mean temperature for December, January and February, respectively, was 35 degrees, 33 degrees and 37 degrees. During the summer months, the atmosphere being dry, the warmest days cause no depression, the nights are pleasantly cool and sleep is refreshing.

Apples and pears thrive in Plumas county, and the yield is very large. Plums, prunes, nectarines, peaches, pears and cherries do well in many localities, and where favorable conditions exist, the trees are very prolific. Berries and smaller fruits are peculiarly well adapted to the climate. Currants, gooseberries, blackberries, raspberries and strawberries grow in great profusion and perfection. Indian, American, Genesee and other valleys of equal or lower altitude, have long been noted for the



WHERE THE CEDAR LOOKS TO THE SAPPHIRE SKIES

quality of the vegetables produced there. Potatoes, cabbage, beets, carrots, cauliflower, celery, turnips, radishes, and peas are grown to perfection. There have been produced to the acre, 30,000 pounds of potatoes, 40,000 pounds of cabbages, and 100,000 pounds of beets.

The higher valleys of Plumas county and the ranges adjacent thereto are especially well adapted to cattle raising and dairying, two important industries of the county. The rich and well-watered soil of the valleys yields largely of the butter and beef producing grasses, while the "bunch-grass" found on many of the ranges is considered better even than the valley product. Over these ranges, thousands of cattle roam and grow fat. Plumas butter long has had an enviable reputation.

Since the early "fifties," gold mining has been a leading factor in the business life of Plumas county. Gravel mining first received attention, the shallow

bars on the North and Middle Forks of Feather river and their tributaries yielding richly, even though primitive methods only were employed by the pioneer miners. By the process of erosion, some of the finer particles of precious metal were made finer and were carried by the torrential streams to the delta at the mouth of the great canyon, near Oroville, and there settled in the immense beds of gravel now being very profitably mined by the dredger process. The coarser gold, however, was left behind, and on this supply, the miner has been drawing since the white man first invaded the county.

One of the greatest and most valuable resources of Plumas county has been and is her quartz gold mines. Thus far, only those of higher grade have received much attention, and scarcely any of these have been mined deeply. In them and their milling plants, poor equipments have been in use, and methods of mining and milling not up to date have, with a very few exceptions, been employed, with the result that the cost of mining and milling and the percentage of gold lost have been too great. But now that cheaper and better transportation, together with the cheap electric power which the mountain streams can furnish in practically unlimited quantities, are among the certainties of the immediate future, it is certain that the higher grade ore bodies will be mined at greater depth and profit, and that the low grade propositions will be developed and worked on so large a scale, and so economically, as to pay good dividends.

Plumas has a certain interest for those who appreciate the wonders of nature. Within its borders are parts of one of the greatest and most recently active volcanic fields of the United States. Mount Lassen, the highest point in this lava field, is 10,437 feet high, and from its summit, on a clear day, a wonderful panorama is spread before the eye.

Hot Spring valley, south of the base of Mount Lassen, contains scores of rumbling springs from which issue steam or in which hot mud is ever bubbling, all suggesting to the visitor a nearness



AND THE LORDLY PINE WITH THE CEDAR VIES



HYDRAULIC MINING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF PLEMAS COUNTY IS CARRYING THE MOUNTAINS DOWN TO THE SEA



A RESERVOIR IN WINTER, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF ALTITUDE UPON CLIMATE



FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE THE WONDERS
OF NATURE

to an active volcano. On the ridge south are the geyser and Lake Tartarus, a lake of boiling mud. At the southern base of Mount Lassen, are boiling mud pools and vigorous solfataric action, or the last stages of volcanic activity. By this action, large quantities of sulphur have been deposited, and attempts have been made to mine it. The Lassen Buttes country, which is intensely interesting, can be reached by a day's travel from Big Meadows. To the geologist, the mountains near Taylorsville are very interesting. J. S. Diller, a well-known geologist, says that the Grizzly range formation contains the oldest rocks positively identified in the geologic series of California and Oregon. They are known to be of the Silurian period by fossils found in them near Taylorsville.

With the inevitable increase of transportation facilities, it is not to be doubted that the many charming resorts of Plumas county will become more and more popular. Their name is legion, and, while many of them are comparatively little known now, they are certain to become more known and more visited as time passes. The most noted summer resorts now are those of Big Meadows and Humbug valley, in the northern part of the county. Here fishing and hunting are plentiful. In Big Meadows boating is one of the pleasant pastimes. Mohawk, American, Indian, Genesee and Warner valleys are delightful places in which to spend the summer months.

Quincy, the county-seat of Plumas county, is situated on the south side

of American valley at the base of the Clearmont range of mountains, at an altitude of 3,380 feet. It is an attractive little town of 500 population. It has two systems of water-works, and a fully equipped hose company. The citizens own their public hall. Both telegraph and telephone lines connect the town with the outside world, and it is lighted by electricity. The court-house, a church and a two-story brick school-house are among the public buildings, and the business places are sufficient to supply the needs of the people.

At a recent election, the citizens of Quincy by an almost unanimous vote, authorized the school trustees to issue \$7,500 in bonds for the purpose of erecting a modern, up-to-date, public school building to be built during the present year, and the directors of the Plumas County bank have contracted for the erection of a new brick bank building. The new railroad survey brings the railway about one mile east of Quincy, where the depot will be located.

This may be said, and truthfully said, of Plumas: It is among Californian counties that are still in the cradle, but nature has done much for it, and, as man does more, it is certain to develop into one of the choice and good portions of the choicest and best of commonwealths—California.

The writer of this article acknowledges his indebtedness to "Plumas County Resources," published by the "National Bulletin," for various data and extracts incorporated herein.



SILVER LAKE, HIGH UP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS
OF PLUMAS

The Wind's Word

By INA COOLBRITH

Soft as an echo of song
Is the word which they whisper to me,—
The wind that blows over the grass,
The wind that blows in from the sea;

Sweet as the touch of the dew
To flowers athirst for the rain,
But the word that is given not mine
To be given again.

You of the questioning heart,
Soul that is faint by the way,
What is the message they bear?
What are the words they say?

Over, and over, and over,
Invisible wings unfurled,
Over, and over, and over,
They circle the world.

And the pinions never tire
In the depths or the heights afar;
They know of the things that were,
They know of the things that are.

Over, and over, and over,
Forever the wings unfurled,
Over, and over, and over,
They circle the world.

And they bring me the Song as they hear it,
A lilt, or a solemn Amen,—
But the word that is given not mine
To be given again.

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THE HOUR OF HIS RELEASE

BY
**JULIE
WILBOR
TOMPKINS**



Drawings by A. Methfessel

the brown babies, and the anchor was creaking up again in the harbor. And the days that followed were the times of special stress for Gertrude—he called her that in grim mockery, trying to kill the best that was in him, since he had let the world see the worst.

The news soon spread to them from the village. There was a break in the steamer's machinery, and it would be sunset before she could go on her way. The passengers already were streaming ashore, far more loud with admiration and more lavish with money than the visitors from their own bi-monthly steamers. The villagers were selling the very mats from under their feet, and everything that could be carried away. It was a great day.

HORNECK stood in his pajamas in the doorway of his hut watching the rising sun bring to life the dark face of the Pacific, and cursing it heartily, as he had every morning these ten years. There were times when the little brown woman kneeling on the floor behind him, busied with his coffee, might have put in a curse or two on her own account; but she was of a contented disposition, and knew that things might have been worse, without suspecting that they might have been better. This morning Horneck's malediction, begun with a yawn, broke off short as his glance fell on the harbor beneath. He screwed up his short-sighted blue eyes, then, taking the glass, spelled out the name of the big steamer lying in the deep water back of the reef.

This morning Horneck did not retreat behind the hill. The need of his fellow men was on him like a fierce thirst, and he crept by devious ways to a thicket of bamboo that shadowed the road below the cabin. Here he sat with half-shut eyes and set jaw while the little groups came slowly along, laughing and calling to one another, rejoicing in the novel beauty about them and the warm earth under their feet. He saw his wife stand smiling in the cabin door to be photographed, a naked baby in her arms, and heard her thank them in the broken English he had taught her, for the silver that followed. A young fellow in white flannels looked quizzically at the child, then made some comment in a low tone to the man beside him, who glanced, and nodded with a short laugh. The blood mounted to Horneck's temples.

It was not time for one of their regular boats. This pretentious stranger must belong to the larger line that sent up tantalizing puffs of smoke on the northern horizon, and ignored the little green jewel of an island as it would have ignored a seagull. Horneck turned abruptly back into the cabin and put on the clothes of civilization—a brown suit he had brought with him in his miserable flight, ten years before. He always did this when the steamers came, and then retreated to the most secret corner of his plantation, and did not reappear until the visitors had tired of buying bananas and coconuts and photographing

Presently two women, with a man who was evidently the husband of the elder, dropped down on the bank not ten feet from him. Oh, those cool, lady-like, English voices! Horneck clenched his hands till the nails pierced his palms. They were wishing they could live in this little earthly paradise, and need

never go back to the stupid, burdensome limitations of civilized life. They grew eager and excited planning it, and Horneck listened with his head sunk almost to his knees.

Presently the man and his wife went on, the girl refusing to leave till she had made a sketch.

"I will follow with the others when they come," she promised, and opened a little sketch book, but after a moment closed it and leaned back with a long sigh of content. Horneck could see her calm profile, the fine hair, straight and brown, the whiteness of her arm through the thin blouse, the little hands lying upcurled in her lap, every inch of her perfected in the civilization she had cried out against. A bit of bamboo snapped suddenly under his foot.

She glanced about quickly, and saw him through the straight stems. For an instant she seemed to doubt her eyes; then she sprang to her feet and looked hastily up and down the road. All the old instincts rose in Horneck.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, catching off his hat. "Please don't be frightened. I am so sorry!" His voice even more than his words reassured her. She laughed and colored a little as he came out and stood before her.

"It was silly to be so startled. Only, I hadn't seen you," she apologized. "I am afraid we disturbed a siesta," she added, a little surprise showing in her eyes at the deeply browned face, and the well-cut clothes of ten years ago.

"No, I was not asleep," he said, and winced as he realized that once he would not have played listener. "I couldn't resist," he added hurriedly. "I haven't seen a white woman—a lady—for ten years, and scarcely a white man. I didn't mean to be discovered."

"You—live here?" she asked, wondering. He lifted his head and looked straight at her for the first time.

"My name is Horneck," he said.

For a moment she did not remember. In his egotism, he did not realize how the world forgets, and did not know that it was an old story heard by chance on shipboard that made the smile die out of her eyes an instant later. She drew

back almost imperceptibly. Some one called to her cheerfully from the road below.

"I am sorry to have intruded on you," said Horneck, resolutely keeping the bitterness out of his voice, as one having no right to resentment. "Please believe that I did not intend to." The old instinct made him lift his hat as he turned away, though he was not conscious of it, or that she took an impulsive step after him as he went.

When the others had joined her and they had gone on up the road, Horneck came back and, entering the cabin, took his pistol from a drawer. There was only one charge in it, but, hearing the soft pad of brown feet approaching, he dropped it in his pocket and slipped out, turning toward the far corner of his plantation. One charge would be enough. He was a sure shot even at a difficult mark.

He would wait until the ship had gone; otherwise the news might be taken back to the civilized world, which had heard enough of his name. From the peak of the hill he could see the departure, and then—

One of his laborers, a half-breed, came staggering across his path, drunk already from the profits of the day. Horneck glanced at him indifferently and made no remonstrance, though the fellow carried another bottle clutched against his naked side. He was done with the misdeeds of his laborers and all the dreary burden of daily life. He longed hotly for sunset and the hour of his release. Surely he had paid the penalty ten times over in those ten years; surely he was free to go!

From the hill top he could hear faint echoes of voices. They were picnicking by the stream that crossed the upper end of the plantation. Once a wild shout from the half-breed sounded from the banana grove, where he was completing his solitary orgy. Horneck lay face down in the grass, seeing nothing but that woman of his own class and her recoil at his name.

It must have been an hour later that a sharp call brought him to his feet before he knew what he had heard.



*—there was a flash of powder, and a quick line
of red ripped across the brown shoulder*

Across the slope beneath him the girl was running, swiftly though not in panic, while close behind her came the half-breed, mad with drink, flourishing his empty bottle over his head. Horneck yelled a command, but the savage plunged on unheeding. Then there was a flash of powder, and a quick line of red ripped across the brown shoulder. Sobered for the moment, the man gave a howl of pain and fright and fled to the grove.

Horneck came slowly down to her, holding the empty pistol in his hand.

"I am sorry—again—that you were frightened," he said. She put that aside with a gesture.

"I knew you would come if I called. I saw you go up there, and I was coming to speak to you."

He looked down at the empty pistol.

"And I was waiting for you to go," he said. Then he remembered that once he would not have put the burden of such knowledge on a woman, and the color rose under his tan.

"No—don't do that!" she said quickly, going a step nearer to him.

The pent up bitterness of his day broke out.

"Why not? Haven't I paid enough? If I drag on here twenty years more, what good will it do? If I go back and give myself up to the law, what good will that do? I have faced my punishment for ten years. I didn't even drink; I took every minute of it. Why isn't that enough?"

She looked off down the green slopes in silence, then her eyes fell on the huddled village below and she seemed to find her answer.

"This plantation is better than any of the native ones, isn't it? The trees

look larger and everything seems richer. Is it yours?"

"Yes; I know something about cultivation, and of course these people don't," he answered without interest. "One must do something." He was stung into composure by the apparent change of subject.

"And the road through your place; that was the only good one we saw," she went on. He nodded.

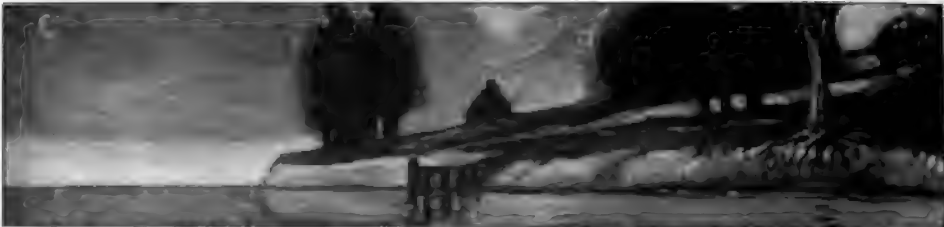
"Natives don't understand road-making," he said dully.

"Well, then, why don't you show them?" she said, pressing her hands together and paling with the effort. "Why don't you teach them to make their little farms bear more, and their homes more comfortable? You know all these things!" She broke off with a little nervous laugh. "Oh, I know I sound very preachy! But it would be more than just bearing it all; it would be giving something back to the world, and every debt we pay is just so much off our minds, isn't it?" She came closer to him in her earnestness. "Take five years and—and give them everything you know that will help them here. Make their farms as rich as yours. Then, if you still want to—"

She made a little gesture toward the pistol, and then she held out both her hands—the first white hands that had been held out to him in ten years. He let the pistol fall to the ground and, taking the hands, bent humbly over them. Neither spoke for a long moment. Then he lifted his head with a catch in his breathing.

"God bless you, forever and ever," he said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she whispered, with wet eyes.





Drawing by W. S. Rice

The Olive Industry in California

By M. E. DUDLEY

Photographs by Tibbitts

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the olive and its culture, as it is associated with the scenes of both sacred and secular ancient history. Its origin seems to be contemporary with the earliest records of the human race. The wild olive is a native of both hemispheres, and when explorers first landed they found this tree growing in Florida and the Carolinas, and gave to it the name of *Olea Americana*. The process of making oil from olives, and of preserving them in brine, was well known in ancient times, for pickled olives, retaining their characteristic flavor, have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

An almost limitless number of varieties of the olive have been brought to California from the olive-growing sections of the globe, but none has proved so valuable as the Mission. The name Mission is significant of its origin, though this tree furnishes a great many distinct types. The olive, like some other fruits, has a tendency to revert toward the wild types if propagated from seed; therefore, in these ancient orchards may be seen trees of willowy tendency, those of upright growth, and others of a decidedly dwarf habit. Some trees produce large fruit, while others, near at hand, yield berries which are

too small for pickling, and also are valueless for oil. Doubtless the seed brought from Mexico was taken from the varieties grown in Spain at that time, but many of the different types have arisen from new methods of propagation and changed climatic conditions.

California has an ideal climate for the culture of the olive, for this tree cannot bear extremes of heat or cold. It may be seen waving its gray-green plummy boughs along the slopes and mesas of the higher foothills, or thriving in perennial loveliness in the low valleys at sea-level. It thrives where other trees cannot be grown with profit. The growing of the olive for commercial purposes is yet in its infancy, but the alert orchardist is waking to the idea that it is one of the safest horticultural propositions in the state.

The Los Angeles Olive Growers' Association alone reported a yield of more than 50,000 gallons of oil for the season of 1903. It has 1,100 acres in bearing in the San Fernando valley. The pickle crop of southern California is estimated at \$75,000, and the present output of oil will yield the olive growers \$500,000 more yearly. These conservative figures show the olive industry to be already a rather lusty infant.

E. D. Neff, the manager of La Mirada ranch, reported recently that its new olive press would crush ten tons every twenty-four hours. This would give at least 300 gallons of oil a day, for olives yield from twenty-five to thirty-five gallons a ton. La Mirada ranch has over 500 acres in olives, about 125 of which are at present in bearing. Of the varieties grown here the Mission and Pendulina do best.

In the past few years large areas have been planted to the olive in this state, and statistics show that in the neighborhood of three million trees are in a flourishing condition. In California bearing olive orchards are singularly free from insect pests, with the exception of black scale, which, if allowed to breed, leaves its unsightly soot-like deposit on bole and branch and fruit. The Australian ladybird (*Rhizobius ventralis*), which has recently been imported by the State Board of Horti-

culture to combat this scale, is proving one of the best aids in its destruction which the olive grower has. The grower provides safe resting places for this insect by attaching little nests of inverted corn husks among the olive branches, where it abides, sheltered from the cold and storm of the wet months.

On account of the extreme bitterness of the fruit, even when fully ripe, it is given a wide berth by birds, which yearly destroy much of California's choicest orchard products. In the young orchards one may sometimes find a small beetle, called the borer, which leaves tiny heaps of sawdust where it has entered the heart of the growing wood. When his work is thus discovered a wire is thrust into his new abode and twisted about, and the invader is destroyed.

The olive, being a long-lived tree, does not produce fruit in paying quantities until seven or eight years old.



—olives are gathered with care that they may not be bruised



The olives are graded carefully both as to ripeness and size, and placed in separate receptacles

Therefore, many land owners, who have been desirous of quick returns from their farms, have hesitated to plant extensively to this tree; they have reserved the more fertile areas for other fruits which come earlier into bearing, crowding the olive back upon rocky slopes. This has added to the beauty of the landscape, but has not given the olive fair play; it needs water, pruning and cultivation, and repays a hundred fold for intelligent care. Olive trees when in full bearing will average two hundred and fifty gallons of berries each, annually.

The orchardist realizes that he must go to a new and untried market with his 6,000 carloads of pickles and his 2,000 carloads of oil, which the orchards now planted will furnish in the near future. He must create a demand for his products. The taste for pickles and oil is an acquired one, but as both are delicious and healthful articles of diet,

he can be fearless in forcing the gates of the world's markets.

Somewhat recently an olive grower shipped to a friend in the grocery business in the Mississippi valley, a barrel of pickled olives. The barrel was opened, and the curious onlookers at once pronounced the olives spoiled, because they were black, and they had never seen other than the green bottled commodity. Without waiting to communicate with his friend, the grocer ordered the olives thrown into the river. His disgust was small compared to that of the grower when the tidings reached him of the disposition made of his cherished gift.

The green-colored olives found in our stores are the unripe fruit prepared for market, and not a special variety, as many people suppose. They are not nearly so rich in oil, nor is the flavor as good as that of those cured when the berry is fully matured.

The olive ripens from December to May. This is an advantage, as summer fruits come on the market nearly together, and hired help is at a premium. The olive grower has an opportunity to secure his crop when day laborers are unemployed; he can thus obtain efficient help at reasonable prices.

Olives for pickling are gathered at four stages of maturity: when green, when of a reddish tinge, ripe, or dead ripe. The process for curing in either of the four conditions is practically the same. The olives are carefully graded, both as to ripeness and size, and placed in separate receptacles. There are two methods used to extract the bitter principle, namely, the water process, and the lye process. Veteran olive growers of the state use both of these methods with success.

If olives are processed by water, it requires from forty to eighty days. The olives are carefully gathered, that they may not be bruised. Some use canvas baskets, others rake them from the trees into sheets of canvas. They are then poured into shallow vats containing water, which is changed every day, or every other day for the period stated. Then they are placed in brine. The lye process is much shorter and requires but a few days to extract the bitter principle. Olive trees should be found in every family orchard. The amateur grower need not use either of the foregoing methods of curing, as they require skill, patience, and much labor. The following method is simple and gives the very best results:

Pick from one to three gallons of black olives. With a thin-bladed knife slit each olive lengthwise into a vessel containing fresh water. A five gallon kerosene can with the top removed is excellent for the purpose. You will be surprised to note how quickly you can prepare three gallons in this way. Change the water every day for two or three weeks, and when the bitter is all extracted put the fruit in water in which has been dissolved a large teacup of salt, more or less—it is a matter of taste. Olives prepared thus are delicious, and

will keep several weeks—provided the family is small.

The method of extracting olive oil is practically the same as that used two thousand years ago, except that machinery takes the place of the labor of men and animals. There are only a few olive mills in this state. One of these is located in the Ojai valley, at Nordhoff. It is equipped with the very latest machinery used for the purpose of oil manufacture. This mill stands close to the Ojai valley railroad depot, and the oil produced is of the very finest quality, and is easily transported to good markets. The thud of its machinery was a new and never-ceasing sound to the dwellers at the Ojai for some weeks, but sewer facilities were limited, and the management ran the mill only during daylight for the last two months of the campaign of that year. The capacity of the mill is four tons of olives per day, and the output of oil from the four hundred acres of olive orchard which supply it, will be in the neighborhood of 6,000 gallons.

Ordinary fifty-pound fruit boxes, which one sees in any orchard, are brought to the eastern entrance of the main building, full to the brim with glossy black olives. They look decidedly tempting, but only a novice will be so rash as to taste the bitter beauties. The olives are weighed in boxes and stacked temporarily on a broad platform at the door, whence they are carried on trucks to the fanning machine just inside the building; here leaves and other refuse are winnowed out before they are raised by an elevator to the next story, where they are placed two inches deep on shallow trays to dry. This apartment occupies the whole story, having a storage capacity of seventeen tons of the drying fruit. The olives remain here from five to fifteen days. Sliding windows, which are constantly open in fair weather, are arranged on both the north and south sides, and wooden shutters swing open on the west end of the room, thus securing abundant ventilation. It is clean and cool here, and one sits on the edge of a low pile of trays, with the

subdued noise of the machinery sounding pleasantly from the story below, and examines with interest the stacks of trays containing olives in varying stages of dryness, from the freshly spread fruit hardly an hour from the green branches, to the shriveled drupes that rattle like seed-corn as one moves them about with the hand.

Near the east end of the drying-room is a hopper six feet square, with a chute leading down to the olive-cutter in the room below. This wooden chute has two sliding doors, the space between holding a charge of olives, which is about fifty pounds. When the lower door in the chute is opened the olives slide into the cutting machine. This cutter has two large steel cylinders, which are so nicely adjusted and geared that the olives are not crushed in passing, the skin only being slightly cut. There are stationary scrapers, which remove the cut olives that may adhere to the cylinders, and two others, which place the olives in the path of these rollers. The cut olives fall into a pan below. All the receptacles for grinding, crushing and receiving the broken berries are made of metal, that they may not become rancid, for olives absorb odors readily.

The fruit taken from the cutter is next made into cheeses in shallow frames, covered with burlap, and piled one above another in two metal baskets, and the pressure applied from the bottom. Here is a hydraulic press of 150 tons force, with a capacity of one thousand pounds. The cheeses remain under pressure one and one-half hours. This removes the water from the olives and secures from six to ten per cent of virgin oil, and is termed the first pressing. When the cheeses are removed they seem dry and compact, but they have not yet yielded all their oily treasure; therefore, they are crumbled and thrown into a receiving tank, and from thence fed into the crusher, or mill, and ground for half an hour. This process breaks up the tiny cells in the olive pulp, which are stored with oil, and likewise crushes the pits. When it is ground sufficiently the pomace is again put into the press,

as before. When removed the oil is all separated from it, then it is run out by machinery to the dumping-ground outside the building, where it lies, a blue-gray mass, to be sold as hog-feed, fuel and fertilizer. It is valued for these purposes at three dollars a ton.

Back in the receiving tank in the mill stands the newly expressed crude oil. In its present state it is not inviting. The process of cleansing is begun by removing it to a washer, where it comes in contact with water, and is washed, much as one cleanses a soiled garment. From the washer it goes to the clarifier, where it deposits any sediment drawn into it from the washer. Again it is removed into settling tanks, where it remains until ready to be conveyed to the filtering room in the basement. It is two months or more after the oil is expressed from the olive before it is perfected by this last process.

Hitherto one has moved cautiously about in the mill room, for, from floor to ceiling, it is reeking with oil—although it is not the vile liquid one has always associated with that word, but pure, fresh, fragrant, directly from nature's storehouse. One steps into the elevator and, presto! he stands in a delightfully clean, attractive basement. Rows of upright, cylindrical, iron storage tanks stand spotless on one side. The floor is as clean as a table. Opposite the tanks on the farther side of the room are long, low racks holding one hundred shining glass jars. From the tanks the oil is drawn and passes through filter-paper, drop by drop, into these glistening receptacles, which hold five gallons each. Twenty-four hours are required for each gallon to make its way through this last filter.

At a table at one end of the room a man is filling bottles and cans, appropriately labeled, with the delicious product of the olive, for the market. You are permitted to sample the yellow liquid, and feel grateful accordingly. If you are very fortunate indeed, perhaps you may be invited to carry away a dainty bottle of the precious product of the olive mill.

How I Make Olive Oil

By FRANK A. KIMBALL

THE making of olive oil is not such an intricate process as it is generally understood to be, but it does require great care and cleanliness. The first consideration is that the berries must be absolutely clean, and free from leaves, stems and other foreign matter. They may be crushed and pressed immediately on being picked, but preferably they should be spread for a few days on trays made to slide into frames so that a slight shake once each day shall change the positions of the olives and thereby hasten the evaporation of water from them; or they may be spread on floors, which should not be of pine, to a depth of not more than two inches, where they must be carefully raked over, with a wooden rake, every day to prevent mold, as the slightest molding of the olives ruins the oil.

The ordinary crushing mill is a granite basin eight feet in diameter at the top, six feet at the bottom and two feet in depth, in which a granite roller about five feet in diameter and with a fourteen-inch face is made to revolve by belt and cog-wheel connection with a steam engine. But the crushing may be done by horse-power, provided it is far enough removed from the crusher to prevent the bad odors arising from the motive power being absorbed by the oil, which is a most essential condition. About 350 pounds of ripe olives are crushed at a

time, slightly at first, and the pulp is put into camel's-hair cloth bags or those made of vegetable fiber, or into wooden tubs made of narrow slats heavily circled with hinged hoops (to facilitate removal of the pressed pulp). Light pressure is applied by a long ratchet lever.

The fruit juice and oil runs from the press into a bright tin tank below, where the oil rises to the top and is drawn off through faucets, or perhaps it is skimmed off and put into bright tin tanks. This is virgin olive oil.

The pomace now is reground considerably finer and is subjected to heavier pressure than before, and the resulting oil is named virgin olive oil, second pressing; and it is kept separate from the virgin olive oil.

Now the pomace is again crushed,

much finer than before, boiling water being added during the process to facilitate the rendering (by still heavier pressure) of the remaining oil, which is denominated pure olive oil, third pressing, and is kept separate from the first and second pressings.

There is an immediate precipitation of sediment from which the oil must be drawn or dipped and put into absolutely clean bright tin tanks, and this process must be repeated several times during the following thirty to ninety days before it will be perfectly clear and bright. It is then pressed through



The ordinary crushing mill is a granite basin in which a granite roller is made to revolve

a filter made in three sections, each section being lined with several thicknesses of canton flannel and white cotton wadding in alternate layers. (The process may be hastened by filtering through druggists' filtering paper.) The oil is now ready for bottling and the market. The bottles must be clean and absolutely dry, and the corks must be free of all specks of dust.

The preceding process may be much simplified by using a steel roller crusher, which reduces the whole mass to any

degree of fineness, and one pressing renders all the oil at one time and of one kind, which may immediately be put through a "rapid fire" filter, thereby making it possible to gather, crush, press, filter, bottle, case and market the oil in twenty-four hours from the tree to the market.

There is no question that the oil produced by the first, or primitive process, is superior in quality to that which is machine made, and is the method still in use by many producers.

How Almonds are Grown

By KATHARINE A. CHANDLER

Photographs by Tibbitts

ALMOND culture in the United States, although originally the idea of the Department of Agriculture, is the result of the energy and perseverance of a Californian, A. T. Hatch. About fifty years ago the national government imported a quantity of almond seedlings and distributed them wherever the peach was thriving, it being believed that these two fruits needed the same environment. The almond trees flourished and bloomed profusely, but matured no fruit; and it was almost accepted as a fact that this nut could not be raised in the United States.

When all others were disheartened, Mr. Hatch continued his experiments on his ranch at Suisun. He found that while the imported seedlings failed to produce fruit, the seedling germinated in California matured a nut that differed from its mother stock and also varied according to the locality in which the tree was grown. From 192 varieties that he created he selected four to develop further as staple products. By forming partnerships with numerous farmers, who furnished the ground while he

supplied the trees, he was enabled to test the different climatic conditions, and to decide which localities were favorable.



ALMOND TREES IN JANUARY



IN SEPTEMBER



THE ALMOND HARVEST—WHERE IT PAYS TO BEAT ABOUT THE BUSH

He learned that almonds mature in a warm climate which is dry in summer. The more moisture they can have in growing time the plumper the nut, but when ripening approaches they need dryness. These requirements exclude from the culture many parts of California where the almond was first planted. The nut will not mature in the coast regions where the fog pours in each summer's day, nor in the colder parts of the state. The southern Sacramento valley and the northern San Joaquin are the localities where the almond thrives best, and here many growers are making it their principal crop.

In January, when all other orchards are still gaunt, the almond envelops itself in beauteous raiment of pink and white and sends off incense telegrams to early bee and jubilant lark until its domain seems the very embodiment of spring. From then until the end of May the grower lives in hourly fear

of frosts or spiders or diseases. If his crop survive all these, and it may one year out of five, he is light-hearted in his difficulty of securing hands for the harvest. Because of the lack of sufficient laborers, many of the growers use machinery for hulling and sorting the nuts.

To place their crops on the market, the growers are gradually forming themselves into associations. The missionary in the field was the Davisville Almond Growers' Association of Yolo county, formed in 1897. It achieved such good results, and so urged other vicinities to follow its example, that other district associations were organized and it is hoped that soon all the three hundred almond growers of the state will unite into a state association. Today the Davisville Association practically sets the price for almonds throughout the United States.

In 1903 California shipped to the east about 6,000,000 pounds of almonds.

In the same year the importation of this nut from Spain, France, and Italy was 9,045,783 pounds. California's number of pounds exported does not represent her full production of the nut. Within her borders certain health foods, extracts, and cosmetics are manufactured from the almond to be sold in the eastern market.

The paper-shell almonds are a Californian development originated by Mr. Hatch. The highest priced, and those of best flavor, are the Nonpareil, the I X L, the Ne Plus Ultra, and La Prima. They are generally long single nuts, of varying thickness and breadth, and without the habit the European species have of producing philopenas. The best imported nuts reach the United States already shelled, so as to save on the duty, and go direct to the confectioner rather than to the general public. The best foreign almond the public can buy is the Tarragona, a Spanish variety, with a broad kernel less sweet than some Californian species and a thick, rather soft shell.



A MODERN HUSKING BEE

Although California has given more attention to almond culture than has any one of her sister states, not nearly all her available acres are devoted to it. Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, too, have localities adapted to this nut, and they have entered into its production to a small extent. If California will put the rest of her suitable ground into this industry, we may soon harvest not only enough for our own nation, but also a surplus for our neighbors across the sea.



WHERE A SQUIRREL WOULD LIKE TO MAKE HIS WINTER QUARTERS



Drawing by Gordon Ross

Stumps

By ALBERTA BANCROFT

The oak trees grew for many years
Till they were grown up trees;
And in the valleys there were none
As beautiful as these.
And then came men and cut them down
With saw and ax and spade,
Because the orchards could not grow
Beneath the oak trees' shade.
The oak trees' wood was cut and sold,
And then was hauled away:
A pile of giant stumps is all
That's left of them today.

Those stumps are Fairy palaces;
They're caves for growling bears;
They are the Himalaya Hills,
Where Hindoos say their prayers.
And oftentimes they're floes of ice
Upon the Arctic Sea.
In short, they are just anything
That they are wished to be.
I'm sorry that the lovely trees
Were killed in such a way—
And yet, the stumps they left behind
Are beautiful for play.

A Legend of San Jacinto

By MARY A. DAVIS

Photographs by Paul M. Davis

WINTER visitors to Los Angeles and vicinity notice the magnificent snow-capped peaks to the eastward, and shudder at the thought of climbing their chilly and forbidding sides, but when summer comes their aspect changes, and the person is fortunate who can spend a month in one of these sylvan spots far above the haunts of civilization.

Each mountain has its own peculiar charm, but for majestic scenery, grassy nooks, lovely valleys and fine forests, San Jacinto is king. The eastern side is grand beyond description, but impossible of ascent, rising from the desert at sea-level almost perpendicularly to the summit, 10,987 feet. The northern side is almost as precipitous and has masses of boulders which it would be foolish to attempt to overcome. The ascent is more gradual on the south, and the western slope has a series of ridges which seem to have been expressly designed for a wagon-road. The earth is a clay formation, ideal for a roadbed, firm, hard, and with little dust. The grade is not steep in any part and the distance from Banning, the nearest Southern Pacific station, to Strawberry valley is only sixteen miles.

Ascending one of these ridges, it is only necessary to turn the head to get fine vistas of the valleys on either side, and if the day is clear, the view extends over several chains of mountains to the ocean. To the eastward lies the desert grandly magnificent in its vastness, but it is not such a dreadful monster after all, for there are numerous patches of green, showing that the soil is fertile, and only needs water to change the barren waste into productive land.

Just where the Whitewater river crosses from the opposite mountains, a

long railway train is coming up the grade into the San Gorgonio pass. It requires two engines to pull it from sea-level to Beaumont, the summit of the pass, at an altitude of 2,560 feet, and from this height you can watch it for an hour as it crawls along like a snake, past Cabazon and Banning, and is finally lost to the view in the descent from Beaumont to Colton.

The San Gorgonio pass separates Mt. San Jacinto from Mt. San Gorgonio, the latter being 730 feet higher, and the highest peak of the range. It is a long ridge of gray granite covered even in summer with numerous patches of snow, which blending in color with the granite, gives it its other and more popular name of Grayback. The long valley between these peaks lies directly below and forms a beautiful panorama of waving grain fields, villages, farm-houses and orchards. A bend in the road shows the San Jacinto valley on the other side, with several towns, and a lake shimmering in the sunlight, and in every direction a magnificent view of mountain and valley, clear skies, singing birds, noble forests and lovely bracing air. The new road passes near several stock-ranches and dairy-farms, and a valley in which there is an old deserted saw-mill makes a capital camping place.

The Indians call Mt. San Jacinto Thunder mountain, and have numerous legends of the evil spirits which are said to dwell in its rocky caverns. On the north side of the mountain near the top there is a deep fissure into which the sun never shines, which is always filled with ice and snow. This melting snow is the source of a stream called by the whites, Snow creek, but by the Indians, named Leaping water. It dashes down the steep mountainsides in many



Ascending one of the ridges • • • the view extends over several chains of mountains

cascades, and in one place takes a leap of several hundred feet. Huge granite boulders line its steep descent, and few are able to climb from the valley to this beautiful fall. Although the water is cold and pure, and grateful in this desert land, it is said to bring misfortune to those who endeavor to own it, and blood has been shed by white men in quarrels over its possession. The Indians are very superstitious about Leaping water, refusing to visit this part of the mountain, and tell a sad story of a youth and maiden who committed suicide by jumping from the rocks above the fall. Here is the story:

The Serenos were a powerful tribe occupying the San Bernardino mountains, with their chief village near the present town of Banning. They lived in peace and plenty, carefully avoiding the fierce tribes of the desert, but on friendly terms with the Coahuillas, whose homes were on the other side of Thunder mountain. Like the Serenos, the Coahuillas were a noble race, large of stature, and erect and bold in bearing,

and fearing nothing but the Great Spirit, whom they worshiped with awe and reverence. Among their religious rites was the Eagle dance, and boys were set apart at an early age, feeling honored to be removed from parents and friends to the depths of the forest, where they fasted and prayed to be delivered from all things evil, and their bodies were trained until their limbs became so supple that they could dance for hours without fatigue. Many of their young men were fine dancers, but none could equal Maskoni, the son of Wasego. The fame of his dancing soon spread to Masbeso, the chief of the Serenos, and he sent a messenger to Habano, the chief of the Coahuillas, and asked permission to visit his Coahuillan brother, to witness the dancing of this remarkable young man. Habano returned a courteous assent, and invited Masbeso and his warriors to a feast at the next full moon.

As the time approached, great preparations were made. The women ground quantities of corn, hunters were sent in

search of game, others went to the forests and cut branches and poles to make the enclosure in which the Eagle dance was to take place. A large space in the center of the village was prepared and the ground beaten hard and smooth. It was enclosed with poles into which branches were closely woven. A second circle of poles and branches was placed within the larger circle and the space between divided into rooms for their guests. Couches were made of boughs and covered with the skins of mountain lions, bears and mountain sheep.

The young men who were to take part in the ceremony had been preparing for some days, and although their guests arrived somewhat weary, there could be no feasting until the Eagle dance was over. A fire was lighted in the center of the enclosure, and an old medicine man placed upon it a pot of herbs, which simmered and bubbled as he muttered incantations. Occasionally he stopped stirring it, and chased out the dogs with a burning brand, or waved back

those who encroached too far on the circle reserved for the dancers.

Just as the moon was rising over the tree tops the young braves bounded into the circle. They were clad in skirts of foxes' tails, covered with the long, beautiful tail feathers of eagles, which were fastened at the waist by the quills to belts of rattlesnake skins. They wore caps of foxes' skins, with the long tails hanging down their backs, and around these caps were crowns of eagle feathers. The number and beauty of the feathers in their apparel indicated the skill and daring of the young braves in securing these ferocious birds from the wild and inaccessible places where they build their nests. None of the young men had so many, or so long and beautiful feathers as Maskoni, whose tall and supple figure indicated his strength and grace.

As the dancers appeared a low, weird chant was heard, sighing like the wind in the forest, at times low and sad, and at others loud and defiant, and the dancers moved in unison, bending and



SURELY HERE DO FAIRIES DWELL, AND NOT THE EVIL SPIRITS OF THE INDIAN LEGEND



A PARTY OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS ON THE TOP OF MT. SAN JACINTO, ALTITUDE 10,987 FEET

swaying in perfect time, the beautiful feathers undulating silver gray and white in the glimmering firelight. The weird chant went on and on, now faster now slower, and the dancers circled around each other in ecstasy, never touching, but always going around the fire and the crouching medicine man with his boiling pot.

The moon climbed to the zenith and began its descent on the other side; the fire burned low, and one by one the exhausted dancers dropped out of the circle, until none was left but Maskoni, and as the moon dropped out of sight, he, too, ceased and retired to his wigwam, and all became silent in the village.

For several days after the Eagle dance all was merriment and feasting. Among the maidens of the village was a beautiful girl named Monona, daughter of the great bear hunter, Shoyawi. Maskoni and Monona had grown up together from childhood, and loved each other devotedly, although their parents knew nothing of their affection. When Masbeso saw the beautiful girl, he determined to take her back to his village,

and going to her father offered to give him three of his best ponies in exchange for her, telling him that Monona should be queen in his home beyond Thunder mountain. Shoyawi was flattered but said that three ponies were not enough, and the chief agreed to give him five, and so the bargain was made. That evening Shoyawi told Monona what a fine husband he had secured for her and, although she wept and implored him not to send her away from her home and people, he remained obdurate, and said she was a foolish girl and did not know when she was well off.

Habano readily consented that his brother chief should carry away the beautiful maiden as his bride, and preparations were at once begun for the wedding feast. When Maskoni heard that he was going to lose Monona, he threw himself down in an agony of grief, but becoming calmer, went in search of her. He found the poor girl lying under a tree, speechless in her woe, and forgetting his own sorrow did all that he could to comfort her. They talked long and earnestly. At first they

thought of running away, but where could they go? To the northward was the country of Habano, to the east, the dreadful desert, and to the west and south were tribes at war with their people, who would surely force them apart and make them slaves.

They decided that if they could not live together they could die together, and they determined to slip away that night and end their lives. When all were asleep they stole softly out of the village and almost forgot their grief in the pleasure of being together. They decided to climb the steep side of Thunder mountain and throw themselves from the rocks above the fall of Leaping water. The sun had long risen

when they reached the mountain, and was just setting when they climbed the crags above the fall. They had no heart for the beautiful vista which spread before their view. The sight of the valley of the Serenos, dotted with homes, only added to their grief, and no ray of hope cheered their gloom. As the sun dropped behind the mountain they stood on the brink of the chasm and, clinging together, chanted the prayer of their people for the dying. Then with one last loving embrace, they made the fatal plunge. So it is that the Indians avoid the spot, and say that each day, as the sun sets, the dying chant of Maskoni and Monona can be heard above the roar of the falls of Leaping water.

The San Pedro Breakwater

By CHARLES FREDERIC HOLDER

Photographs by Tibbitts

STANDING on the bluff, looking at the long sinuous snake-like line that marks the San Pedro breakwater, I fancied I could see—and it did not require much imagination—the ship of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" lying in as near shore as possible; could hear the rustle and crash of hides as they were thrown down the cliffs; could see them loaded into boats and rowed out through the kelp beds, and laboriously hoisted aboard. I could see the signal

go fluttering up, recalling the men as the barometer dropped, and the ship making sail, hauling out into the channel under close-reefed topsails and perhaps a rag of a storm staysail, lying to, in the open sea until the southwester blew itself out.

This has been the experience of every large ship in later years. San Pedro was a port only in good weather. Gradually the inner harbor was developed, General Phineas Banning starting a



The rocks of granite which are being lowered to form the superstructure, weigh from eight to twenty tons

towing and freighting business unloading the large vessels and towing the freight in; and by degrees the business increased until we have the inner harbor of today, a narrow slip, yet crowded with shipping and crying aloud to be enlarged, dug out and made the fine harbor of refuge for which Nature intended it. To make this possible and afford a safe anchorage for vessels of the largest size, an outside harbor was necessary, and after many surveys, and much controversy, for and against, the government decided to build a breakwater which should be second to none, and which would afford a perfect harbor between San Francisco and San Diego—the only perfect harbors on the mainland coast between these cities six hundred miles apart.

The colossal nature of the proposition cannot be appreciated by a mere glance at the work in progress, as the long line of trestle creeping out gives but little idea of the depth of water or the enormous mass of rock necessary to the work. The plan was as follows: To erect a wall of rock out into the ocean, beginning at

a point almost two-thirds of a mile off shore near Point Firmin, that should be fourteen feet above water at low tide and eight hundred feet in length. This meant a wall sixty-four feet high, one hundred and ninety feet at the base and twenty feet across the top. The bottom to be of rough rock, the top to have a superstructure of well-smoothed rocks, laid in with regularity, but without mortar, to give the completed structure a shipshape appearance. The cost was estimated at \$3,000,000. This gigantic enterprise was begun in 1900, and when it is considered that the rock at first was brought from Santa Catalina island, twenty miles distant, by scow, and later from Chatsworth park by rail, the remarkable nature of the work can be realized. After the primary surveys were made and the rock began to come from the mainland, Captain Meyler commenced the construction of a trestle following the projecting line of the breakwater, and upon this was built a railroad so that the cars loaded with rock could run out. This double track trestle was gradually extended until today it is



The trestle was built by piles and a pile-driver is the advance guard of the work



—great cranes which seize the rocks and lift them, like huge arms, and drop them in place—an interesting spectacle

7,876 feet in length, and rock has been dumped all along this and appears at the surface for the entire distance. Captain Trefathom of the steamer *Hermosa*, which makes the port daily, informed the writer that already the breakwater made a great difference, reducing the sea over the bar. The report of the commerce for the past year shows that there has been a gain of thirty per cent in the year. During that time 879 steam vessels and 387 sailing vessels entered the harbor. The total tonnage for the year was 477,193 incoming and 425,158 outgoing; 769,404 tons of freight were entered and cleared.

This trestle was built by piles, and a pile driver is the advance guard of the work. All along the trestle are great cranes which seize the rocks and lift them, like huge arms, and drop them in place—an interesting spectacle. The work was first carried on under Captain Jadwin, of the United States Engineer Corps. He was succeeded by Major J. H. Willard, and he in turn was

succeeded by Captain C. H. McKinstry, who has the work in hand at the present time.

At the quarries a small army of men are blasting and cutting out the rock and slabs for the various purposes, loading them on cars and shipping them to the amount of two thousand tons per day, or seventy carloads in one month. During the past year 1,566,093 tons of rock have been placed in the substructure and 43,276 tons on the superstructure, making 1,609,369 tons under the contract.

In the construction of this wall, which is to give smooth water to a large area, two kinds of rock are used. That of the center is a superior quality, to give a strong vertebrae to the giant structure. On the outside another kind is employed, and small rocks are dropped into the interstices here and there, to make it solid. The superstructure is to be of the same quality as the interior, and the result will make a wall which will withstand the heaviest seas which pile in upon

the Californian coast. The rocks of granite which are now being lowered to form the superstructure weigh from eight to twenty tons. The results of this work will give San Pedro, and indirectly Los Angeles, a harbor of refuge embracing an area of one square mile, in which can float the navies of the world. It is, of course, necessary to have a harbor for commerce, and this San Pedro possesses, where the local and coastwise steamers and the lumber vessels from the north land. Plans have been devised to make this small harbor adequate to the demands upon it when, by the time the break-water is completed, the commerce will have doubled. The work in the inner harbor was authorized by the river and harbor act of March 3, 1899, and was undertaken under the late distinguished head of the department here, Captain James J. Meyler. In brief, the plan was to increase the depth of the present inner harbor to twenty-five feet at low tide, and to enlarge the area.

It is evident to any one who has glanced at the old Wilmington harbor at high tide that Nature has done everything for the harbor except depth, and that in time this large waterway will become one of the most important ports in California, and the land about it of transcendent value. Those who have watched the making of land at Oakland can readily see how this fine basin can be enlarged and deepened by building a water front or fence, and by pumping and dredging, filling up the land portion. It is estimated that the cost of this inner harbor improvement will be \$2,000,000, a small amount when the value of the harbor to the shipping world is realized. The work is not to be done at once, but by sections, which will be available as finished. When completed we shall have a channel from Dead Man's island four hundred feet wide and a mile long. At the upper end, the inner harbor, two thirds of a mile across, will be dredged to a mean depth of thirty feet, for



—the long line of trestle creeping out

turning purposes, and ultimately will become a great harbor, as suggested.

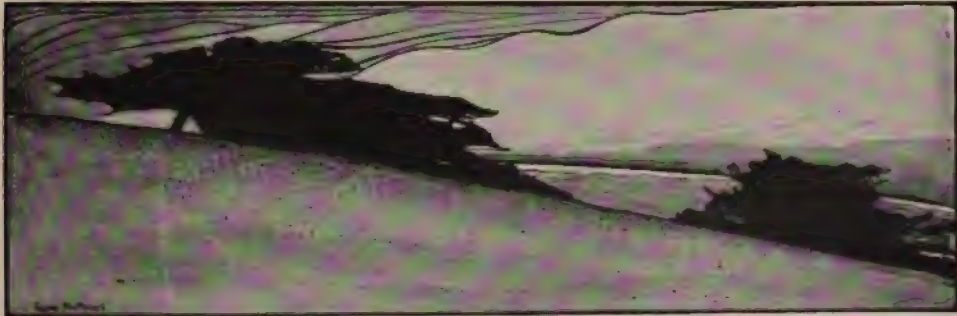
The plan also includes extending the present jetty and dredging the channel. This inner harbor, owing to the rapid development of commerce here, will doubtless be completed much sooner than was anticipated, and will be adequate for the demands upon it, and in years to come will be provided with a dry dock and other facilities required. Its area is estimated at twelve hundred acres, and with a depth of twenty feet it will float the commerce of the region for time to come. The progress of the work will be as follows: First the entrance at Dead Man's island will be dredged to twenty-five feet and the portion at the wharves to a depth of twenty-four feet, to be followed by a sixteen-hundred-foot turning basin with a depth of twenty-four feet.

To accomplish this initial work it is estimated that three years will be required and about half a million dollars will be expended. Already the town of San Pedro is feeling the results of this work, in the increase of commerce. The town is growing. The government will estab-

lish a post here in the near future, and what has long been a small town will take on the importance of a city.

A glance at San Pedro any day will show the little harbor filled to the danger point with vessels, often crowding the line of wharves; and a study of the arrivals in the course of a month would demonstrate that even if the improvements were to cost twenty millions, commerce at San Pedro would justify it. In lumber alone the showing at this port is interesting. The report of the commerce for the past year shows that 362,519,101 feet of lumber were handled.

San Pedro has grown rapidly during the past year, the stimulation of commerce being felt in all directions. It now has connection with Los Angeles by three roads, the last being the new Huntington electric which makes a rapid run between the city and the harbor. Incoming vessels in the early spring and winter do not have to watch the barometer today. They sail in and come to anchor where Dana's ship rounded to, but now in perfect safety behind the long wall of rock which makes the water of the bay as smooth as a mill pond.



Drawing by Lucia Mathews

A Morning Song

By ELWYN HOFFMAN

Once more the sable Night takes wings
And seeks her cryptic cell,
And her last filmy vaporings
The sun's keen beams dispel.

Up, lark, and stretch thy tuneful throat,
Sweet robin, pitch thy song.
'Tis joy that makes the day seem short;
'Tis grief that makes it long.

BETWEEN TWO RIVERS

BY MARGUERITE STABLER



HEADING GRAIN, THE CALIFORNIAN METHOD OF HARVESTING

A Description of Sutter County, California

Photographs by Mrs. C. H. Smith

IT was a lordly estate that General Sutter sought from the Mexican government. In the early records we read the terms of his claim as follows: "A tract of land called New Helvetia containing eleven square leagues, and a surplus of land lying within said Rancho, said surplus being in extent twenty-two square leagues. Said claim being founded on a Mexican grant to the petition for the said eleven square leagues made in 1841 by Juan B. Alvarado, then Commandant General of the Californias. And another Mexican grant to the petition of John A Sutter Jr. for the aforesaid surplus of twenty-two square leagues made in 1845."

The claim to the surplus, or Sobrante grant, was not confirmed by Alvarado's successor, Manuel Micheltorena, but the eleven square leagues on the American, Sacramento, and Feather rivers were long the freehold of the Sutter family. Where the doughty old general planted his pioneer vine and fig-tree is now a part of the great northern citrus belt, and where his long-horned cattle roamed from the river to the hills, barbed-wire fences mark the possessions of his

numerous successors. Here the broad acres of Sutter county lie fifty miles north and south, with an average width of twenty-five miles, and here exists the unique condition of palm and orange trees flourishing with the pine. With a mild salubrious climate ranging between 100 degrees above zero in summer and 30 degrees above zero in winter, we find a modern type of the ancient Avalon,

Where falls not hail or rain or any snow
Now ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard
lawns;

Although, unlike the legendary Avalon, this is a present possibility and not the reward of a hazy hereafter; and while we name the four seasons in our calendar we have in reality but two—spring and summer. For the late Indian summer days last until the first rains in October, and with their first faint patter upon the dry earth the grasses begin to cut the mold with their tiny green blades, the meadow-larks and linnets return, the first wild-flowers begin to appear along the roadsides and in the unplowed fields, and California's midwinter-spring is here.

However, it is not the gold of the buttereups and poppies that constitutes Sutter county's wealth. It is the six hundred square miles of arable land with its deep, rich soil, the immense herds that pasture on its tule lands and hillsides, the undeveloped possibilities of the Sutter buttes with their traces of gold, coal and oil deposits, and its enterprising factories, that place Sutter among the most prosperous counties in the state.

The great, rolling Sacramento river marks the county's entire western line, while the Feather and Bear rivers cut through its length, giving an abundant water supply and providing steamboat navigation from two sources. So, although this county has been able to sustain its fame for productiveness without recourse to irrigation, no county in the state can draw upon a greater water supply. The Butte County Canal Company has recently made a survey for an irrigation ditch to traverse Butte and Sutter counties which will afford an inexpensive and ample supply for two thirds of the county. It is these conditions, together with the abundant rainfall, averaging almost twenty inches to the season, that clinch the boast of the Sutter county farmer that a drouth or crop-failure is about the only thing this county can not produce.

The river and slough lands, with their rich, black, loamy soil, produce almost any crop of the temperate or semi-tropic zones, and the growing of vegetables promises to be a great industry. Already this vicinity is noted for its melons, potatoes, beans, tomatoes, and sweet-potatoes, and berries of almost every known variety are shipped to the eastern markets in car-lots. The bean industry, although now in its infancy, makes a special claim for attention, a large area of the tule lands being especially adapted to the growing of this profitable commodity. This tract is free from alkali and is adapted to bean-raising by the constant accession of silt and light soil from Butte creek and other streams. There are thousands of acres of such lands in this district, and the average gross yield is estimated at from sixty to

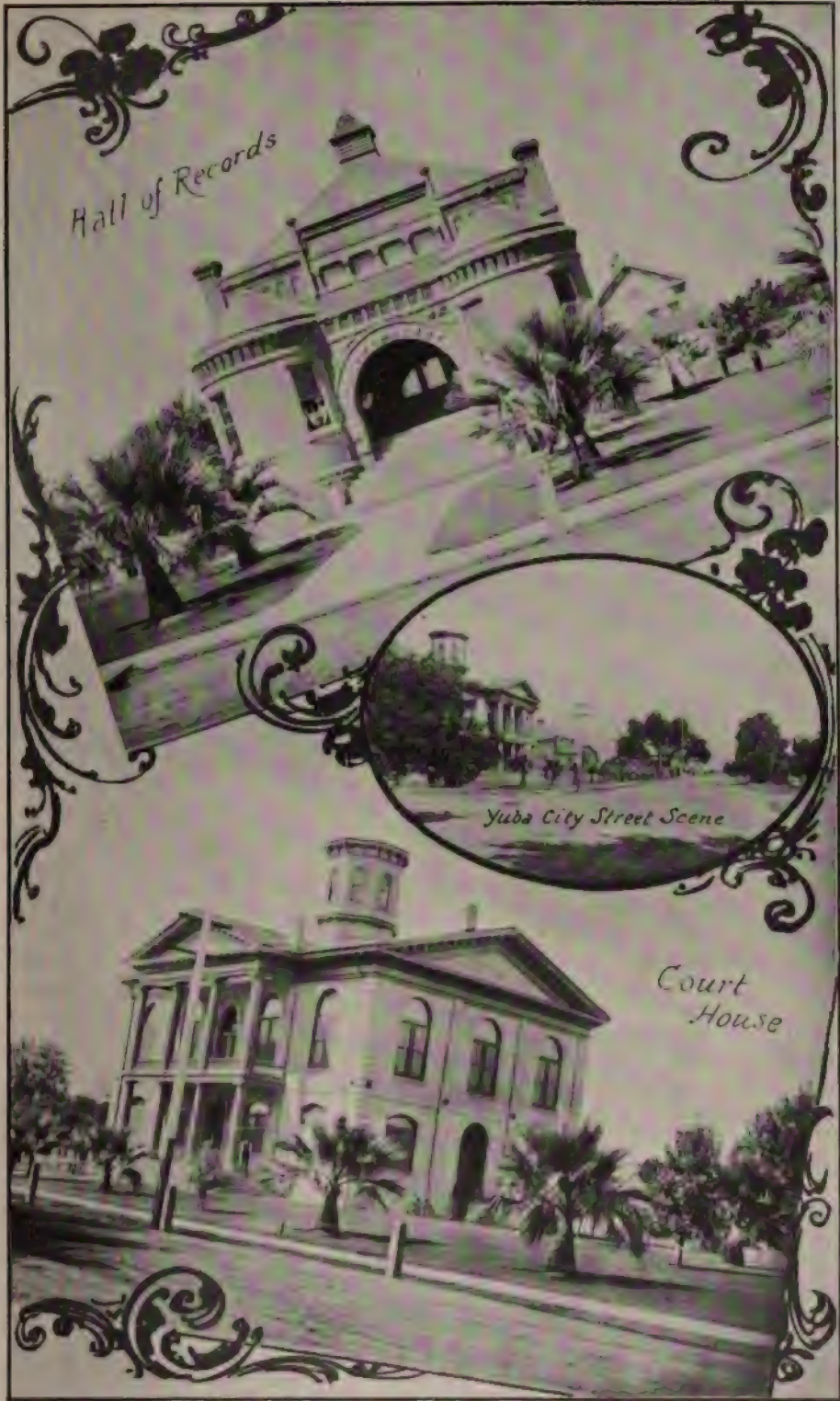
a hundred dollars an acre. Beans make money as well as brains.

The higher lands away from the river are sandy loams running into clay soils which make strong grain and fruit lands. While all varieties of deciduous and citrus fruits are grown successfully, the most popular product is the peach. Two large canneries and an extensive dried-fruit packing-house are taxed to their utmost capacity to handle the prolific peach output. Hundreds of men, women and children flock to this center from the outlying districts during the summer months, making the cannery environs, for the time, a bustling industrial community. Then, as the rush of handling the fruit crop wanes, the hop crop comes, and the tide of harvesting humanity drifts down to the hop districts. And so one product follows another in such quick succession that there scarcely is a time when some crop is not being gathered. After the stone-fruit and grain crops are harvested the figs are gathered and dried; when the walnut and almond crops are gathered, hulled and assorted for shipping, the olives are turning and are in condition for their pickling process. With the first frosts the oranges, lemons and pomelos begin to take on their golden hues and ripen for an early market, and the last oranges are not many weeks out of the way before early cherries and berries are coming in for their turn. Thus from season to season and harvest to harvest the life of the Sutter county farmer runs, with never a snow-storm, a blizzard, or a water-famine, and the jingle of the guinea grows louder every year.

But the farmer is not the only favored one in this part of the valley. As has been said, before crops of any kind were raised here these wide-reaching plains were covered with vast herds of grazing stock from the river to the buttes, which miniature mountain range is a rich and never-failing winter pasture for thousands of cattle and sheep. When the insistent suns of the dry season begin to parch the grass, and the streams murmur lower and fainter in their rocky beds until they are no more, the wise



IN SHADY NOOKS AND BY PLEASANT WATERS



SOME PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF YUBA CITY, COUNTY-SEAT OF BUTTER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA



ENOUGH HOPS ARE GROWN IN SUTTER COUNTY TO LEAVEN BREAD FOR THE NATION

old bell-wether is not in the least dismayed. The same sun that has been searing his hill-pasture has been drying up the overflowed tule districts, where within a few miles he finds a fresh summer range that lasts until the early autumn rains bring out the winter grass. As a consequence, one never sees a wild-eyed, famine stricken herd; the wool grown here is always thick and fine, and the creameries and dairies are second to none in the world. The advent of the creameries in this section has induced the growing of much alfalfa which has in all cases proved a most profitable venture. On river land alfalfa will produce from five to six crops annually, averaging from one to one and a half tons each to the acre while at the same time affording unlimited green feed. Even on the high lands, which a few years ago were not considered alfalfa land, three crops of this valuable hay

are cut yearly. The immense acreage of Sutter county land for alfalfa will make the output of butter and cheese one of the leading industries of the county within the next few years.

But all the new industries and enterprises that make their way into this section can never usurp the place of the grain-growing industry. The first crops taken off Sutter's virgin soil were the waving golden sheaves, and grain always has been and always will be a leading feature of the county. With its miles upon miles of level, fertile land stretching away to a vanishing point, several thousand acres often constituting one field, the great combined harvesters can be employed to the best advantage.

The means of transportation from and into Sutter county are ample. One main trunk line and one branch line of railroad traverse its length. These trains furnish to a majority of the county eight

daily mails, with excellent passenger and freight service. Nearly all the towns and shipping points have either railway or water communication with the larger marts, and some of them have both. As has already been said, the Sacramento river, the largest in the state, runs the western length of the county. It is navigable for the largest inland steamers and is the thoroughfare for many commodious trading boats. The upward trip carries the useful commodities for the house and farm while the down trip is freighted with products of the soil.

The assessed valuation of Sutter county's property is between seven and ten millions and the county is entirely free from debt. These figures are a convincing commentary upon the county's financial condition and its laws; unique among which is its stand on the temperance question. Something like ten years ago the Board of Supervisors, acting under the general local option laws of the state, and with the assistance of a few earnest outside workers, passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of intoxicants within its borders. Thus the demoralizing liquor traffic in Sutter county has ceased either as an issue or as a fact. As a natural sequence to this state of affairs the county jail is usually without inmates and the expense to the county for criminal prosecutions has been reduced to a minimum.

The residents of this county are a progressive, thrifty, law-abiding people. A high school and forty grammar schools attest the interest the citizens feel in matters educational, and the thirteen hundred children enrolled in daily

attendance show the result. No agricultural section of the United States can show finer homes than are to be found here, some of the residences costing from ten to fifteen thousand dollars each. Almost every farm has a windmill or electric power for water, while electric lights and telephones are almost as general miles from town as in the city.

The principal point of handling the output of the soil, curing and packing the fruit and marketing the other products, is Yuba City, a common railway shipping point. This town is favorably located on the Feather river near its confluence with the Yuba; it is at the head of navigation of these two rivers, contains about sixteen hundred inhabitants and is the county-seat. It has two churches, a fine modern school-house, two newspapers and is well built and substantial. Other flourishing hamlets dot the green meadows at various points, all full of intelligent, enterprising citizens who are confidently looking forward to a larger life for northern California.

The highest and best recommendation for this part of the state is that its attractions bear the closest investigation. Aside from the natural advantages for earning a livelihood for both landed proprietor and wage-earner, the beauty that embellishes it is by no means least among its attractions. And while it is a simple pastoral beauty, its boundless sweep of rolling plain, wide reaches of sky-line and soft purple haze over distant mountain range or snow-clad peaks, bring with them the repose of a benediction. Either in the golden affluence



—the Sutter buttes with their traces of gold, coal and oil

of the harvest season or the vernal promise of the later fulfilment, the understanding heart and eye are made "glad with the fulness thereof." When the whole valley shimmers in a shower of dainty pink and white blossoms, or rustles in its fresh spring foliage "when all the world stands in a mist of green," or when the trees bend low with their golden fruit and the purple clusters hang thick upon the vines, the traveler who sees it all for the first time cannot but feel that he at length has been permitted to enter the promised land.

People living now in cold eastern climates who, through the screech of the blizzard or the howl of the tornado, dream of a land of peace and plenty,

are nearer than they dare to hope to the realization of their dreams if they will only turn their faces westward. Young men whose pulses bound with ambition and whose brains teem with hopes of future successes may find unlimited fields for their energies and powers in the possibilities of the Golden State. Invalids who catch greedily at the few pale wintry rays of sunshine where the mercury stands all winter below zero, may find here a land of health and vigor where the January sun pours down a penetrating and invigorating warmth; and dreamers may discover that the road to their castles in Spain lies along the fertile banks of the rolling Sacramento river.

He Lead Me On

By ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

I hab wandered far an' de way am rough,
 But hit sholy lead me on;
 De paf ob de worl' am bleak an' tough,
 But hit sholy lead me on;
 It lead me on by de pastures green,
 Wiv de silvah threads ob de brooks ertween,
 An' I know hit's so, foh mah soul hab seen
 Dat hit sholy lead me on.

It lead me on whah mah Lawd'll say—
 Hit sholy lead me on—
 "Come heah, po' chile dat hab gone erstray"—
 Yes, hit sholy lead me on—
 "I knows dat de way was hahd an' bleak,
 An' I seen de teahs dat hab wet yo' cheek,
 An' I knows de grief dat yo' lips can't speak"—
 Oh, hit sholy lead me on.

Den I'll lay my head on de deah Lawd's breast,
 For He sholy lead me on,
 An' I'll know His lub, an' I'll know His rest,
 Whah His han' hab led me on;
 An' I'll stan' by His side at de open do'
 An' de rain of my teahs won' fall no mo',
 When de em'rald fiel's am spread befo',
 Whah de Lawd hab led me on.

The Temptation of Antonita

By
Belle H. Kant.



Drawings by Xavier Martinez

SHE had finished making the bed, the window-seat pillows were plumped to the requisite roundness, the water jug had been freshly filled and the shades drawn, yet Antonita lingered in Mrs. Johnson's boarder's room. For the room, with its cluster of Castilian roses set just where a sunbeam finger could lay its golden touch on their yellow hearts, its shelf of well-thumbed volumes, its prints and sketches ranged about the wall, was a pleasant place to loiter in.

But it was not these things which kept Mrs. Johnson's servant-girl from her work. Midst a tangle of ribbon and thread in the boarder's none too tidy work-basket clung a rhinestone bracelet, relic of the Turkish bazaar at the Chicago World's Fair. She moved the basket back and forth, watching the smoke-blue of the heavy button-like jewels change in the brighter light to a yellow-brown with glints of pink beneath, and then, in the shadow, back to blue again.

"If Rosalia could only walk here, so that I might show it to her! My little sister of the shriveled leg! Surely beautiful things like this were made for the pleasure of such as she, my darling, my little white saint. She cannot see the waters of Monterey bay change from the gray of the early morning to the

blue of mid day and then darken to the purple of the evening, even as do these so precious jewels when I move them into the shadow."

She loosened the bracelet from its entanglements and dangled it in the sunlight. Suddenly her face flushed to a deep terra-cotta hue beneath its muddy brown skin, and she looked stealthily over her shoulder. Far below stairs Mrs. Johnson's heavy step was audible. The boarder's print of the Mona Lisa on the wall above her head caught Antonita's shifting glance. It smiled on her sardonically, the knowing, scornful, contemptuous smile she had seen so often on white faces when a Mexican thief was hauled before them. She dropped the bracelet hastily into the basket and clattered out of the room.

The next morning the boarder was still there when Antonita arrived to do the chamber work. She was a pretty blonde girl. As she sat curled up in a heap on the window-seat overlooking the bay, Antonita noted every detail of her dress. The crippled Rosalia at home must be told of the tiny slippers double-strapped over the high instep, the white web-like shawl, the soft lace-trimmed dressing jacket, and the boarder's purple eyes. Feeling Antonita's gaze upon her the boarder turned and smiled good-naturedly.



Slowly, unwillingly, Antonita drew nearer the basket

"Your name is Antonita, is it not? I thought I heard Mrs. Johnson call you so last night. And you have lived all your life in Monterey—in one of the dear old adobe houses, Mrs. Johnson said?"

Antonita nodded. Her loose lips parted in an attempt at a smile.

"Would you please pass me that portfolio on the table behind you?" The boarder closed the book that she held. "No, not that with the monogram; the

black leather one with the silver corners. Thank you, Antonita."

Her tongue lingered pleasantly over the Spanish name, and Antonita could have kissed her dainty slippered feet for the kindness in her tone.

However, the next morning, when, with sun-touched seductive beams the bracelet again lured from the basket, though Antonita called herself an ingrate, though she winced as she thought of what the gold-haired lady

would say, would think of her; yet, with the picture of the suffering Rosalia as she had seen her the evening before, stretched out on an old wooden bench in the duskiest corner of the candle-lit room, with the chill of the adobe house making her shiver beneath her scanty covering, Antonita caught up the bracelet and slipped it within her blouse. At least this should serve as a compensation for the many miseries that Rosalia endured. And, assuming her Indian stolidity, Antonita determined to lie and lie and lie again when Mrs. Johnson should ask her of the whereabouts of the bracelet.

Above her the Mona Lisa smiled hatefully. Before it Antonita cringed and the black coward blood of her ancestors goaded her with the desire to run far away with the treasure and hide. But if she did Rosalia would get no more of the meat and wine that came from the wages which Mrs. Johnson paid to Antonita, and even the cripple's share of the *frijoles* and *tortillas* would be smaller. Lowering her eyes as she passed before the accusing picture, Antonita went on with her work in the room, and she felt at the bracelet in her blouse with absolving thoughts as she anticipated the pleasure it would bring to Rosalia.

The bells from San Carlos Mission pealed far across the valley. It was Ascension Thursday, Antonita remembered, and the Padre Rico who had been for so long ill in the hospital was to speak once more to his children. He had

promised to visit Rosalia now that he was back in Monterey, and he was to hear Antonita in confession this very night. She would have to tell him of the bracelet!

It stung her now as it tapped against her breast when she bent to dust the boarder's dressing table. Each touch of the cold jewels were as the devil's fingertips upon her. She was an ingrate, a perjurer, a thief! She could almost hear Father Rico calling her so.

Outside the bells had stopped. The warm stillness of a summer morning was settling over Monterey. Slowly, unwillingly, Antonita drew nearer the basket. At last, not looking, she dropped the bracelet into it. Then she turned and fled miserably to the unwashed breakfast dishes.

When she went to the boarder's room that evening to carry up the mail, the fair-haired lady was sitting couched among the pillows of the window-seat. She was sewing on a lavender silk scarf, but she turned smilingly to greet the girl.

"Oh, Antonita, I'm so glad you've come. I was so comfortable I couldn't bear to move. And I needed my scissors and the white silk thread. Will you bring me the basket from that corner bracket? Thank you. Oh, Antonita,— wait a moment! Here is something that perhaps you'd like. I'm always asking favors of you, so I must give you something to prove I have appreciated your services."

And she handed Antonita the bracelet.



Through Western Eyes

Notes of a Trip to Chicago, New York and Washington, and the St. Louis Exposition

By GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH

Photographs by Harold Fitch

MANY Californians will visit the east this fall, largely to see the World's Fair at St. Louis, but incidentally to refresh their memories of the leading eastern cities and to note the changes made by the years. That this pilgrimage will be large is indicated by the falling off in visitors at all the leading summer resorts. Scarcely a single California summer resort but has suffered severely from this diversion of the usual tide of seekers after recreation. Thus far the number of Californians who have visited the St. Louis Exposition is not large, mainly because of natural fear of the fierce summer heat of the Missouri metropolis; but both October and November are expected to witness a regular hegira from this coast, as then comes the Indian summer, most charming of seasons along the Great Father of Waters. That this dread of midsummer heat is not without good cause will be the testimony of all Californians who were in St. Louis during July or August. The energy needed to make any adequate study of the great fair is sadly diminished by the sultry heat. Courage and resolution are required to apply oneself to the serious work of sight-seeing for six or eight hours a day, when the mercury ranges in the eighties, and the humidity is so great that the ordinary exertion of walking keeps the skin bathed in perspiration. Had the managers of the fair shown the foresight to establish two or three large swimming tanks or even a few places where good shower baths could be enjoyed, the strain of sight-seeing for all western people would have been greatly lessened. But there are no such necessities for reducing bodily heat, and

one is forced to be content with an occasional wash in the lavatories. As there is so much space not utilized at St. Louis, it seems a pity that some provision was not made for baths, not only because of the refreshment it would give visitors, but because of the failure to utilize a great revenue-producing feature.

Eleven years had passed since I had seen the chief eastern cities. In that time the changes in most of them were fully as marked as the changes that have transformed San Francisco in the last decade. The journey was made with my son, and we traveled with light baggage and with an eye single to comfort and enjoyment, combined with the largest amount of sight-seeing in a limited time. The overland journey has been shorn of much of its old-time tedium. We traveled by the old route—the Central and Union Pacific and the Chicago and Northwestern—to Chicago. The train service was admirable, everything was on time, and the trip was made enjoyable by the fact that heavy showers every night laid the alkali dust and thus robbed the Nevada and Wyoming plains of their chief terror. The service on the Northwestern was especially fine, as on an ordinary express train a buffet car was provided, with two desks for writing, a small library with all the magazines and illustrated papers, and powerful lights which made reading at night a luxury. What impressed me most forcibly along this old overland trail, which the pioneers followed with their ox-teams and their huge canvas-covered "prairie schooners," was the development of the small towns and the settlement of the farming country.

The magic touch of irrigation had transformed deserts and they blossomed as few roses do. All through Nevada there were signs of a great awakening, and in Nebraska large government irrigation works were being carried on. We met a number of young professors from the Iowa Agricultural College who had spent several days inspecting this irrigation work, with the purpose of introducing the same system in their own state and thus guarding against the dangers of drouth.

Omaha, which used to be a straggling, overgrown prairie town, is now a real city, with handsome business streets and many fine homes. It boasts of one of the most beautiful railroad passenger depots in the country. Chicago impressed me much as it did during the World's Fair year. There is the same feverish rush in the business district and the same rapid change from splendid palaces to squalid hovels. But the city seems to have entered upon a period of substantial growth, with no element of fictitious boom in it. The business and manufacturing districts give evidence of enormous trade and the great railroad yards are a revelation to one who has not been a daily witness to the perfection of modern American railway methods in the handling of a stupendous traffic without friction or confusion. As great as the impression made by the railways was the effect of the massing of banking wealth in Chicago in the radius of a few blocks. Here were superbly decorated palaces controlling millions of capital and handling an appalling mass of business with the ease of well-oiled machinery. One great bank, the First National, which already occupied the lower floor of a sky-scraper facing one half of a city block, was building a fourteen-story addition which would give it a main banking room a full block long, lighted from above and without an equal in the world. And this building, the steel framework of which was not fully covered with stone, will be ready for occupancy by November 1st. An army of men was working on it and if any delays occurred the contractor would put on three shifts of eight hours each so



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.



AMERICAN FALLS, NIAGARA



MONTGOMERY WARD & CO'S TOWER, CHICAGO

that work would follow the round of the clock. A glimpse of the wheat pit, which Frank Norris made famous in his last novel, is now one of the regular features of the tourist's itinerary, but on the day that we were there only spasms of mild excitement disturbed the knots of men buying and selling wheat and other grain. Here also was noted the perfection of the system for despatching business without delay or hindrance.

Perhaps the one view which gives the most powerful impression of Chicago's mass of sky-scrappers is that gained from the top of the Masonic Temple or from the tower of Montgomery Ward & Company's new building. Over three hundred feet above the pavement, these points of vantage permit one to look down on scores of huge buildings with row on row of windows. From the roofs spurted jets of steam, the visible sign of the elevator systems; each building houses hundreds of workers, and when the business day ends at five o'clock the narrow streets are choked with the home-going thousands, as a narrow mountain canyon is suddenly filled by a cloudburst with rushing waters. The business streets of Chicago are neither clean nor well-kept; but the great uptown avenues, like the Lake Shore drive, will compare favorably with the best residence streets in any American city. Here are real homes, upon which great wealth has been lavished, and something of the same spirit that prompted their ornamentation is seen in the art galleries and the museums of Chicago, which promise to rival those of New York in a few years. The Chicago pride in size, finish, and completeness is seen on every hand. It is the essence of real Americanism, and where it has reached the limit of material development and has free play in the field of the fine arts, it promises some results that will astonish the more conservative east.

Those who have not seen Niagara Falls should not fail to visit this great natural curiosity when going from Chicago to New York. A stop of one day at Buffalo permits the tourist to see every-

thing at the falls and to get a good idea of the city which witnessed the rise of Grover Cleveland and which possesses some of the handsomest homes in the country. An hour's ride by electric car takes one to the falls. There the visitor, returning after long absence, will find many changes and some improvements. The conversion of the American front into a park has removed many old nuisances, but the Canadian side is still disfigured with huge advertisements that set one's teeth on edge. Every arrangement has been made for seeing the falls with economy of time and fatigue, one of the best of the new features being the electric railroad along the river banks, which allows one to see the whirlpool rapids at close range—a spectacle second only to that of the falls themselves. Of the falls, no language can adequately depict the impression of majestic, resistless power that they give. Familiarity only adds to the sense of the beauty and the sublimity of the great cataract. Once I spent three months at Niagara, only to feel at the end that the falls appealed more strongly to my imagination than when I first saw them.

From Buffalo our course ran over the splendid New York Central road to Albany and from Albany by the day boat down the Hudson. This river trip is enjoyable if one can spare the time, as many historic points may be seen and the panorama unfolded is one of the most beautiful in the country. The approach to New York city by water is also impressive, as the steamer passes the splendid Riverside drive, with Grant's tomb as the most striking feature.

A whole week was devoted to New York and this time was not found sufficient for seeing all the noteworthy things in this greatest and most interesting city of the new world. The stereotyped features that form part of the routine of every tourist are easily seen, but we were interested in the great east side city of workers who, despite all that has been accomplished in tenement house reform, are still denied the simple heritage of light and air and the rudiments of privacy and cleanliness. No words can do justice to the swarming thousands

in these tenement streets—to their animal condition of life, with its squalor and its lack of decency, which would disgust any wholesome beast. But above everything else in this disgrace to civilization linger in the memory the haunting faces of the little children—poor, undersized, underfed, gaunt caricatures of happy, healthy childhood, with hollow, wistful eyes, pale, cadaverous cheeks and an utter lack of life and laughter that makes the heart ache. Children of tender years, clad only in a coarse shirt, sat on the curb-stone and paddled their dirty feet in the filthy water of the gutter. Others played on the sidewalk, oblivious of the crowds, true progeny of the streets, with small chance of any honest future for the boys and no chance at all for the girls. On Sunday night we visited the Hebrew quarter where more than 100,000 Polish and Russian Jews make their home. For blocks on Essex street one heard nothing but Yiddish; even the newsboys were crying the name of a Yiddish paper; not a word of English to let one know that he was in an American city. Both sides of the street were lined with push-carts, filled with every conceivable kind of goods, and the passing crowds chattered with the excited gesticulating merchants and bought food, clothing, fruit, cheap jewelry and all manner of Yankee notions. The hot breathless air reeked with the odors of perspiring unwashed bodies; on the fire escapes, cellar railings, and even on the steps of houses and stores, naked children lay sleeping; women held receptions on their doorsteps, and all drank beer and ate fruit, while in neighboring sweat shops men were pressing steaming clothes with hot irons, or running sewing machines with the tireless energy of the Chinese workman. Later in the early morning when the street market was closed and the crowds had gone to the dens they call homes, the passer-by was forced to pick his way carefully along the sidewalk or take to the street to avoid the forms of sleeping men and boys, who chose this hard bed on the flagstones to escape the sweltering heat of the inner rooms. Few New Yorkers know of the misery and squalor



BATTERY PARK, NEW YORK CITY, SHOWING HUGE OFFICE BUILDINGS



EAST RIVER FERRIES, NEW YORK



ROW OF CHICAGO SKY-SCRAPERS

of the east side; their eyes are blinded to these shames of the great city by the glittering palaces of upper Broadway, the barbaric display of wealth and lavish expenditure that is thrust upon one on every hand.

Yet, on the other side, New York is rich in museums, picture galleries, historical buildings, great municipal works, charities, and institutions that are world-wide in their beneficence. Its skyscrapers are the tallest, its business places the largest, its streets the most brilliant, its crowds the most picturesque to be seen in this country. In a word it is the city of superlatives; it stands in a class by itself. Much as one is impressed by the stately row of huge towering office buildings in lower New York, the imagination is more daunted by the colossal apartment houses that have risen during the last few years around Central Park. A type of these great human bee-hives is the Ansonia apartment house, covering an entire block, housing 3,600 people—a city in itself, which requires the constant services of two carriers to gather and deliver the mail for this one building. Lots which I recall twenty-five years ago as high rocky bluffs, crowned with the picturesque shanties of squatters, are now graded to the street level and covered with huge and costly apartment houses. New York is growing faster than any other city in the country, but its enormous size makes this growth scarcely perceptible, save to one who returns after a lapse of years.

Fresh from the comparative comfort of San Francisco, where even the day laborers look wholesome and well fed, New York impressed me as a place where the rich had grown richer and the poor poorer in the last ten years. The great middle class appeared submerged, crowded out of city life and forced to make their homes in Brooklyn or New Jersey towns. There seemed no middle ground between the palaces of millionaires and the tenements of the east-side dweller. Business houses have usurped the quiet streets that were once lined with modest homes, whose occupants have either moved to suburban towns or

have lost their identity in huge apartment houses. The very poor will remain poor all their lives if they cling to New York; for them there is no future. Yet most of these people get a strange satisfaction from living in the largest city on this continent. They brag of the city's wealth, size, and beauty, as though some of its splendor was reflected on them, even in the lowest depth of their squalor and poverty. Another trait was noteworthy: the absolute lack of consideration shown by street crowds for the weak and helpless. In the fearful massing of thousands at the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge in what are called the "rush hours" no heed is given to the safety of women and children. The same brutal disregard of the weak is shown at the street-crossings and on the street cars. Apparently the struggle to reach home in time has become so fierce that men have grown callous to all the ordinary rudiments of courtesy and helpfulness to the weak and the aged.

After the strenuous rush of New York, Washington seems like a quiet village. With its broad avenues, its many street parks, its fine memorial statues, its impressive national buildings, it surpasses all other American cities in dignity and picturesqueness. The capitol is striking from whatever direction one may view it; the Congressional library is the most beautiful building in the country both in its architecture and in its sumptuous interior decorations, which are rich but all in keeping. The foremost American artists have joined hands in decorating this noble home of the greatest American library. Next to the library in impressiveness comes the Washington monument, which dominates every view in the city. Rich and varied are the collections in the departments of government and in the numerous museums; but the work of sight-seeing is made difficult for the ordinary tourist by the rules, which admit visitors to most of the departments only from ten o'clock until two in the afternoon. So it behooves one who has little time to dispense with the usual lunch and to devote these five hours to sight-seeing, for only in this way is it possible to see the city.

St. Louis and the exposition marked the end of this pilgrimage to American cities. Of the fair itself there is little room here to speak, but comparison with the Chicago fair naturally comes first in one's mind. The grounds are more spacious, the buildings larger, the exhibits more numerous and some of them better arranged, but in the main the Chicago fair showed a finer general design. The best feature of the St. Louis Fair is the grouping of all allied subjects under one main head and the display of the processes of manufacture in many departments. This makes the fair an admirable place for study both for those interested in the practical and the artistic side of life. Probably never before was so rich and varied an exhibit of the applied arts as may be seen in the displays of the leading European nations.

On "The Pike," that famous amusement avenue, Hagenback's animal show, the naval display, and the voyage to the North Pole are the three that seemed to me to be most worth one's attention. Outside of the Pike are two big shows worth study. They are the Boer War, which is as full of excitement and good horsemanship as Buffalo Bill's old Wild West show, and the Philippine village. The Boers made a fine showing in their mimic warfare, but it rasped one's nerves to see old Cronje going through the details of his surrender. He neither looked nor acted like the typical Boer, who was well represented by one-armed General Viljoen, with patriarchal beard and a seat in the saddle that was not surpassed by any of the younger men. It was impossible to conceive De Wet or Delarey in the role of Cronje at this show. The Philippine exhibit is very interesting, but it will not give the American people a very good impression of the Filipinos. Both the half-civilized Moros and the savage Igorrotes impress one as low in the scale of intelligence and morals. They seem far below the Chinese in cleanliness and industry. The Malay strain in their blood makes them sullen and suspicious. Upon me they left an evil impression, as of a people so alien in blood, temper and life



CALIFORNIA BUILDING, ST. LOUIS FAIR



MORO NATIVES IN THE FILIPINO VILLAGE



THE SAN FRANCISCO BUILDING

that they could never come into very close touch with Americans.

It is gratifying to a Californian to see the display made by his state at the St. Louis Fair. In the horticultural building it is no exaggeration to say that the display of the California counties is in a class by itself. There is no parallel for the exhibit of oranges, lemons, apricots, raisins, and other products of which the state has a practical monopoly; but it is a marvel to find that even in apples—the main fruit of a score of eastern states—California bids fair to take the palm for the variety and perfection of this standard fruit. In the agricultural building California makes a great impression upon visitors by the lavish display of products. In mining the exhibit was inferior and incomplete when I saw it, fully one quarter of the space being monopolized by borax, which is a product that should have been content with a modest corner; the big mining counties made no adequate display of their wealth. The California building has become famous in St. Louis for its generous hospitality, but it is a great pity that one room was not set aside for some historical features that bear directly on the development of the Louisiana Purchase. Here could have been gathered portraits of Fremont and the other path-finders, with many relics of the pioneers. The San Francisco building, which is a miniature

model of the ferry building, is very interesting as it is filled with admirable exhibits that illustrate this city's growth and development, and great attention is paid here to educational work. Mr. Erwin, in charge, devotes special attention to visitors, and he also lectures on California at the California building and at Festival hall. All this intelligent missionary work ought to stimulate interest in California among the best class of the eastern people.

In summing up the impressions of this five weeks' vacation in midsummer, it would be unjust to California not to set down our delight when once more we felt the cool breezes of San Francisco. The eastern cities are all marked by variations of humid heat in June and July which relax one's energy and make restful sleep impossible. To a San Franciscan it is a constant exasperation to find that he cannot make any exertion without profuse perspiration, and that he cannot do more than half his normal amount of work without great fatigue. Yet he suffers no more than the eastern man. The conclusion that he reaches, after several weeks of this existence in a continual Turkish bath atmosphere, is that the Californian does not appreciate his own climate until he visits the east. The net result of a trip is that one returns better content with his home city than ever before.



Drawing by Anna Frances Briggs
LOOKING TOWARD THE GOLDEN GATE FROM THE PIEDMONT HILLS



The Course of Empire

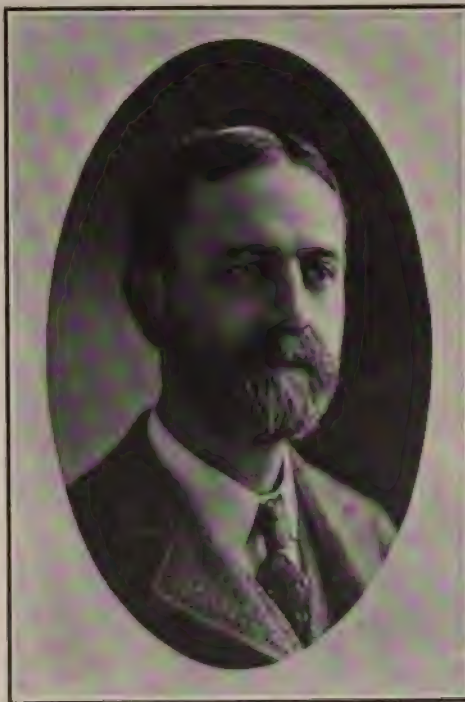
Devoted to Facts of Material Progress in the West

Climbing the Ladder

B. A. Worthington, who, since April 1, 1904, has been assistant director of maintenance and operation of the Harriman lines, with headquarters in Chicago, has recently been appointed a member of the international jury of awards for transportation exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition. Mr. Worthington was born in the city of Sacramento on November 20, 1861. He began his railroad career as a messenger boy with the Central Pacific Railroad Company in 1874. Later he was secretary and chief clerk to the late A. J. Stevens, the immediate predecessor of H. J. Small in the Sacramento shops, as superintendent of motive power and machinery. After Mr. Stevens' death he was promoted to a similar position with the late A. N. Towne, remaining with him till his death in July, 1895, when he was made secretary and chief clerk to H. E. Huntington, who then was assistant to President C. P. Huntington. Subsequently he was placed in charge of tonnage rating of locomotives on the Southern Pacific lines. From this position he was promoted to the position of Southern

Pacific superintendent at Tucson, and later he was made superintendent of the coast division. Still later he became assistant to the general manager, and on April 1, 1904, as has been said, was made assistant director of maintenance and operation of the Harri-

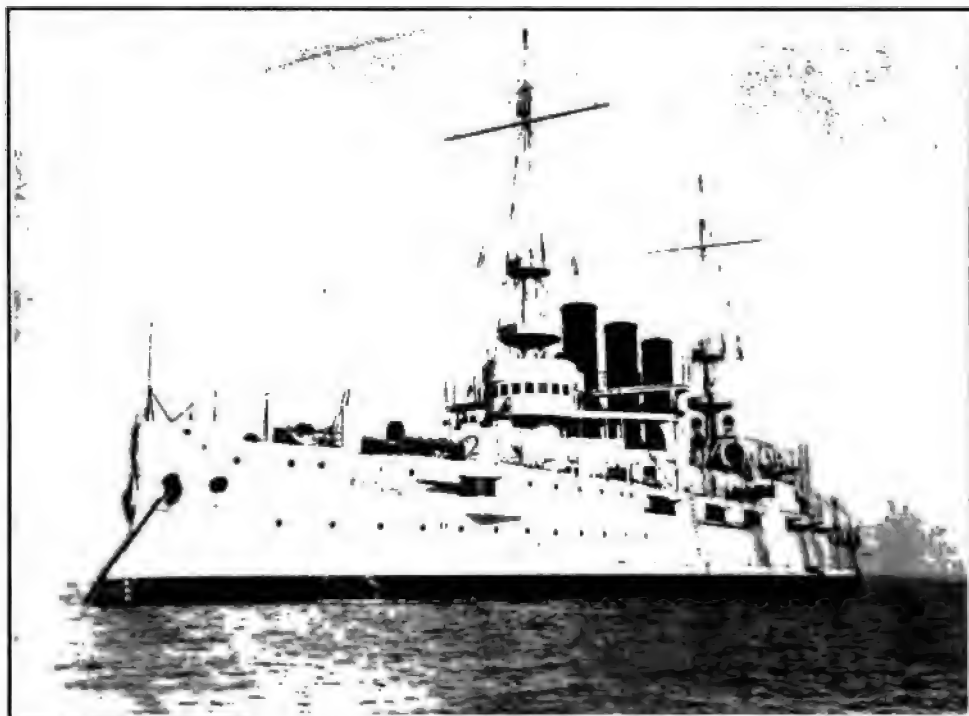
man lines, with headquarters in Chicago. As will be recognized, Mr. Worthington's course has been steadily upward, and there might be a lesson for young men in the record of it, for his fine success undoubtedly has been due to the fact that at all times he has been a close student and a persevering worker in the field of life that he chose for himself—and these are the things that count. For, when all has been said, it remains true that the man who attains success ordinarily must be the man who has deserved it. Whatever his line of business, he must have made a specialty of it; he must have lost no opportunity to perfect himself in his work; he must have fitted himself for his vocation.



B. A. WORTHINGTON

Bushnell, photo

This is the thing that Mr. Worthington has done—he has attained success in his calling, but only because he has at all times deserved it.



BATTLESHIP OHIO, READY TO GO INTO COMMISSION

Two New Warships

The battleship Ohio, which is one of Uncle Sam's most powerful war craft, was given her official trial not long ago in Santa Barbara channel, and while she did not secure the reward offered by the government for exceeding her limit of eighteen knots, she missed it by such a slight, a very slight, percentage as a landsman might consider of

no consequence. She is a magnificent vessel, and will add no little amount to the "moral suasion" embodied in the United States navy. Another recent western event of importance in the naval world was the launching of the cruiser South Dakota in the waters of San Francisco bay. She is a sister ship of the recently launched California, and is expected to make a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. Governor Herreid and other South Dakota officials were present at the launching. Both of these vessels were built at the Union Iron Works, and a picture of each of them—the South Dakota as she appeared at the time of the launching—appears in this department of SUNSET.



BATTLESHIP SOUTH DAKOTA, JUST AFTER THE LAUNCHING

Sacramento Valley Exhibit

The success achieved by the Sacramento valley counties at the St. Louis Fair is a striking illustration not only of the vast possibilities of the district as shown by the exhibit, but of the advantages of combined effort to bring those possibilities to the attention of the world. Twelve counties combined to make an exhibit.

Twelfth National Irrigation Congress

The Twelfth National Irrigation Congress, which is to be held at El Paso, Texas, from November 15 to 18, 1904, inclusive, promises to be of greater interest and importance to irrigationists than any former meeting. The slogan of the event, as set forth in the committee's letterheads is, "Save the forests—Store the floods—Reclaim the deserts—Homes on the land." A convention hall, now under construction, is to be completed by October first, and will seat three thousand delegates on the ground floor. It will be well lighted and ventilated, with sixteen entrances and exits.

Very low railroad rates have been granted by the Transcontinental Passenger Association, which includes all roads west of the Mississippi river. The tickets include a privilege of thirty-days' extension (by depositing tickets with the joint agent at El Paso, on arrival), for making side trips to various points in Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, for which extremely low rates have been promised by the various railway companies centering in El Paso. Hundreds of delegates already are planning with the El Paso committee for a side trip to the City of Mexico. The entertainment committee at El Paso is preparing features that will satisfy and please all attendants.

C. B. Booth, chairman of the executive committee of the congress (a California man), and A. M. Gifford, of El Paso, secretary of the committee of arrangements, both suggest to California fruit, nut and grape-



Boyc & Habenicht, photo
EDWARD H. EHRHORN



ALEXANDER CRAW

Talbot, photo

growers and wine-makers, the advisability of adding to the entertaining features of the congress by a liberal donation of fruits—green, dried or preserved—nuts, grapes, raisins and wines, for display and for consumption by the delegates. Such a course, if properly backed by a strong delegation from the state, would prove a big and profitable advertisement for California. The idea surely is a very practical one.

Promoted to the Hawaiian Islands

Alexander Crow, who recently has been appointed United States Quarantine Inspector for the Hawaiian islands, did a great work for the fruit-growers of California while holding a similar position in this state, and his appointment is in the nature of a promotion. He it was who had most to do with eliminating the scale that at one time did so much injury to the orange-growers of California, and his record throughout was one of meritorious service. That he will do equally good work in Hawaii will not be doubted by any one who is acquainted with him. His successor in California is Edward H. Ehrhorn, who is thoroughly competent to continue the excellent record his predecessor made.

Private Schools in California

The increase of private schools in California has been very marked in recent years. Some of these schools are supplementary to higher institutions of learning in their nature, while still others have marked out distinct lines of



P. J. Waters, photo

TROPHY AWARDED AS A PRIZE TO THE BEST DRILLED CORPS OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AT THE TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE IN SAN FRANCISCO

teaching for themselves; but, whether in the one class or the other, there has recently been a noticeable increase in both the number of the schools and of their pupils. Some of the names and addresses of the better known of these institutions—many of them long and favorably established—will be found on the page of school advertisements in this issue of *SUNSET*.

Observation Smoking-Cars for Travelers

An order has just been placed with the Pullman Company by the Southern Pacific Company for some observation smoking-cars for the Overland Limited and Sunset Limited trains. There are twenty-one of these cars, of which three are being built for the account of the Chicago and Northwestern Company. Of the eighteen cars for the Harriman lines, seven are for the Overland Limited and eleven for the Sunset Limited, while four are for the Union Pacific Company and fourteen for the Southern Pacific Company. These cars are seventy-two feet six inches long. At the rear, there is a six-foot long observation platform with railing and gates. Next is an observation room opening onto this platform, which is twenty-three feet and three inches long and contains sixteen chairs; a bookcase, writing desk and table being at one end. Next follows a buffet, and beyond this, at the front of the car,

is an exceedingly large smoking-room for gentlemen, this smoking-room being thirty-seven feet five inches long, containing sixteen chairs, all placed on one side, the other side having three tables and a writing desk.

The men's toilet opens into the smoking-room, containing also a washbowl. These cars will be arranged so that they can be used in electrically lighted trains. They are also equipped with Pintsch gas, and should prove to be very popular, as they are very unusual adjuncts of the overland service.

Winning the Trophy

To say that the work of the Louisville Commandery No. 1, the champion corps in the competitive drill of the Knights Templar during the recent conclave in San Francisco, was worthy of the trophy is but just praise for both. The Kentuckians were wonderfully well trained, and the prize, a punch bowl, of more than ordinary beauty and artistic merit. It is of hand-beaten copper, gold lined, ornamented with Indian arrow-heads, silver shields, spears, war-hammers, targets, scalps, and other Indian trappings bound in place with silver thongs. The handles of the bowl and the ladle are of deer horns. The cups and salver are of the same material and workmanship. It was designed and executed in San Francisco by Hammersmith and Field and is, as an easterner said, thoroughly westernesque.



Plays and the Players

San Francisco's New Theater

The opening of the Majestic theater in San Francisco, on September 3d, forms an event of more than ordinary importance in the story of the city's advance. In the first place, it is one of the finest amusement temples in the United States, and secondly, its location on Market street, opposite Larkin street, is evidence that the heart of the city is moving toward the west. Years ago it began to move away from Market and Montgomery streets. It tarried long at Market and Kearny, but by degrees it moved to the junction of Powell street. The unmistakable signs are that its tenacious hold at that halting place is being relaxed and the vanguard of business has advanced up to McAllister street. The location of such a high-class theater as the Majestic so far up town will of necessity draw attention to the less congested section of San Francisco's great artery of retail trade and travel.

H. W. Bishop, the lessee and proprietor of the Majestic, an experienced showman, demonstrated this fact when he opened Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, which he continues to conduct successfully.

In the organization of the company the aim was to get good people in all lines; to make it one of the best balanced stock combinations in the United States.



GRACE REALS, LEADING WOMAN AT THE MAJESTIC THEATER,
SAN FRANCISCO



Thors, photo

KYRLE BELLEW, AT THE COLUMBIA, SAN FRANCISCO

Grace Reals, one of the most successful leading women in the United States, was engaged; so was J. H. Gilmour, a star, for leading man. Robert Thornton, Joseph Callaghan, Henry Stockbridge, and others equally notable were engaged.

The season of Florence Roberts at the California theater, in San Francisco, has been very successful, and she has added to the esteem in which she already was held by the public. She will be followed by "The Tenderfoot," with Philip Ryley in the leading rôle, which will run two weeks, and will be succeeded by "By Right of Sword," a Russian play, and later, by "The Texas Steer," with Will H. Bray in his successful part as the darky statesman.

Kyrle Bellew in California

Kyrle Bellew and his production of the drama "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," has been the attraction at the Columbia theater, San Francisco, and was followed by the musical success "The Wizard of Oz." This is an adroit blending of musical comedy, pantomime, spectacle and extravaganza in one production and sparkles throughout with beauty and novelty. "The Wizard of Oz" has set the pace for all entertainments of its kind. Nothing so novel in the way of grotesque art has been seen in the past decade as the

lithe-limbed Scarecrow and his inimitable companion, the Tin Woodman. An up-to-date fairy-tale is the basis of the extravaganza and its appeal to young and old alike is potent. An unusually vivacious battalion of pretty girls contribute in no small degree to the success of the production. The realistic Kansas cyclone and the picturesque poppy field would alone suffice to ensure the success of "The Wizard of Oz," but it abounds with numerous other beautiful creations of scenic art. Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy," and John C. Fisher's big production of "San Toy" will be among early Columbia attractions.

When the management of the Orpheum has let it be known what salaries are paid for some of its acts the figures have caused most people to accept the statement *cum grano salis*. Considering, however, some things that have been seen there recently, it is very evident that no expense has been spared. Les Olopas were brought direct from Cologne to San Francisco, and the Mystic Zanzigs, with over 2,000 pounds of baggage, from India. Kronau's "Our Boys in Blue" were brought direct from New York for their short engagement here. Transportation both ways for twenty-two people and a heavy



Vaughan A. Keith, photo

FLORENCE ROBERTS

baggage expense added to salaries and other items must amount to a considerable figure. And this to amuse a San Franciscan audience for twenty-five minutes of their evening's entertainment. There is a marked advance in the taste of the western vaudeville audience as is evidenced in the superior artistic merit of the features billed and the enthusiasm by which they are received.

Chinese on the Stage

To John A. Hammersmith, of the jewelry firm of Hammersmith & Field, of San Francisco, we are indebted for one of the most unique spectacles ever witnessed on the modern stage. When the matter of the entertainment of the Knights Templar was under discussion he conceived the idea of producing a Chinese play by Chinese actors in a modern theater, and it met with such favor from the other members of the committee that the idea was carried out.

Chinese plays are common enough in Chinatown, where there are two theaters for the entertainment of the quarter, but never has anything been seen so elaborately costumed as this production at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco. The Chinese merchants took an enthusiastic interest, and no expense was spared to make it the most unique performance ever witnessed here. Of peculiar interest was a dumb-bell drill

by a number of native Chinese children in full oriental costume, and a chorus of boys and girls in Chinese and American songs. The play, as all plays on the Chinese stage, is an allegory. The characters are historical, and as a general thing two or three evenings are necessary for its completion. The audience understood little of the play, still the clever pantomime of the actors and the lucid synopsis in the program told one sufficient to make the play most interesting.

Los Angeles Theaters

This year is one of unusual activity among the local theaters in Los Angeles. The Belasco theater, owned by Belasco and Mayer, of the Alcazar theater of San Francisco, opened to the public on August 29th, with an excellent bill, "The Wife." The company, which is doing excellent work, is well known to Californians. Adele Bloek, who handles the leading rôles with Martin L. Aslop, has always been a great favorite with the Alcazar audiences. Mr. Aslop is also one of the popular leading artists of the country. The other members of the company are Oza Waldrop, George P. Barnum, Louise Mackintosh, Starr King Walker, Agnes Rankin, Robert Rodgers, Mary Graham, Richard Vivian, Fay Wallace, James A. Bliss and Bishop Hall.
T. R. F.



BOYS' CHORUS, CHINESE CHILDREN, GRAND OPERA HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO



Will Armstrong, photo
JOHN CRAIG, AS PRINCE KARL

The Ben Greet Company

Ben Greet and his London company will give a season of fine plays on the Pacific coast beginning with the presentation of "Hamlet" at the Greek theater of the University of California, Saturday, October 1st. The season in San Francisco opens Monday, October 3d, at the Lyric hall with "Everyman," Constance Crawley in the title rôle. The repertoire of this excellent company will include "Much Ado About Nothing," "Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Masks and Faces" and the miracle play, "The Star of Bethlehem," adapted by Professor Gayley of the University of California.

Stars in the West

Lillian Lawrence and John Craig, the new leading players of the Alcazar company, are well known throughout America. They were

for four years at the head of the Castle Square company of Boston. Next to the Alcazar, is the oldest stock organization in this country. In the past summer they were the specially selected stock company of Keith's Providence. It was a happy chance which brings them again at the Alcazar. Miss Lawrence greatly endeared herself to the audience by her work has brought her a large petition was signed by nearly 1000 Boston playgoers, asking her



LILLIAN LAWRENCE, AT THE ALCAZAR
SAN FRANCISCO



Books and Writers

Memory is an annoying thing, at times. In the case of "Bruvver Jim's Baby," Philip Verrill Mighels' latest book, Bret Harte and for instance, one can't help Philip Mighels remembering that the motif is much the same as that of "The Luck of Roaring Camp"; that Bret Harte's story is a masterpiece.

The scene of Mr. Mighels' story is Borealis, a Nevada mining camp, and thither a baby is brought. The miners vie with one another in bestowing gifts and affection upon the foundling, Skeezucks, and the presence of Skeezucks works wholesale reformation among the residents of Borealis. All this is very much like Bret Harte's story, and, to make the resemblance greater, Mr. Mighels has refused to create any new types. As the characters appear, singly or in groups, one greets them as old friends who have done service for Harte and dozens of later and lesser fiction-weavers. But they do not play their parts as convincingly as they did of old. They have lost much of the virility that won them favor in the days when the first tales of Arcadian mining camps were told. It is for old sake's sake that one listens and grows interested. There is novelty in the way the baby comes to Borealis. A band of Piutes are rounding up jack-rabbits. The party is sweeping across a sage-brush valley. In the rear are a number of young braves on Indian ponies. One of these, a mere tot, loses his hold and slips from the bronco. The Indians move rapidly on and he is left in the sage-brush. He is discovered by If-Only Jim, a shiftless resident of Borealis, who carries him to his shack, where warm water and soap reveal the fact that the baby is a paleface.

There are many amusing incidents, and some that have the touch of genuine pathos, in the book. The christening, the Christmas tree, the illness of the baby, and the blizzard are excellent bits, and, in spite of the comparisons which Mr. Mighels compels, his

story has much to recommend it. The style is brisk and direct, and interest is well sustained. One develops a considerable affection for the baby and Jim and Miss Doc Dennihan, "the one decent woman in the camp," who, in the last chapter, becomes Mrs. Jim. Yes, Jim's claim turns out to be one of the richest in the district and, no doubt, under the influence of energetic Mrs. Jim and the baby, he became a prominent citizen. Remembering the sermon he preached, near the opening of the book, one is safe in concluding that municipal honors were easily his.

"The Miners' Mirage-land," Idah Meacham Strobridge's new book, is the latest important addition to the literature of **The Miners'** the west. The book has just **Mirage-land** been issued, and deserves a wide reading for its historical as well as its literary value. It treats of the Black Rock country, in Nevada, a region heretofore overlooked by the makers of books.

And it is well that it was left for Mrs. Strobridge to give the story of the Black Rock country to the world, for she has spent the greater part of her life in Nevada and knows its characteristics and its people thoroughly. And, more than this, she loves it.

"The Miners' Mirage-land" is so named because it has to do with the hopeful old prospectors who, after almost half of a century, still believe that great wealth awaits them in the Black Rock hills. In the days of '49, emigrants journeying to California found very rich specimens of silver in Nevada. In California they told prospectors of their find, and many of them pulled up stakes and went in search of the silver fields. And the search is still going on. Dreary stone-heaps, among the sage-brush, mark the resting places of many who died after a life spent in chasing the phantom treasure; there is still a handful of grizzled prospectors tottering after it.

It is the stories of these prospectors that Mrs. Strobridge tells. In order to get them, she journeyed through the Black Rock country, spending months in gathering the material.

The book is written in a crisp, original style that compels attention. The individuality of the author is stamped on every page, and the power of her pen is best shown in the vivid word-pictures that reveal the very heart-beats of the desert and the hills. "The Graves of the Desert," the closing section of the book, is as powerful as anything that has been written about the waste-lands.

The illustrations are by E. P. Sauerwen, a Los Angeles artist, and the make-up is very artistic. The cover-design and the marginal decorations are the work of the author. The book is from the presses of Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles.

Mary Austin is now at work on her second novel, which she expects to complete by the end of the year. "Isidro," her first book, is now appearing serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*. A collection of children's stories—mostly Indian folk-lore—will be published about holiday time. Mrs. Austin spent three years on "Isidro," and the novel she now has in hand she has "carried in the back of her brain"—to quote Mrs. Austin—for six years.

Charles G. D. Roberts' latest book, "The Watches of the Trails," will be welcomed by the many who enjoy the latter-day animal stories. It is a collection of short stories, of which the best one is "The Alien of the Wild." There are thirteen stories in the book. This proves, perhaps, that Mr. Roberts is not superstitious.

LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco, announce "Yosemite Legends," a rendering by Bertha H. Smith of the Indian legends, six in number, of Yosemite valley. The myths are told in a simple style in harmony with the subjects of which they treat. Miss Smith has retained the original Indian names, the titles being Yo-sem-i-te, Po-ho-no, Hum-moo, Py-we-ack, Tu-tock-ab-nu-lah and Tis-sa-ack, Kom-pai-ses. The volume contains a series of thirteen full page illustrations beautifully printed in color tones, together with a series of marginal, text, and end-paper decorations printed in two colors, from designs by



EVERYMAN'S PRAYER, SCENE FROM BEN GREET'S PRODUCTION AT LYRIC HALL, SAN FRANCISCO

Florence Lundborg. Miss Lundborg's illustrations, the result of a long season's work, while illustrative of the text, also interpret the grandeur of the valley with much strength. The volume promises to be sufficiently distinctive to insure its interest to all lovers of the Yosemite and to earn for it a prominent place among the holiday books of the year.

John A. Mitchell; the editor of "Life," has had sufficient experience of the world, and is enough of the "real thing" in creative literary work to make a mighty good story. The "Pines of Lory," now published by the Life Publishing Company, New York, was first printed in *Scribner's* three years ago, and, aside from the ordinary run of book notices, did not receive special mention. And yet we venture to assert that in the past ten years there has been issued in America no novel which displays more markedly those characteristics which are essential in the make-up of a first-class piece of fiction. In definiteness; in finish; in humor; in the charm of the principal characters, Miss Marshall,

Pats, and Solomon; in the naturalness of the setting, and in its whole tone and atmosphere, it is masterly and deeply pleasure-giving. The slight plot is sufficient, and there is not a strained incident in the book. If one were to tell Mr. Mitchell that this is a great little book, he might, in reply, quote "Patsy" and say "yumps"—yet that is just exactly what it is.

It is a love tale pure and simple; as good as the wild flowers of the woods, and as actual as the solid earth beneath our feet.

Patrick Boyd, erstwhile soldier in the Boer army, and Elinor Marshall, of Boston, meet for the first time on a ship which was to carry them—Pats as a returning prodigal of the right sort, and Miss Marshall as a visitor—to the summer home of the Boyds, on an island in the St. Lawrence gulf. Through the mistake of a drunken officer they are landed at a wild spot on the coast, where they take possession of the quaint home of a French exile, the Duc de Fontrevault, whom they find dead, sitting on the rustic bench beneath the mighty pines which had sheltered him for forty years. The ship from which they had been landed never reached its port, and it was supposed that all passengers perished.

On the voyage a discussion over religious opinions had very much offended Miss Marshall; so that upon their first landing they were anything but friends. But later life at La Pointe de Lory, beneath the "ever-murmuring pines," was very joyous. Idyll is the proper word for this sweet, brave little story.

The smell of the pines, the crisp air, the shining bay, the dear little house with its priceless treasures of art and its imperishable reminiscences of love and youth and hope, call to one like a human voice that will not be stilled.

U. FRANCIS DUFF.

"The Grafters," which is a book written by Francis Lynde and published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, is a story of much promise which does not entirely live up to its promise, although it does so in places. The plot is well conceived, but a vagueness of style at times leaves it more in doubt than it need be. For instance, to the end the reader does not succeed in ascertaining just why Governor Bucks went over into another state and murdered somebody, and, as this event is a pivotal point of the tale, the obscurity leaves the reader in perplexity that does not please. In brief, "The Grafters" impresses its reader with the idea that its author might have done better, and, while this conviction is in a sense flattering to Mr. Lynde, it is not exactly the end that a writer would wish to attain.

Writing under the title, "A Visit to Stevenson's Silverado," in the August number of the *Lamp*, James Stevenson's B. Carrington has the following to say concerning the mountain home near Calistoga, California, in which the great writer and his wife lived for some time after their marriage:

Today there remains of the house but a few rough boards lying about. The little tracks that lead to the chute on the edge of the platform are still there, however, together with a shelter for the forge. The old shaft with the sound of trickling water down below is in a most dilapidated state. Up above, cutting into the very heart of the rugged mountain top, is the ledge with its supporting props of logs and sticks to keep the walls from closing up the gap. From the edge of the ledge another steep and rusty old iron-lined chute leads down to near where the house stood. All is desolation and neglect, a place of lost hopes and much vain labor, a barren spot in the wilderness of rock and forest. It is a place for a poet's whim, an invalid's retreat from the world and the raw air of the coast. "A sylvan solitude, and the silence was unbroken, but for the great vague voice of the wind."

Orchard and Farm for August is a particularly interesting number of that excellent western journal, and is filled with valuable information concerning the country on the side of the Rockies where the sun sets. *Orchard and Farm* improves as the months pass.

The August number of *McClure's Magazine* is a creditable representative of that excellent publication. The article by Lincoln Steffens deals with the political situation in Illinois as it has been and is, and will appeal to the class of readers whom Mr. Steffens heretofore has reached; the stories vary from good to passable, and, as for the poetry—well, if it does not deserve that much be said, it need not be said. One of the best of the stories, "The Coming of the Maestra," is by James Hopper, who is of California, and is known of the west. On the whole, *McClure's* August number will serve to maintain its reputation as of the very best of the ten-cent magazines.

The *Fine Arts Journal*, which, although published in Chicago, is devoted to art, music and literature, grows better with each succeeding number, or, at any rate, it is easy to think so as one inspects both its typography and its illustrations. In its way it is an exemplification of the things it purports to represent, or, at least, of their art and literature, which is two thirds of the sum total. Lovers of art particularly should find in it a magazine to their taste.



Sunset Rays

(Conducted by ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE)

Waiting

I wait in the twilight shadows, love,
 For your kiss of long ago,
 And the press of your hand on my weary brow,
 And the smile I used to know.
 I am tired and footsore, and long is the way,
 And the years drift slowly by,
 And the glory of life has slipped from me,
 And the voice of the world is a cry.

The little cot on the windy hill
 Through the drift of the years has stood,
 But where is your step in its lonely halls
 Which thrilled its heart of wood?
 Alas, it is gone, and silence reigns
 On the crags the shades crept o'er,
 And the glory of life has gone from me,
 Yet I wait for my love of yore.

Come over the wreckage of crumbled dreams
 Of days that are dead, sweet olden guest,
 And bear me away in your tender arms
 To the Isles of Eternal Rest.

Millidge Sherwood.

How She Was Exposed

"I heard that that telephone girl cut a wide swath at Santa Cruz, last summer, as the Countess de Parvenoo."

"Yes; did you hear how she was detected?"

"No."

"Young Joblots thought he had fallen in love with her, and wanted to ascertain her home address; so he asked her residence number."

"Well?"

"She said, 'Nickel, please.'"

Uncle Rufus to His Niece

A Louis Quinze heel at one end and an invincible chew of gum at the other end always remind me of some families—they don't harmonize.

The woman that receives medical treatment for that pain in her side gener'ly gets well—if she lengthens her corset-string 'bout the same time.

There ain't any necessary connection between the size of a waist and the size of its owner's brain-pan, but if you watch a while you're lib'le to think that there is.

You're a sweet an' modest girl, Em'line, an' I know it. That's why I want to know why you always hear the low, pleadin' voice of Duty callin' on you to put on your prettiest hose on the windiest day.

A girl may marry a man to reform him, but, even if she succeeds, her line of business ain't going to be exactly what's called light and enjoyable. The man succeeded in taming the tiger, but that was before the tiger et him.

There are two kinds of women, those that love nice clothes and those that—Come to think, the other kind are dead.

Woman was made after man, and she's been after him ever since; but he's willing.

Figger Up

If the day seems to carry a burden of woe,
 Figger up;
 If its moments seem dragging and terribly
 slow,
 Figger up,
 For I guess you will find if you pause to
 reflect
 That there's 'bout as much sun as you've
 right to expect;
 If you've earned something good, you are
 bound to collect—
 Figger up.

On the great slate of Time there are many
 accounts,—
 Figger up—
 For various payments of divers amounts,—
 Figger up,
 And we're apt to collect what is coming our
 way,
 Though it's shine of the sun or gloom of the
 day;
 If we dance, you have heard, we the fiddler
 must pay—
 Figger up.

Look back on your life, though you'd much
 rather not,—
 Figger up—
 And say, if you dare, that the treatment
 you got—
 Figger up—
 Is not pretty near to the treatment you
 earned.
 Who was it the candle incessantly burned,
 And burned at both ends, until wisdom he
 learned?—
 Figger up.

What's the use of a sigh, or the good of a
 whine?—
 Figger up—
 Take your medicine now, as I must take
 mine.
 Figger up,
 And I guess we may find on the big, final
 sheet
 There was just as much shine as of gloom
 for our feet,
 Or, if not, that the treatment we had was
 but meet—
 Figger up.

If

If all the earth were paper
 And all the sea were ink,
 And poets all had postage stamps—
 All editors would drink.
Julien Josephson.

Twilight

O'er all the valley broods sweet peace!
 Soft shadows fold each silent hill;
 The day fades into sunset's glow;
 Far seems the world, its good or ill.
 The stars in benediction shine,
 God's holy rest the night doth fill.
Alfred Dezendorf.

An O'er-True Tale

There lived on his islands a little brown man,
 As he had since the days of Genghis Khan,
 And even before, mayhap.
 A peace-loving, home-loving wight was he,
 And dear to his heart were his isles of the sea,
 As is home to the average chap;
 For his little brown wife was fond, no doubt,
 And his little brown babies crept in and out
 Where laughed the sunshine or strayed the
 breeze
 To play with the bloom of the cherry trees,
 "Ay, home is dear, though of paper it be,"
 Said the little brown chap of the isles,
 said he.

Now there lived in the north where the cold
 winds shout
 A truculent, turbulent, unwashed lout,—
 I tell the tale as it's told—
 And he said: "These isles in the Sunrise Sea,
 I fancy that they would be good for me,
 For the land of my birth is cold."
 So he seized a piece by way of a test,
 And the piece was hot—I will tell the rest
 If you will but wait, as you ought to do.
 He came with a shout and a wild halloo,
 And he took that piece in diplomacy's style,
 Which, of course, is to say that he stole with
 a smile.
 "I really opine it is up to me,"
 Said the little brown chap of the isles,
 said he.

Now woe for the lout with the unwashed face,
 For he's running of late in a rearward race,
 As you perhaps have noted;
 For it happens sometimes that a very small
 wight
 May prove a terror to scrap and fight,
 As the Czar, I've heard, has voted;
 And the little brown man of the Sunrise
 Isles
 Mopped the ground with his foe in various
 styles,
 And every fresh style brought pained regret
 To the man of the north—who is running yet.
 "I guess that I'll keep my home maybe,"
 Said the little brown chap of the isles,
 said he.



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J. J. Reid, Reno, photo

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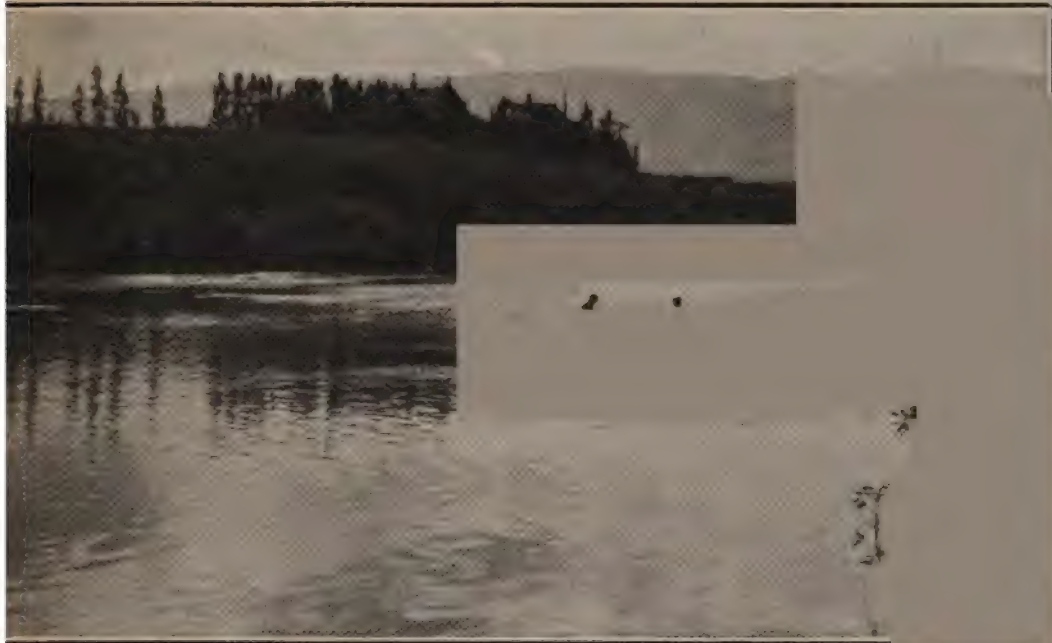
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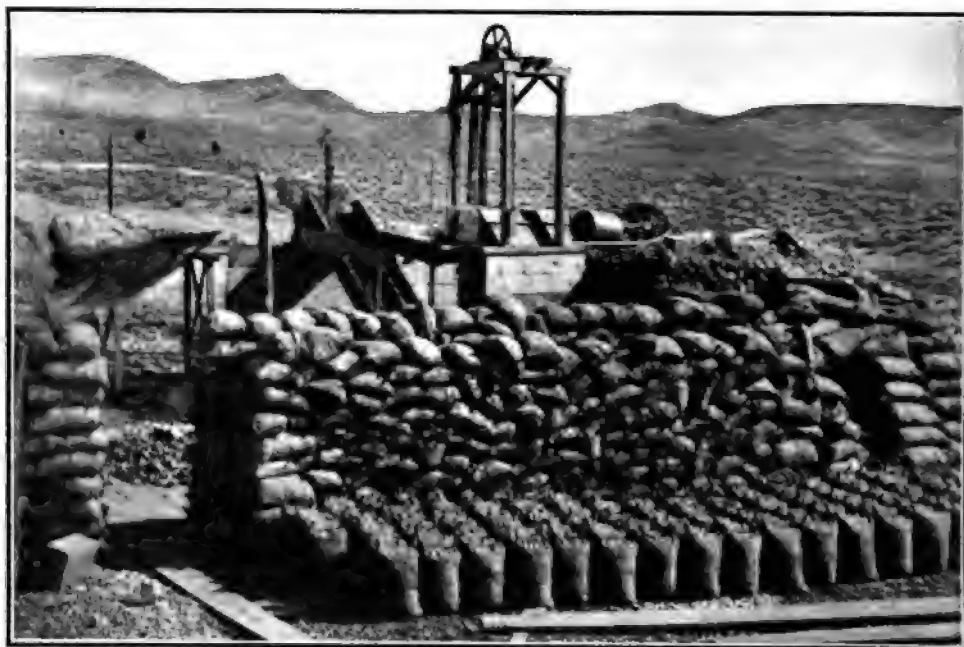
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A. L. Smith, Tonopah, photo
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We invite you to come to Tonopah. We will take you to a place where you can see more than \$2,000,000 worth of ore at one view, and this is less than one-twentieth of that ready and waiting under the surface to be brought to light before long by an army of men assisted by great engines and tons of dynamite.

We will show you also the gray ore dumps of the Belmont to the east, the white ore dumps of the North Star to the northeast, the blue ore dumps of the Montana Tonopah to the north, the brown ore dumps of the Midway to the west, and still farther west, down on the edge of the desert, the mines that have but recently caught the great veins, the Tonopah Extension and the MacNamara. West of these no man can tell what wealth may be uncovered by the Red Rock, the Pittsburg, the Great Western, and others of that little array of mines steadily working toward the setting sun.

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Another Marconi heard from.

He makes the Deaf hear distinctly.

He has invented little wireless telephones, so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it as easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

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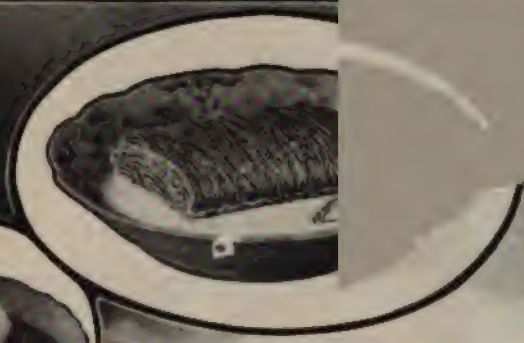
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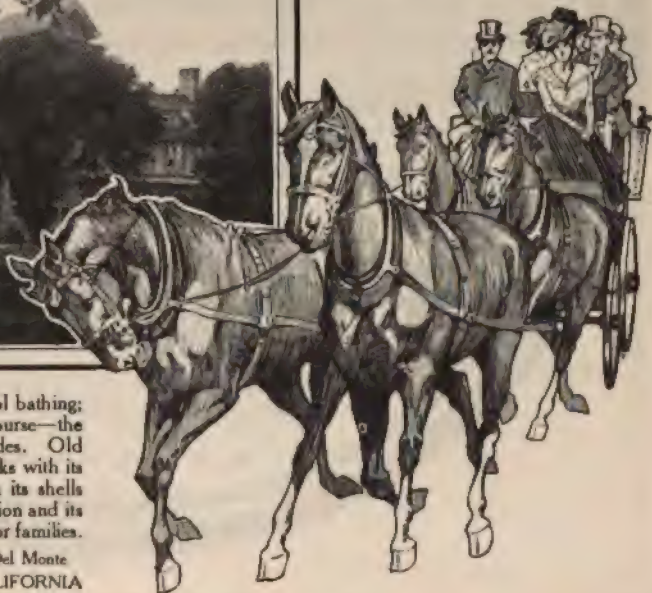
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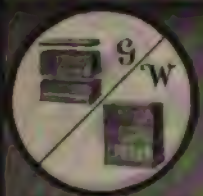
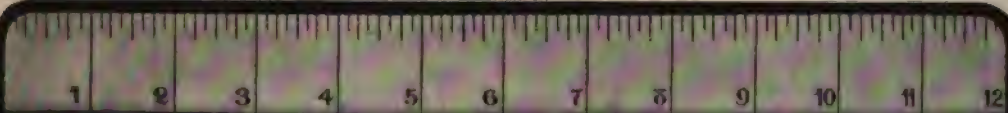
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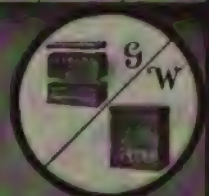
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IT IS 33 MILES BY RAIL FROM SAN FRANCISCO, AND IS LOCATED ON THE DEEP WATERS OF THE CARQUINEZ STRAITS, on San Francisco Bay, the world's greatest inland water way, and at a point opposite Port Costa on the Benicia side. You all know where this is—it is where, when coming to California on the Central-Southern Pacific, you meet the ocean breezes, and where trains en masse take the ferry between Benicia and Port Costa, on the steamer Solano, the largest ferryboat in the world, and across the Carquinez Straits on the borders of which most of our wheat cargoes are placed in vessels. Benicia is destined to become one of California's greatest manufacturing centers, and one of the world's greatest seaports. (See full description of Benicia and surroundings in SUNSER MAGAZINE for November, 1903.)

THIS TANNERY IS LOCATED IN THE CORPORATE LIMITS OF THE TOWN OF BENICIA, one half mile west from the geographical center on the Vallejo Road, and has a tanning capacity of eighty hides per day, and runs every working day throughout the year.

IT HAS A FRANCHISE RIGHT TO KEEP ALL THE STREETS CLOSED WHICH RUN THROUGH ITS GROUNDS, except the Vallejo Road, called "K" Street, along which runs the electricity of the great Bay County's Power on their overhead wires.

THE SPLENDID FRESH WATER SUPPLY OF THIS TANNERY IS MORE THAN AMPLE FOR ALL PURPOSES, is owned by the Tannery, and is on the Tannery grounds, and has a reservoir so deep and so large that it is really a small lake, and thirty-five feet deep in some places.

WATER IN QUANTITY AND OF QUALITY IS A MATERIAL CONSIDERATION IN THIS INDUSTRY—It is here in quantity and quality, and is a very valuable adjunct to this plant.

THE PROPERTY IS INSURED WITH SOME OF THE SO CALLED "ROCKS OF GIBRALTAR" FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, and practically insured by twenty-four hydrants on the grounds, and by an enormous elevated water tank for "head." And therefore, with any kind of care, this Tannery can't burn, and if it wanted to it couldn't, because the Benicia City Fire Company has its Engine and Engine-house within "gun-shot" of this place.

LET ME SAY THAT IF IT BE DESIRABLE TO YOU I CAN ARRANGE TO SUPPLY YOU with all the hides you need at a little lower than the lowest wholesale price you can obtain, and hides of the very best quality; and also, I can arrange for the handling of all of your leather in Domestic, Eastern and Foreign markets for the most favorable prices, because of the established reputation of this leather, and on the most reasonable terms to you—this is not my business, but I know of a long-established house, upon which you can rely, that will undertake both your buying and your selling if you desire, and they are both Hide and Leather Experts of years' experience.

I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT BENICIA IS A TERMINAL POINT ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC SYSTEM, so that your freight consignments read directly to and from there; all the Tan Bark is delivered immediately and directly from the Mendocino forests by steamship at your pier, and this Tan Bark, which is the famous Chestnut Oak, is probably one of the most valuable tanning agents in the world, and carries from sixteen per cent to nineteen per cent of Tannic Acid.

THE BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT ARE APPRAISED AT \$58,113.62 BY THE MILWAUKEE APPRAISAL COMPANY, OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, in their typewritten report, bound in book form, wherein "every stick of timber" is estimated. Of course, this is a conservative valuation, and such a plant now would cost at least \$67,500; besides this there has been since, \$2,500 worth of additional machinery placed in the plant; there are eight acres of land worth fully \$5,000, and besides about twelve acres of closed streets, making a total acreage of twenty acres or more. The Deep Water Frontage with its Pier, is at the very lowest, worth \$5,000; and the splendid Private Fresh Water Supply put at the small figure of \$7,500, makes the total of this valuation, \$78,113.62, the actual worth of the property—**ALL OF WHICH I OFFER YOU FOR \$75,000. COLD GOLD.**

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EVERY OPPORTUNITY WILL BE AFFORDED THE PURCHASER TO LOOK OVER THIS TANNERY, the owner will personally meet all parties at my office desiring to inspect the same, accompany them to Benicia, and carefully conduct them over the property, but thereafter negotiations are to be closed promptly.

IF YOU WANT THIS TANNERY, address **FRED WOODWORTH, ESQ., Attorney and Counselor-at-Law**, Second Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco. If you desire to shorten time, wire fully, or use "LIEBER" Cipher Code.

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This property begins and its private road enters same one-fourth mile to the east from the main coast county road, and extends eastward to the crest of the divide, comprising in all one thousand and eighty acres. It is in Mendocino County, in Tp. 13, N. R. 16, W. M. D. M.

It has a small and cheaply built dwelling house and a good barn, large enough to hold seventy-two tons of loose hay, and twelve horses, and is substantially constructed. The house and barn are near each other, favorably and centrally located on the property, being sheltered from the wind, overlooking the ocean and having a view up and down the coast of many miles. The water supply for domestic purposes is abundant and is piped to the house and barn.

The town of Manchester with telephone, post office, stores and schools, is four miles southward from the dwelling house, and there is a splendid private road from the house to the main road. New Haven Landing five miles northward; Point Arena nine miles southward, to which town four horses haul easily four and one half tons. Greenwood lies northward eight miles. The ocean beach is westward a distance of three miles. After getting well into the property from the County Road, the house is approached by two graded roads, the one having a grade of two feet to the rod and the other of eighteen inches to the rod at the steepest points.

From Point Arena, New Haven and Greenwood, all of which, as well as the other towns mentioned, are on or near the County Road, the freight rates are as follows: \$3 per cord on bark or wood; 2¢ apiece for railroad ties; \$3 per thousand feet for lumber; and \$3 per ton on merchandise and no "UP FREIGHT" is charged by the Steamship Companies.

The town of Point Arena furnishes markets for all produce, including hay and grain at high prices.

San Francisco is the main center point for this country and it is reached by steamers twice a week from Point Arena, the fare being \$3, including meals and berth.

As to railroads it is only fifty miles to Ukiah, on California Northwestern railroad; and the same distance to Cazadero, on the NORTH SHORE RAILWAY.

The climate is mild and balmy and unexcelled in Northern California.

The place is well enclosed by fences and timbered ravines, which are natural barriers and turn cattle. The place is splendidly developed for its timber resources, there being fully six miles of wagon road leading to the various valleys on the ranch which cost more than \$4,000.

As an orchard proposition, this acreage is one of the best opportunities as it is within the so-called REDWOOD TIMBER BELT, and hence the fruit is free from pests. The apples grow to an immense size and have a high flavor, much resembling the OREGON APPLE and they are never injured by worms. There are some excellent berry lands and a good round acreage that would produce crops of peaches, plums and other varieties of fruit.

One half mile north of the Dwelling House is a tract of sixty acres of land, so situated and surrounded by gently rolling ridges that it is completely sheltered and affords a most splendid opportunity for apple culture. Near the sixty acres is a small orchard of about 300 fine trees which yield very heavily of especially large, fine "BELL FLOWERS" and other varieties of apples, as well as other fruits, a practical illustration of the fitness of the soil for orchard land.

Still to the north of this tract, one quarter of a mile, are five or six acres wonderfully adapted for peaches. They have been farmed for several years and produce large crops of grain and potatoes. To the east of these sixty acres of orchard tract is a grain field of twenty acres, which averages two tons of oat hay to the acre.

As to farming, there are 280 acres all ready for cultivation. It is fine oat and potato land, which yields heavy crops. Several hundred acres more could be cleared with little expense and would produce heavily.

The timber includes 300 acres virgin redwood going 35 M. feet per acre, 20 per cent is OREGON PINE, the case with nearly all redwood forests. It is first-class timber.

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It is an ideal investment for anyone who wants to make money with small capital, from a place that is capable of the highest development and which is valuable for timber land, as well as for agricultural purposes, and which is suitable for farming land, dairy land, chicken farming, or sheep land, any or all of which could be conducted with great profit under an investment of \$10,000.

There is game of all kinds in abundance, large and small, and excellent trout and salmon fishing.

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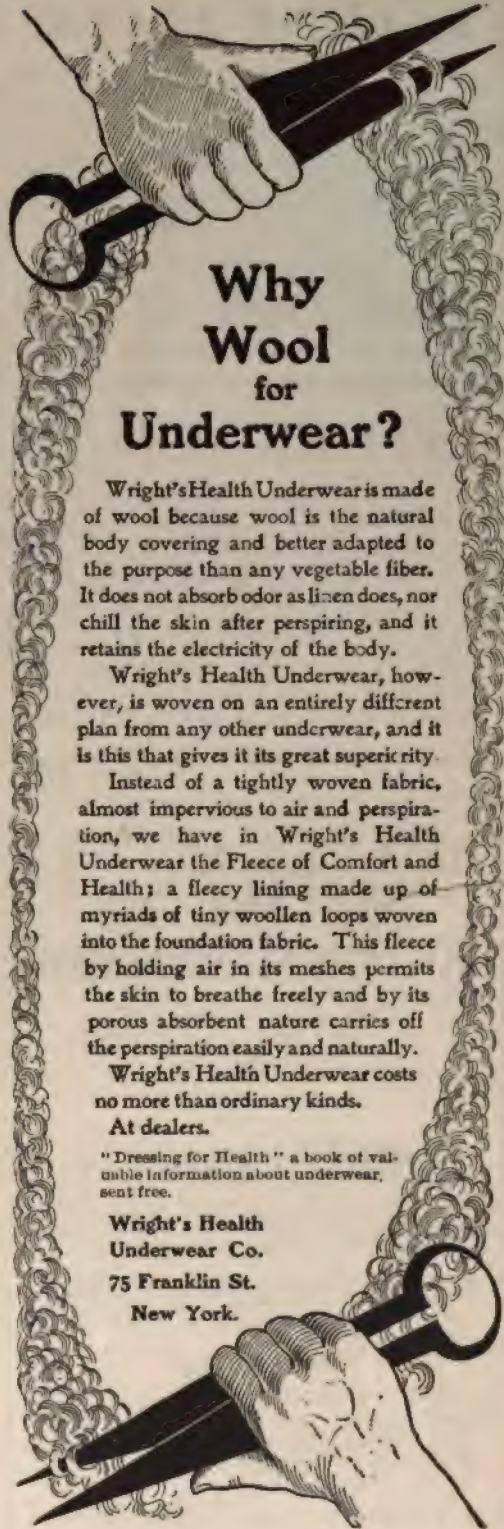
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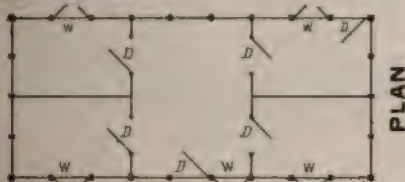


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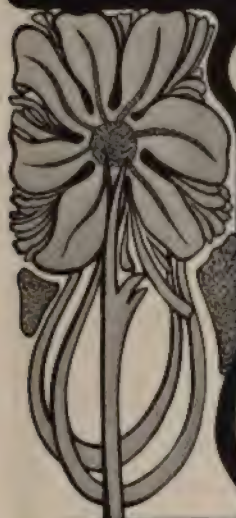
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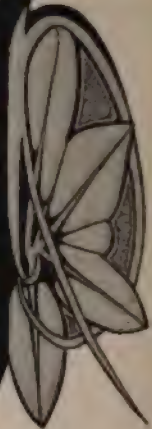
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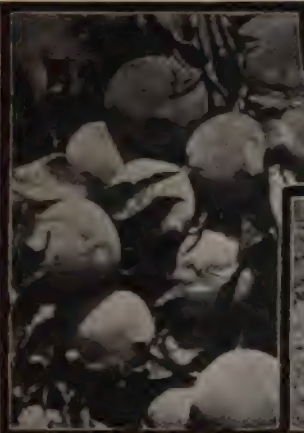


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CLIMATE:—The climate is healthful, mild and equable. It is tempered by the influence of the Pacific Ocean, the waters of the San Pablo, San Francisco and Suisun Bays and the San Joaquin River. All but the first-named wash the Northern and Eastern shore of the County. The mean annual temperature is between fifty-two and sixty-eight degrees.

AREA:—The County contains 440,000 acres of land. Four-fifths of this area is under cultivation.

PRODUCTS:—Wheat, hay, barley, oats, fruits in all variety, table grapes, wine grapes, garden truck, asparagus, and all kinds of vegetables and berries, oranges, limes, olives, raisins and figs, almonds, walnuts and various kinds of dried fruit.

RAINFALL:—The average rainfall ranges from 18 to 23 inches. Drought never known.

IRRIGATION:—Irrigation not required.

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EDUCATIONAL:—Contra Costa County has five well-equipped High Schools, sixty Grammar Schools and 110 teachers.

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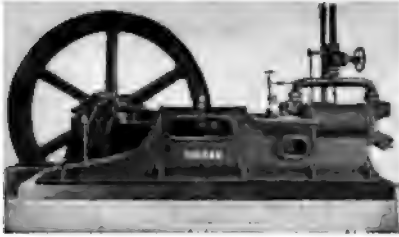
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A. P. Hill, photo

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" "	1904—	with suburbs 36,400
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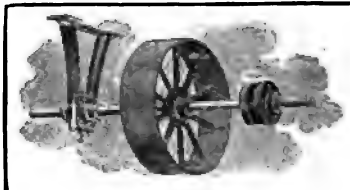
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Twenty thousand acres of this colony have been subdivided into 5, 10, 20, 40, etc., acre homes and farms, some purchasers, however, taking as much as 320 acres in a body.

It was only January 1st, 1908, that Mr. Hultberg, after careful and almost crucial search, finally decided on this tract as offering the best land that he could recommend to his people, and since that date 1100 people have made their homes in this colony and about 100 more, who have already bought land, will avail themselves of the low colonists' rates and settle on their lands before the end of the year.

One new church, with a seating capacity of 600 persons, has been built in the colony, $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles south of Turlock. And another, with a seating capacity of 400, has been purchased in the town of Turlock. Three new public schools were opened in the colony September 1st, and the town of Turlock School has been filled with colonists' children to overflowing.

Five new school districts have been organized, in three of which new school houses have been built and one moved and renovated. Two more new school houses will be built during next summer. It is also intended to start a high school course in some center school district in the colony next fall for colony pupils who have graduated from the grammar schools. Thus the church, Sunday school and educational requirements have been provided for.

The people who have settled in this colony came from many States, and here we have the Youngstown Colony, the Galesburg Colony, the Idaho Falls Colony, the Omaha Colony, the Central City Colony of Colorado, the Wausa, Nebraska Colony, and many others.

Water makes land productive, makes farmers happy and prosperous, and in this feature the Hilmar Colony has more than abundance.

“Water is Wealth”—“Water is King”

The management offers flattering inducements to Home Seekers; special terms for transportation arranged for parties in numbers; free accommodation on the colony to settlers while getting their own places fixed.

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